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THREE YEARS IN THE PACIFIC.



THREE YEARS

IN

THE PACIFIC;

INCLUDING

NOTICES OF

BRAZIL, CHILE, BOLIVIA, AND PERU.

BY

AN OFFICER OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY.

[W. S. W. Ruschenberger.] R.

“Comme à mes chers amis je vous veux tout conter.”—*Corneille.*

PHILADELPHIA :

CAREY, LEA & BLANCHARD.

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TO

FRANCIS H. GREGORY, ESQ.,

COMMANDER IN THE UNITED STATES NAVY;

AS

A SLIGHT TRIBUTE

TO

HIS TALENTS AS AN OFFICER, AND HIS VIRTUES AS A MAN,

THIS WORK

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY HIS FRIEND,

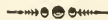
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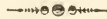
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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following pages are the result of observations made during two cruises in the Pacific Ocean, one of more than three years, on board of the U. S. S. Brandywine, from August 1826, to October 1829, and the last on board of the U. S. S. Falmouth, from June 1831, to February 1834, and recorded with a hope of making my countrymen better acquainted with some of the peculiarities of their southern neighbors.

As far as the nature of the work would permit, the author has avoided obtruding himself upon the attention of the reader, and has indulged in but few reflections ; being content to present naked facts, and allow each one to dress them for himself, and draw his own conclusions. The merits of the performance, with its many imperfections, remain to be decided by the public, from whom is claimed all the indulgence usually accorded to novices in undertakings of the kind.

☞ The word "huaca," which occurs several times in the "Notices of Peru," is pronounced as if it were written *waca*. The words in Spanish, which begin with *hua* and *Jua*, are pronounced as if written with W ; thus, *Huanchaco* is pronounced *Wanchaco*; *Juanita*, *Wanita*, &c.

THREE YEARS IN THE PACIFIC.

INTRODUCTION.

Introductory—Getting under way—Getting to Sea.

SEA-GOING people, and particularly sailors, for there is a distinction to be made between them, derive a pleasure from looking at a vessel, which landmen cannot comprehend. Next to woman, nothing can fix the admiring gaze of a thorough bred seaman, so soon as a ship. When he views her from the shore, sitting buoyantly on the water, his eye roves quickly over her side from stem to stern, and carefully notes her proportions, her paint, the line of her ports and guns, with bright tompions reflecting the sun's rays, her shear, and model generally. The next look is aloft. There he scans the nice proportion and symmetry of her spars; if the examination be satisfactory, he pronounces her "a splendid model—clean run and neat aloft," mentally deciding that she sits on the water like a duck, and must be a good sea-boat. If he is to become an inmate on board, from that moment he feels a growing affection for her, and will not hear her faults mentioned without attempting a defence. He speaks her praises with delight, and takes as much pleasure in her decoration, as a city belle possibly can in that of her own person;—his ship occupies a place in his mind, only second to that of his wife or sweetheart.

Without possessing the discriminating eye of a *tar*, I enjoy, in a high degree, the sight of a fine ship at her moorings, and when I first looked upon the F——, I felt a "yearning to-

wards" her. Yet this is not that warm, adoring sort of love, inspired by woman, but rather such attachment as we feel for a favorite dog or horse. Though the *F*—— be not a perfect specimen of naval architecture, she is looked on favorably by those, "trained to command and range the various sail," and her accommodations, both for officers and men, will bear comparison with those of any sloop-of-war in the service.

Having prepared every thing for my voyage, in June, 1831, I found myself on board, waiting only for a favorable wind. I had parted from my friends. Recollection is still fresh with the conflict between the anticipation of new scenes and the regret of separation, the resolution to part without a sigh, the benedictions of parting friends, the gazing after one, the maternal blessing and last advice, breathed in tones of affection. The words of a mother at such a time are like a warning voice from Heaven, and like that voice, too frequently disregarded;—one's feelings almost bubble up at the thought, in spite of all that philosophy may teach!

" It is a bitter trial to forsake,
E'en for a season, in this changeful world,
The things we cherish!"

One morning, while looking over the beautiful bay, and gazing on the fair city of New York, that seemed to rise out of the bosom of the waters, the boatswain shouted, in the deep, gruff tone, peculiar to those of his office, "all hands, up anchor ahoy!"

The first lieutenant, the moving spring of the active and ready crew, stood upon the poop, trumpet in hand. The officers were called to their respective stations; the capstan bars placed and manned; the *messenger* passed. Silence reigned "fore and aft." The "first" applied the trumpet to his mouth, and in an under tone, gave the order, "heave round."

The "lads" stepped away to the music of the merry fife, and with light hearts, timed "Off she goes" till the anchor was apeak.

"High enough," cried the second lieutenant, who was stationed on the fore-castle.

“Pall the capstan—unship the bars—lay aloft top-men—lower-yard-men in the rigging,” were the successive orders, and at once, the masts appeared like living pyramids of nimbly moving seamen.

“Aloft lower-yard-men,” and they followed to their stations. “Close in, you Sirs, close in.” The men were now seen in the tops, under them, and near the yards, ready to spring forward at the next word, which they seemed eager to anticipate, for it was necessary to repeat the admonition, “to keep close in,” to prevent them from immediately gaining the ends of the various yards. The orders were now given in the full tone of command.

“Trice up—lay out—loose away.” In a second, the studing sail booms rose; the sail-loosers were hanging over the yards, untying the cords which secured the sails in their positions, and the next moment all was still—not a finger moved.

“Stand by—are you ready there fore and aft?” “All ready, Sir,” replied a midshipman from each of the tops.

“Let fall—sheet home and hoist away the topsails—cheerly with the main, cheerly.” At the word, all the canvass, which heretofore had been concealed by being neatly folded on the yards, fell at the same instant into beautiful festoons, and the men briskly descended to the deck. The next moment the topsails were hoisting, and the fifes playing “The girls we left behind us,” as the crew marched along the deck with the haulyards, keeping time to the music.

“Tramp the deck boys, tramp the deck,” cried the second lieutenant in an encouraging tone, and the time was marked louder than ever.

“High enough with the mizen—belay the mizen topsail haulyards,” cried the fifth lieutenant. “Belay the mizen topsail haulyards,” echoed a midshipman in a youthful key, and the boatswain’s mate piped, belay!

“Belay the fore-topsail haulyards—high enough with the main—belay the main topsail haulyards,” succeeded pretty rapidly, attended by the same echoing and piping as before.

Again the capstan bars were placed, or rather “shipped,”

and the order given to "heave round." The next moment, the "second" cried, "high enough."

"Pull the capstan—unship the bars—forward to the 'cat'—move, lads, move—" replied the "first" in the full tone of a manly voice, unaided by his trumpet. A few seconds only passed, and the anchor rested on the bows.

"Man the jib haulyards."

"All manned, Sir," replied the "second."

"Haul *taught*—hoist away the jib—starboard your helm, quarter-master—jump to the braces—starboard fore braces—larboard main braces—starboard cro' jack braces, haul in—." The execution of these orders, almost as fast as given, brought the fore-topsail aback against the mast, while the "after" yards were full; and aided by the jib, her head "paid round," and looked down the stream. Now, the yards were trimmed to the wind, and the ship moved gently on her way.

The wind drew kindly aft. Sail after sail was spread, and studding-sails were set, "low and aloft;" thus, under a cloud of canvass, and with a fine breeze, the ship swept away with the ease and grace of a sea bird.

Silence took place of the bustle consequent upon getting under way. The *sea-officers* still remained at their stations, while the *idlers** were on the poop, admiring the scenes we were passing on either hand, or conversing with those few friends, who, determined to see the last of us, accompanied us down to return in the pilot boat. It is soothing, in after years, to call to mind those who thus speed us with still another look—another grasp;—to what hopes, and fears, and regrets, does the word FAREWELL give rise!

The men were standing about the decks, ready to seize a rope when ordered. The pilot stood upon a gun, attentive to the song of the leadsman in the chains, as he cried, "by the deep nine," and narrowly watching the progress of the ship. His words were few, and directed to the quarter master at the

* Idler is the epithet applied to all officers on board of a man-of-war, who do not keep a regular watch; such are the surgeon, purser, sailing master, &c.

wheel, who answered his orders with precision. "Port," said the pilot. "Port, Sir,"—replied the quarter master.

"Steady," said the pilot.

"Steady, Sir," repeated the quarter master.

When we arrived at the Narrows, our prospects of getting to sea that day were blasted ; the wind suddenly changed, and we were obliged to bring the ship to anchor.

After spending several days at Staten Island, the wind blew fair. Soon the anchor arose from its bed ; the sails were again spread, and swelled into beautiful curves, that harmonized with the straight lines of our spars and rigging ; we moved over the placid surface of the bay—the leadsman's song ceased—our bows nodded recognition to the crested wave of the ocean—the pilot boarded his little vessel, bearing our last farewell, and we stood on our course towards where the waters and skies seemed to meet. The day was in its splendor, but lighted nothing to us save the expanse of the sea. Night came, and the moon looked over the mighty scene, and her light danced over the waves. The stars shone brightly and calmly ; the breeze blew mildly. Thus, day succeeds day, and the sameness of ship's duty is only relieved by occasionally meeting a sail as lonely as ourselves.

There are times, however, when the dark clouds hang upon the horizon—the waters darken, and heaving themselves sullenly, often to a fearful height, burst into foam—the scud flies over the heavens—lightning flashes—thunder rolls, and the storm howls furiously across the waste ! The ship, then stripped of her canvass, rises and plunges to the impulse of the waves, and the wind moans sadly through the shrouds. Then does man, indeed, in his majesty of mind, appear warring with the elements, and bidding defiance to their force. The noble bark seems to spurn the angry buffetings of the deep, and glides triumphantly over the heaving billows. Well tempered enthusiasm swells the bosom of the skilful director of this wonderful machine. He scans the heavens and the wild waste ; his voice rises above the tempest, and his orders are executed, by those whom he guides, as fearlessly as they are given.

Then follow, the abatement of the winds, the smoothing of

the sea, the clearing of the sky, and the reappearance of the sun. Next comes the calm, with its never failing attendant, *ennui*; the ship rolls over a still restless sea, the sails flap against the mast, every place on board is uncomfortable, and every place cheerless—at length, a gentle breeze, first seen at a distance, comes skipping and kissing along the surface, throwing it into fields of ripple. The sails feel its influence, and again we move on our course, with spirits as buoyant as our “sea-girt” home!

NOTICES OF BRAZIL.



NOTICES OF BRAZIL.

CHAPTER I.

Entrance to Rio de Janeiro—The Sugar Loaf—Glance round the harbor—
The Corcovado—Glória Church—The City—Praya Grande.

ON the last Sunday in August 1831, we descried through a hazy atmosphere, the “Cabo do Frio,” while yet thirty miles off. Five years before I beheld this lump of Brazilian earth with as much interest as if it were a mass of topaz or diamonds; then, every moment seemed an hour, and every spot that presented itself as we drew near, became of importance. Even the sand beach, sweeping towards the capital of this empire, fancy assured me, led to something, but that something was indefinite, and is so still. The same feeling seemed to pervade all those, who looked now on a strange shore, for the first time;—every countenance beamed with joy, and all were pleasurablely excited.

CAPE FRIO, a high, wild, barren insular promontory, stands at the extremity of Maranbaya beach, sixty-eight miles to the eastward of Rio de Janeiro, having a passage for coasting vessels between it and the main. The land may be seen from a great distance in clear weather, rising high behind the beach, which sweeps with a gentle curve to the entrance of the harbor.

We were favored with a fresh sea breeze. Keeping in sight of the beach, we could see distinctly, before the day closed,

the Church of Our Lady of Nazareth, built on the shore thirty miles from the Cape; also, "Cabo Negro," and the Maris Islands, which are said to be fourteen miles from the "Paõ-de-Açucar," or Sugar Loaf, so called from its form, standing on the west side of the harbor.

The wind died away as the sun set, and we were obliged to wait for the morning under easy sail. The morning was cloudy and foggy, and we were unable to get into port that day. Towards evening we saw the islands again, and after night fall, the light on "Ilha Raza" or Flat Island, or, according to the easy translation of sailors, *Razor Island*. The sun set in a heavy bank of clouds, shooting his rays high, and gilding the skies in beautifully varied tints, and lighting up our hopes for the morrow; the night, like the preceding, was spent under easy sail.

About eleven o'clock on Tuesday morning the sea-breeze set in, much to our relief, for we were weary with "hope delayed." As we drew near, the several small islands, sprinkled near the mouth of the harbor, came into sight one after the other, as the fog lifted slowly before the gentle breeze. Presently we saw the "Paõ-de-Açucar," rising nearly thirteen hundred feet* into the air on the left of the harbor's mouth, and on the right, the battlements of Santa Cruz, standing at the foot of a high mountain. When still nearer, we perceived the Brazilian flag of yellow and green; the holy cross, emblematic of the religion of the country; the telegraph and watch towers, then the masts of the shipping in the harbor. When

* Captain Beechey, R. N. measured it, both in 1825 and 1828. The first observation made its summit to be 1286, and the last, 1299 feet above the level of the sea.—*Beechey's Voyage*.

To the westward of the Sugar Loaf, the land is very remarkable; when approaching the harbor on a clear day, it presents the appearance of a huge figure of a man lying on his back. The profile of the face presents an immense nose and chin, while the "Paõ-de-Açucar" represents the toes of this great man. Some exaggerating and waggish fancy has given to the whole the familiar appellation of Lord Hood's nose; whether that feature of his Lordship merited the comparison, is not a matter of history;—though Captain Basil Hall states that, "the characteristic prominence of the Hood nose" has been well known in the navy "for a glorious half century."

passing close under the guns of the fortress, we were hailed in a slow, stentorian tone, that seemed to issue from the rocks, for no human being was in sight; allowing an interval between each word, the voice cried, “what—ship—is—that?—Where—do—you—come—from?—How—many—days—out? These questions being answered, *it* wished us a pleasant passage to the city, whose spires and fanes were already in view. We continued our course, passed a small fort situated near the entrance of BOTAFOGO, the fort of VILLEGAGNON, point Glória, and soon reached our anchorage, in one of the most beautiful and picturesque bays in the world.

We “came to” about a mile from the city, with our bows to the southward and consequently looking out of the harbor. Rat Island and “Ilha das Cobras,” lay between us and the shore. The former is notable, because navigators, on arriving here, resort to it for the purpose of testing the correctness of their nautical instruments. It is a small, low rock, and not far from the latter, which divides the outer from the inner harbor; the men-of-war lie in the one, and merchantmen occupy the other.

From the Sugar Loaf, which is a conspicuous point, we will glance round this beautiful marine basin, and endeavor to convey some idea of its form. The “Paõ-de-Açucar” is more than twelve hundred feet high, as mentioned above, and bears a striking resemblance to a loaf of sugar, inclining a little to one side. Its surface is nearly smooth, of a dark, sombre color, and sprinkled here and there with little tufts of stunted bushes. It stands on the west side of the harbor, and at the entrance of the almost circular bay of Botafogo, which sweeps round towards the city as far as San Bernárdo point. Notwithstanding the steepness of its sides, (that towards the sea being perpendicular, or perhaps overlooking the water for ten or fifteen feet above the surface,) it has been twice ascended, and both times from the most inaccessible point. Many years ago an Austrian midshipman, in that reckless spirit of enterprise which is a boon given to all sailors by father Neptune, when they wed the sea, offered to wager with his messmates that he would ascend the Sugar Loaf from the sea side, and display a flag on its sum-

mit. The offer was accepted, and the young son of the Ocean, properly equipped, started on his expedition. At the base of the rock, the water rises and falls alternately three or four feet as the waves roll past into the harbor, so that several attempts were made, before he succeeded in landing. He then toiled up the embrowned side of the rock, hoisting himself by a bush or by some inequality of the surface, till he reached the top, where he displayed his banner, and to the terror of the inhabitants of Rio, lighted a fire; for every one who was not aware of the enterprise, thought that the Paõ-de-Açucar had suddenly become a volcano. After remaining all night under the dreadful apprehension, as he said, of being eaten by venomous serpents that hissed round the fire, or of rolling down the shot tower like mountain into the sea, if he should be overcome by sleep, he safely descended, and obtained the wager. In spite of its difficulties, the same feat was afterwards achieved by an American midshipman, who left "the stripes and stars" waving over the land while the bunting endured, for no Brazilian would venture to haul it down. The repetition of the enterprise is now forbidden by an imperial decree.

Close in the rear, the mountains are broken by deep ravines and splintered into peaks, one of which, called the Corcovado, out tops and overhangs the rest. Upon its very summit, like an eyry perched among the clouds, is an observatory and a watch tower which may be seen at a great distance, when not hidden in the vapors that frequently shroud it.*

Between San Bernárdo and Glória points extends a long beach, which, from having been the resort, in times past, of the gorgeously plumed flamingo, is now called "Praya do Flamingo." On Glória point is placed, very conspicuously, a small white church, dedicated to the invocation of "Nossa Senhora de Glória." The edifice is octahedral, and has a tall slender spire at one side. The hill on which it stands is one of the most picturesque spots about Rio. The terrace surrounding the church, which is about one hundred feet above the level of

* According to the measurement of Captain Beechey, R. N. made after the formula of Mr. Daniel, the base of the flag staff is by one observation 2308 feet, and by a second 2306 feet above the level of the sea.

the sea, forms a delightful promenade in "twilight gray," well suited for the *dénoûment* of love. In the hall or entrance of the building are hung many mementos of the miracles wrought by our Lady of Glory, who, it would appear, was an adept in the healing art. Casts in wax, many of them obscene in their configuration, from that of the simplest wound to the most loathsome ulcer, are collected here as testimonials of relief afforded at her hands and through her invocation, to the afflicted of both sexes.

From this point sweeps a small cove, lined by a neat row of white one story buildings that look out upon the bay, to point St. Iago, upon which stands a fortress of the same name. The next cove is short, and terminates at "Cobras." Here the city is seen over a forest of the masts of small craft, reposing under the shelter of the mountains. The "Praça de San José," the Palace, and the imperial Chapels are conspicuous. The whiteness of the buildings brings the whole, like a picture, in strong relief against the dark mountain sides in the back ground. Bells are ringing different peals at the same time, guns are firing, and at almost every hour of every day, hundreds of rockets are sent whizzing through the air in honor of some saintly festival. From the anchorage, the city appears to be a cleanly one, but "'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view;" for,

———"whoso entereth in this town,
That, sheening far, celestial seems to be,
Disconsolate will wander up and down,
'Mid many things unsightly to strange ee;
For hut and palace show like filthily:
The dingy denizens are reared in dirt;
Ne personage of high or mean degree
Doth care for cleanness of surtout or shirt,
Though slent with Egypt's plague, unkempt, unwash'd, unhurt!"

To the northward, the mountains rise high in slender, splintered peaks, which, from a fancied resemblance to the tubes of an organ, are called the Organ Mountains. In the same direction are seen white châteaux perched on the hills and rocks, so high as to be sometimes robed in clouds. The city itself is

overlooked by two or three convents, as solemn in their appearance as the monks of their cloisters.

On the eastern side, and nearly opposite to Rio, is a neat, quiet village called Praya Grande, which, during the season of amusement, is a place of general resort. It contains several potteries, and is famed for the quantity of fine sweetmeats, made and exported. At the southern extremity of Praya is a huge mass of rocks, which, apparently, have been thrown from the main land by some natural convulsion; upon its very summit (a most romantic situation truly) stands a church or a dwelling, accessible from the main by a short wooden bridge. From this point the beach of the placid bay of Inrufuba sweeps, almost like a circle, to fort Santa Cruz. Along the shore is a straggling village, interspersed with gardens, and surrounded by luxuriant plantations of the coffee tree.

We have now glanced round the bay and arrived at Santa Cruz, between which and the Sugar Loaf, the waters roll into this magnificent harbor;—an amphitheatre whose bounds are hills rising one behind the other, valleys and mountains that are smiled on throughout the year both by Flora and Pomona, yielding flowers and fruits, grateful in their fragrance, and luscious to the most refined and delicate taste. Over this sheet of water, passage boats, under a press of sail, are stretching in every direction, bearing parties from shore to shore. The naked negro toils at his oar—the black soldier in gay costume lolls in his curtained barge, wreathed in the smoke of his cigar—the tattooed slave paddles his rude canoe—the barges of the men-of-war, with feathering oars, are shooting from point to point—the men-of-war sit majestically, and their flags and pennants flutter proudly on the breeze—the forts and castles frown sullenly—the palace smiles—the church and convent look grave—the hills are lovely—the mountains grand—the graceful palm tree nods.

CHAPTER II.

Walk in the streets of Rio—Imperial Chapels—Rua Direita—Slaves—Rua d’Ouvidor—Marimba—Abdication of Dom Pedro—Regency of Pedro II.

MANY years ago, I met in Brazil, an Austrian gentleman, who, having spent several years in England, spoke English remarkably well. Certain circumstances of a private nature, in which the heart was deeply interested, which he narrated, ripened an acquaintanceship of a few weeks into intimacy and friendship. His name was Brunner. When I last saw him, in 1826, he held a colonel’s commission in the imperial army of Brazil.

The first inquiries that suggested themselves on landing at the palace stairs in September 1831, were whether Brunner was still in the city, and whether he was still lamenting his disappointment;—his “ladye love” had played him false! I made my way among the boatmen and venders of fruit always standing on the slip, and looked at the sentinel and his box. Whether any thing had been changed, or whether he had been relieved since my last visit, I doubt. The same high cloth cap covered his woolly head, and the same musket was trailed over his shoulder—the same soiled belt and cartouche box hung at his side, and as little energy was displayed in his whole appearance as can possibly be imagined. A paper cigar burned quietly between his lips, which he seemed too lazy to puff to prevent it from going out. While observing this sauntering soldier, I was suddenly seized by the hand and welcomed to Brazil. It was Brunner. He had recognised me across the palace square, and almost breathless came running to greet me.

“When did you arrive—how long do you stay—how have you been?”

Unexpected meetings with friends are always agreeable, even at home, and when one sees a man suddenly stand before him in a strange land, whom he is conjecturing may be dead,

or what is the same thing, gone away, the pleasure is enhanced—imagination cannot conjure up any thing half so pleasant.

As I answered the questions, my arm resting on Brunner's, we walked towards the imperial chapel, which fronts the quay. I observed that my friend was attired *à le citoyen*, and at once inferred that a change had taken place in his pursuits.

“You have doffed your regimentals?”

“Oh yes!—true,” he replied, “I followed your advice in that; you told me, you may remember,

“The charm of life that's lost in love,
Is never found in fame!”

and I considered that, with some other things you said, very seriously, and in consequence, changed the muster roll into a leger.”

“And got married in consequence of the change?”

“If you discovered that by my countenance, you deserve credit as a physiognomist. I have indeed found ‘a Leah my recompense to be’—but more of that anon.”

“I must congratulate you at any rate—for a man of the world would never marry in Brazil without making himself wealthy, because happiness is seldom the companion of a foreign wife and poverty.”

“Thank you—thank you—I am much better—I mean, I am much more useful in the world *now* than I was as a soldier; but you shall have an opportunity of judging for yourself. Do you observe any change in the appearance of the “Praça de San José” or “Largo do Paço?”

The fountain seems to be just as much frequented, and I do not perceive that the chattering of the negroes is less; nor have they lost any skill in balancing their water-kegs. If we may judge from the heavy burdens they carry upon it, negroes care less for the head than we do. How is it, that pressure does not spread the arch of the skull and make it assume an unnatural shape, as in the case of Indians of certain tribes! Some of the slaves here carry almost constantly, the weight of fifteen or sixteen gallons of water on the head nearly all day long, moving so steadily under it, that keg and man appear to be

parts of the same machine. A negro instinctively puts every thing on his head be it light or heavy, yet I am not aware of any race that is remarkably flat headed.

“There is not so much military show about the palace now as during the reign of PEDRO I. We were wont to see each of those staffs along the palace wall, supporting a musket ; and troops parading at this hour, and a fine band playing.”

“That is easily accounted for—

‘ Grim visaged war has smoothed his wrinkled front.’

The army has been but lately disbanded, and only men enough kept to garrison the forts.”

We were now in front of the imperial chapels which open on the square called the place of St. Joseph. The emperor's chapel is amongst the richest and most splendid in RIO ; it is not large, but the whole interior is arranged with a due regard to taste. Every person uncovers while he passes the open door, or bows, and signs himself with the cross as he enters. Several females were kneeling in different parts of the open space, on carpets or mats brought by their slaves, while the men were content to protect their knees from the dusty pavement by spreading out a pocket handkerchief. On either side of the church are small altars dedicated to saints whose portraits or statues, carved in wood or cast in wax as large as life, stand in niches above, decorated with a profusion of tinsel. A low, wooden balustrade runs parallel with the wall on each side of the church, forming narrow aisles in front of the minor shrines, and separating them from the centre or nave, at the farthest end of which stands the principal altar, rendered magnificent at the expense of a great deal of wealth and labor. The ceiling is arched, and ornamented with stucco and twisted mouldings richly gilt.

In all Catholic countries, the churches are open from dawn till sunset, and during that interval, persons may be always found at their devotions. Sunrise, however, is the most fashionable hour. Here, the wealthy go in their palanquins, dressed in black silk, with a manto of the same material, or a lace veil, worn tastefully over the head and shoulders.

“This is certainly a splendid temple,” said I, “but it is easy to perceive through all the glitter that it is only an imitation of reality—the golden candlesticks are but gilded wood, and the tall wax candles are only half what they seem. Why endeavor to practice a deception in a church? the most ignorant devotee that kneels must know that the apparently tall candles are tin tubes, with wax ends.”

“Had you been in Italy, you would not admire this church so much; it is not so rich now as it formerly was. The adjoining temple is the chapel of the empress, but I do not think it superior in beauty or decoration to that we have just left.”

We walked along the “Rua Direita,” which may be considered the “Broadway” of Rio, and stopped before the door of the “Hotel du Nord,” which, like a spendthrift, had seen its best days in its youth. Degeneration, even of a tavern, falls unpleasantly upon the sight; this one, from being the best “public,” has dwindled, in five years, to a mean tippling shop. From this spot, we looked along the street, and a gayer or more various scene cannot easily be imagined. Men of business were hurrying along the side walks, jostling the leisurely moving free black, or the shop keeper smoking at his own door; the native military officers were deliberately striding about with an important, arrogant air, the *calexas* (or *caleças*) and *segas* were rattling along by dint of lashing and spurring the mules—the high boots with heavy soles and heels, armed with plated spurs, the glazed leather hat and high cockade, distinguish the *caleçero* from every other kind of servant in the city—gangs of slaves, united by iron collars and chains ten or twelve feet in length, were trotting along, with bags of coffee or sugar on their heads, endeavouring to drown the sad clanking of their irons, in the notes of a song and chorus, which, in happier times, they may have sung beneath their native shades. Each one of these gangs was followed by a black soldier, carrying an unsheathed bayonet in one hand and a heavy whip in the other. Next, we saw approaching, a gay palanquin, borne by two slaves at a short trot. Presently it rested in front of a store, and a sallow female hand, covered with jewels, pushed aside the velvet curtains, and the vender

of tapes and laces ran from his counter and bowed obsequiously. Immediately, there was an *étalage* of stuffs of various kinds, and the *marchand* was eulogizing his goods and bargain, bowing the whole time. The lady purchased or rejected something—I saw no purse; the curtain again hid the hand and the jewels;—the slaves trotted on with their mistress. Whiz, flew a rocket, and snap, crack, crack, exploded a bunch of squibs from amidst a crowd of half naked negro boys, who moved along with an unmeaning shout. Then came a fat sallow looking priest, under a broad brimmed hat, rolled up at the sides, with a long silken cord terminated in a tassel hanging down his back. He wore a long silk robe or gown, and a pair of heavy shoes with large buckles. Close after him moved, in short struts, a precocious Brazilian dandy, of Lilliputian stature, perhaps fourteen years old, and attired like a man of twenty-five; wearing a stick in one hand, and carrying a satchel in the other; he stepped along, in imminent danger of disappearing beneath his cocked hat that towered over his head like an extinguisher, though worn for distinction. Then followed a dozen slaves or water carriers, all naked. The next figure, was that of a portly sedate looking gentleman whose moon formed countenance stood forth to assert his claims to the character of a *bon vivant* of imperturbable equanimity. He wore a cocked hat with ostrich feather trimming, a broad tailed coat, vest with capacious pockets, neat unmentionables, all of black, buckled at the knee over a pair of red silk ribbed hose, and a pair of square toed shoes with huge paste buckles. One of his hands, with ruffle round the wrist, holding a glove, he carried behind him, while the other—gloved—swung a gold mounted stick from the Moluccas, which he struck on the pavement at almost every step his gently stooped figure advanced. This was a congressman—an M. P.

“This gay scene indicates a business like disposition in the people; but the clank of those chains, clouds the pleasing reflections otherwise excited. The slaves cannot be treated here with humanity?”

“My dear Sir,” replied Brunner, “you are mistaken. Slaves in this country are treated with the greatest humanity

and kindness, and in many cases are even too much indulged. Those negroes who have just passed us are government slaves, who have become public property through the agency of their own crimes. Every one of them has committed either assault, robbery, or murder. Taking away life is a punishment hardly known in Brazil. When a negro is convicted of any outrage, or infraction of the law, he is usually sentenced to labor in chains for a limited period, at the expiration of which he is returned to his master."

"Does the master receive no compensation for the services of the slave in the mean time?"

"No. They say the loss is a just punishment for not having taught the slave better."

"Are these convicts hired to individuals by the government, or is there any public work on which they are employed?"

"The custom house employs many of them, many are employed as scavengers, and some in levelling hills and blasting rocks in the suburbs."

We walked slowly on, and turned up the "Rua d'Ouvidor," which is lined with fancy stores and shops of the French "*modistes*." Next to the "Rua Direita," it is perhaps the busiest and most fashionable. It leads to the theatre and opera house. The emperor was wont to dash through it, occasionally driving, with his own imperial hands, four grays of exquisite beauty, headed by his trumpeter, and followed by a cavalry guard;—then off flew every hat, and every body stood aside to let the imperial coachman pass.

My attention was attracted by a crowd of negroes in the street, in the midst of which one was dancing to the sound of a rude instrument, accompanied by the voice. "What is this?" I asked my companion.

"Nothing more than a few idle negroes of the neighborhood, assembled together to dance the 'guachambo,' a sort of fandango, to the sound of the 'marimba,' which claims Africa as the country of its invention." It is generally made of some light species of wood, and may be compared to the toe part of a shoe. On the flat side, or sole part, are secured nearly in their

centres, eight pieces of steel wire about six inches long; their ends curve upwards, and being of different lengths, form an octave. The longer ends of these keys play free, and when touched, vibrate a sleepy sort of note, which can hardly be called disagreeable. The instrument is clasped between the hands, hanging down in front, and is played upon by the thumbs. There is another form of the "marimba," in which the keys are placed on a thin piece of board; this is secured to a thinly scraped coconut shell, and is the better kind, sounding much clearer, and more musical. The servants, (porters) who are always seated at the doors of private dwellings—which by the way always have the family coach standing at the foot of the stairs, on the lower floor, fitted for the purpose, by way of demonstrating the quality of the master—pass hours together, nodding over their own music, produced with about the same effort required to twirl the thumbs;—playing on the "marimba" is just one degree beyond "*dolce far niente.*"

When we came up, the dancing had ceased, and the blacks were making way for us to pass. I called the musician, that I might examine his instrument. He grinned, and appeared gratified by the notice taken of him. He was young and full of health, but with a most stupid expression of countenance, produced by a chain of fleshy nodules extending from the point of his nose in a line over his forehead; when his attention was not otherwise engaged, his eyes were always directed towards this distinguishing mark. At our request, he played a lively air, and accompanied himself with a short see-saw motion of the body. So soon as he commenced, all the negroes drew nearer and nearer, till we were completely encircled by grinning spectators. I inquired into the origin of the bumps, and Brunner informed me that it is a species of tattooing, done in infancy by their parents, designed as the distinguishing mark of the tribe. He pointed out in the crowd around us, one whose face was scratched or gashed on one cheek; one marked in the same way on both cheeks; some on their temples; some on their breasts and backs; and there was one who had each of his teeth cut off diagonally, so as to make them serrated or

saw-like. Common misery has not caused the negroes to forget the feuds of their tribes, for they have brought mutual and perhaps hereditary hatred with them, and it is supposed that the safety of the whites, whose numbers are very small, depends upon this circumstance. Though this may be partially true, I suspect that apathy, which is a characteristic of the African races, is the reason why they do not rise up *en masse* and destroy their masters.

Next we looked into an hotel kept by an Englishman ; it is the best—the worst—the only one of the kind in the place ; it is entirely supported by foreigners—natives rarely visit public inns. After looking round for a moment, and noticing a sign over the door, announcing that “*bains chauds*” might be procured, we returned to the “Rua d’Ourives,” which is entirely occupied by silver-smiths, jewellers, and lapidaries, and following its course for a quarter of a mile, turned to the right, and in a few minutes entered the counting house of my friend.

We found several gentlemen conversing about the change that had then just taken place in the political state of Brazil. When the usual salutation was over, the subject was resumed.

“What do you say were the circumstances,” asked a gentleman of the party, addressing himself to Brunner, “that led to the abdication?”

“There were perhaps several,” replied Brunner, “that may be considered as conducing to that end. A jealousy has long existed between the native Brazilians and the Portuguese, which was originally caused and kept up by DOM PEDRO. The refugees, who fled from the proscription and tyrannical wrath of DOM MIGUEL, always found here, not only protection and an asylum, but many have been received into places of power and emolument under the government, to the exclusion of the Brazilians, who were not slow to perceive and feel, that the emperor placed more confidence in them than in his own subjects. He was constantly surrounded by them, and seemed to be much influenced by their advice in almost every thing. Envious of the distinction and honors heaped upon these foreigners, as the inhabitants of Portugal were termed, the natives conceived

themselves injured, and gave a voice to their grievances. Murmurs grew into complaints, and representations were made which passed unnoticed, until the emperor was told, in pretty plain terms, that he must change his ministry. Even this step was treated with contempt, and when DOM PEDRO thought seriously of regaining the confidence of the people, which he had lost, it was too late. The ministry was changed and re-changed successively, to please one or another of the many political parties which, as a consequence to the state of things, sprung forth like so many heads from that political hydra—public discontent. These parties were composed of people who had their views in elevating certain persons to a place near the throne. The public ear was occupied by vague and contradictory rumors and reports; and the minds of the people became filled with uncertainty and alarm. Among other groundless and ridiculous reports, was one that there was a design against the constitution, and the liberties of the people—that this conspiracy was the plotting of the Portuguese; and, however preposterous and unreasonable it may appear, it was said that DOM PEDRO was at the head of it!

“The emperor, about this time, had been on a visit of inspection to a neighboring province, and under the pretext of receiving him, on the day of his return, the refugees, with many Portuguese who have been long residing here, paraded the streets with arms, in squads of forty or fifty, uttering cries which were highly irritating to the feelings of the natives, and even looked upon by them as seditious. The Brazilians were exasperated, and attempted to put down the obnoxious party by force, and in consequence several skirmishes took place in the streets, and several lives were lost on both sides. This happened on the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth of March. The shops were shut up; foreigners thought of taking refuge, with their effects, on board of the men-of-war of their respective nations; and all business was suspended for several days.

“With a view of restoring peace, or of obtaining at least a cessation of hostilities amongst all parties, and of soothing and tranquillizing the public mind, the emperor at once appointed

a new ministry, composed entirely of Brazilians whose liberal sentiments were universally acknowledged. This step was popular, and public order was again restored, but was short lived. The ministry was again changed for men who were extremely obnoxious to the Brazilian party. The greatest anxiety was now manifested by all classes of citizens. Expressions of their indignation, warmly and publicly spoken, followed, and great numbers, as if by common consent, assembled in the '*Campo Santa Ana*,' since called the '*Praça d'Acclamação*.' A deputation was sent from them to the emperor, urging him, if he wished to preserve order and avoid civil war and bloodshed; to dismiss the Portuguese ministry, and reinstate that which he had last deposed. In spite of the entreaties of General Lima, the military commandant of the province, who was in high favor with the people, and of the tears of the empress, he refused the request of the deputation, and obstinately adhered to his resolution. The emperor's reply, endorsed by the ministry, and the order for the mob to disperse, was scarcely read, before it was torn to pieces and trampled under foot! The troops soon began to take part with the people, who were now armed and prepared for the worst. An attack was apparently meditated somewhere, and before ten o'clock that night even the body guard at the palace had gone over and joined the insurgents. The emperor found that he had been deceived by his courtiers, who had relied on the support of the army, and as the only possible means remaining of preventing bloodshed, and restoring tranquillity, he resolved on abdication. In this dilemma he sought the aid of counsel from the British and French legations, and received the Chargés late that same night at the palace. Exercising the power given him by the constitution, he abdicated in favor of his son DOM PEDRO DE ALCANTARA, under the title of PEDRO II! This last act was received, early on the morning of the seventh of April, with joyful acclamations, and the same day, before eight o'clock, having hastily collected what money and valuables he could, the ex-emperor, with the empress and the young queen of Portugal, embarked privately on board of H. B. M. line-of-

battle Ship Warspite, leaving the young emperor and princesses, at the palace of San Christovão !*

“The national assembly had been ordered by the emperor to convene, and though many members had not yet arrived in town, they met, and according to the constitution, appointed a regency, to administer the government and laws during the minority. On the 9th of April, the young emperor, DOM PEDRO II., made his public entry into the city, amidst the shouts and ‘vivas’ of the populace. A due quantity of gunpowder and rockets, as is usual on all great occasions, were expended, to manifest the public loyalty to the new sovereign.

“Tranquillity was again restored. The emperor in a few days set sail for England, on board of H. B. M. Frigate *Voyage*, and the young queen of Portugal on board of the French Corvette *La Seine*.”

“Then I presume every thing is now quiet ?”

“Not perfectly so—there is a party in favor of a republic, but it will die. Every body who knows any thing of the extent and resources of Brazil, must decide against it. Two mulattoes, who were educated in France by the emperor, are said to be the leaders of the republican party.”

“Did property sustain any injury from the rioters or insurgents during the disturbance ?”

“Not at all. The Brazilians are a *pacifique* people, and would *rader* enjoy *der* right by courtesy *dan* by force,” remarked an old gentleman, who until this moment had been

* The emperor, in his real character of nonchalance, was seen, before he left the harbor, eagerly employed catching fish !

“Dom Pedro was born at Lisbon, on the 12th of October, 1798 ; he was the second son of Dom John VI. and of Carlota Joaquina, daughter of Charles IV. of Spain ; but by the premature death of his elder brother, Antonio, he became heir-presumptive to the crown. He was of a weakly temperament when a child, but showed early some of that vivacity of character which has since distinguished him. He was educated by the Padre Antonio d’Arrabida, an intelligent ecclesiastic, who early impressed him *with sentiments of religion, for which he is still distinguished* ; but his education was in nothing else remarkable, except that, in common with his sisters, he acquired some knowledge of Latin, which he has not yet forgotten.”—*Walsh. Notices of Brazil. Vol. I. London, 1830.*

silent. “*Pah! Vat can dese miserable devil do—when dey have de arms dey put de ball into de gun first, and den de pou-dre—vat use is dat? eh!*” He accompanied the concluding question with a shrug of the shoulders, and an elevation of his brows, that threw his forehead into transverse wrinkles; and take him altogether, the speaker looked like a mammoth note of interrogation.

“Then the conflicts were not very bloody, I presume?”

“Bloody!” exclaimed the old man, changing his posture and features till he resembled in some degree an interjection, “I tell you, *Sare*, one hundred good men *vill* take *de* town any time. *Dey* allow fifty black *rascal* to run about *de* street *widout* opposition, and cut *de* *troat* of *de* women, *vile* *de* *sodger* run in *de* house and lock *de* door! Bloody—*vy!* *Sare*, *dey* are d—d coward, and as to *de* property, *dey* are afraid to steal it!” As he concluded, he made his exit by a back door.

“The regency, I believe, is a trinity, or triumvirate, or triumviracy?”

“Yes! It is composed of three members of the general assembly, elected by that body, the eldest of the three being the president. All decrees and laws are issued by the regency, in the name of the emperor. The following are the regents and present ministry.

REGENCY.

Francisco de Lima e Silva,	} <i>Regents.</i>
José da Costa Carvalho,	
João Braulio Muniz,	

José Bonifacio d’Andrada—*Tutor to the Emperor.*

MINISTERS.

<i>Home Department,</i>	José Linho Coutinho.
<i>Foreign Affairs,</i>	Francisco Carneiro de Campos.
<i>Justice,</i>	Diogo Antonio Feijo.
<i>War,</i>	José Manuel de Moraes.
<i>Navy,</i>	José Manuel de Almeida.
<i>Treasury,</i>	Antonio Homen do Amaral.

“Andrada, one of the most popular, as well as learned men in the country, was named by the emperor ; which is an imperial prerogative, granted by the constitution, on the vacation of the throne, either by death or abdication.”*

At this moment the old gentleman returned. He was about five feet high, broad across the shoulders, and rather corpulent. His head was small, covered with a short stubborn growth of black and gray hair—his forehead rather low, with bushy eyebrows—small twinkling black eyes, well set into his head—nose somewhat pug—and a large mouth filled with fine teeth. A constant smile played over the old man’s weather-beaten countenance. Though near sixty years old, he displayed great animation of manner—it might almost be called fidgetty—and you at once conceded that he was a fine little old fellow. He wore a short gray frock coat, with black velvet collar and trimmings—black vest—and blue pantaloons, over laced boots. When he listened, he thrust his hands into his pockets, and alternately raised and let himself down from his tiptoes, throwing his head to one side, and seemed ready to laugh in your face. His speech was generally broken, and he snapped his fingers, threw up his eyebrows, and sometimes his shoulders were raised so slowly and significantly, that you might very reasonably entertain fears that his head would disappear between them, like a turtle’s into its shell ; and this was all by the way of punctuation.

Brunner presented me to this gentleman as Dom Bento, his father-in-law. He drew me by the hand, and turning his head, said “come gentlemen, *de* soup is ready.” He led me into a dining room, and continued, “here we take our lunch, or soup, it being too far from our dwelling to return to the counting-house after dinner, and too long to fast from eight in the morning till sunset.” All the merchants, at least the foreign ones, adopt this plan. About a dozen persons sat down, besides several clerks. The repast consisted of soup and bouillie, with yams, &c. and wine and fruit.

* In December 1833, he became somewhat unpopular, and one party was anxious that he should resign, but he positively refused.

CHAPTER III.

Museum—Aqueduct—Banana tree—Farinha—Policemen—Slave of a natural-ist—Casa da Agua.

THE Museum is open daily to the public, from twelve until two o'clock, and, as it should be every where with institutions of the kind, the admission is free to every body. Brunner and I visited it, however, early in the morning, by special favor. The utility of a national museum, where access may be had at all proper times, free of expense, is incalculable; and particularly to a country, which depends, like ours, upon the general information of its inhabitants for the existence of its government. Our optics collect much more rapidly, and preserve more faithfully, information or knowledge, than any of our senses, and what is thus once acquired is seldom forgotten. A museum established under proper regulations, would create a taste for natural science, and enable talent, in the most indigent circumstances, to gain knowledge which could hardly fail to make the possessor a better man, and a more useful member of society.

This collection occupies several rooms, communicating with each other, in the second story of a building at the corner of the Praça d'Acclamação. The cabinet of minerals is certainly a very good one; probably equal to any one on this continent in the metallic specimens and precious stones. The birds are badly prepared, most of them being without eyes, and many are lying on their sides. The curators are at present (1831,) arranging them according to the classification by Cuvier. The native Indian curiosities are numerous; some of the war dresses, which are composed of feathers of many brilliant colors, are really beautiful. Besides these, which are of chief interest, being of this country, there are many foreign curiosities and specimens of natural history. In one of the apartments there are several very good pictures, and two or three Sarcophagi.

During our visit, every attention was extended to us, and I left, deeply impressed with the kindness and urbanity of the curators.

We passed along one side of the "Campo Santa Ana," now called the "Acclamação," towards the Aqueduct. After turning two or three streets, which are not so much frequented as either the Rua d'Ouvidor, or Rua Direita, we came beneath that part of this great work which is carried over a valley two hundred yards wide, supported on two rows of arches, one resting upon the other, at a height of eighty or ninety feet. In the streets through which we had just walked, I observed that a favorite pastime with a large part of the female community, is to loll out of the window, supporting the trellis shutter, which opens upwards, against the head. Thus every thing falls under their notice, while they are quite *perdues*, except to persons on the same side of the street. This habit is not confined to females alone. Men, almost *en cuerpo*, are often seen idling in this way for hours together. In this climate, trellis shutters supply the place of blinds and sash.

We turned to the right, and ascending the hill towards the Corcovado, passed a number of negresses, washing and spreading out their clothes upon the grass to bleach. On the summit of this hill, which is at least two hundred feet high, stands the convent of Santa Teressa. The windows are barred, and trellised, and sashed so securely as almost to exclude the air and even the light of day. Near this spot the Aqueduct makes an angle in which there is built a hut.

"The negroes who live in this cottage," said Brunner, "spend time in drowzy laziness. All their wants being supplied by their garden, they seldom descend to the city."

"But they must labor at certain seasons to make that produce?"

"Not so. The soil is so fertile, that, with little more exertion or attention than is required to cast the seed upon it, a plentiful crop is produced!"

"But this little spot will not—cannot yield them their entire sustenance; it may provide fruit and vegetables, but they also require bread and animal food?"

“They seldom see bread or meat, unless it be in the form of ‘farinha’ or tapioca, and this a little labor supplies; if they do not get it, for those who have so few wants, the banana forms a substitute.” The banana requiring neither care nor toil in cultivation, becomes as useful as wheat itself.* A few months are sufficient to produce the fruit from the sucker (by which it is propagated), and all the attention necessary, is to soften the soil about its roots, and every year or two, cut off those stocks which have been productive. When green, the fruit will yield a species of flour equal to that of rice; when ripe, it is delicious to the palate, and highly nutritious. Eight or ten large bananas are *sufficient* food for a man during a whole day. This plant not only affords bread and fruit, but also a very fine sugar may be extracted from the latter. It enables man to live almost without labor, and its ample leaves shade him from a tropical sun.

It is really a beautiful plant. It grows about twelve feet high; its branches or leaves are a foot broad, and from six to eight feet long; they unite at the base, and spread asunder at the top. When the leaf first appears, it is rolled, and rises from amidst those which are already expanded; and when mature, unfolds itself into a spathe, and droops with the rest. The fruit is produced in a large conical or pear-shaped mass at the end of the stalk, which bends towards the earth by its weight. This mass consists of loricating leaves, which enclose the young fruit. As it ripens, the leaves curl up and drop off, disclosing a circle of bananas, attached by their bases to the stalk; the second and third circle appear, but smaller than the first, because the nutritive juices are less, and at last the stalk is terminated with a plummet-shaped end and abortive blossoms. At first the color of the fruit is green; but as it ripens, turns yellow—a beautiful king’s yellow—which contrasts finely with the clear maize green of the leaves.

“In my walks through the city, I have seen a great deal of the ‘farinha’ you speak of, and I am told, it forms a chief article of diet with the slave population.”

* See Humboldt’s *New Spain*. Dennis. *Histoire du Brésil*.

“It is not only extensively used by the slaves and lower classes of whites in Rio, but forms a standing dish on the tables of the rich, made into various deserts. This *Jatropha Manihot* is the great substitute for all bread stuffs. It is prepared without trouble, and will keep for any length of time without suffering from the attacks of insects.”

We followed the Aqueduct in its windings and ascents for two miles, and passed by a hut of reeds and mud, built on the very verge of the precipice. Before the door, which faced the Aqueduct, were extended on the ground, two men, resting their heads on their hands, with the elbow on the earth. They were listless, drowsy, lazy. Beside them were two or three hounds, their long Spanish or Portuguese fowling pieces and knives. A third man was leaning against the hut, sustaining a pipe with his left hand, while his right was applied across his breast to support his left elbow. His eyes were fixed upon the ground. A little beyond the hut were two slaves, chained together by the ankles, sweeping the path; they were entirely naked, with the exception of the loins, which were girded with a piece of blue cotton stuff. Their masters wore large trowsers of no definite color, with shirts which had once been white, but from negligent ablution, or no ablution, now appeared of a smoky yellow. They had neither caps nor shoes; one of the recumbents, however, held his toes in a pair of slippers.

When we came up, the dogs commenced growling and muttering, and rolling their eyes upon us, but without raising their long noses from the ground. The man lying nearest the path, laid his hand upon the collar of one of them, and they all became quiet. When we were near enough to have trodden on the fellow, he slowly drew up his legs, and made an effort to fish with his toe one of the slippers, which was dropped in the movement; but he failed, and assuming a look of resignation, permitted it to remain at the risk of being walked over. The one leaning against the house raised his eyes, and scowling upon us from under a profusion of black, uncombed hair, muttered a sort of salutation, but without moving a muscle—the very smoke escaped from his mouth without receiving an impulse.

“You would never guess,” said Brunner, “that these are the police or watchmen, stationed here to prevent robberies from being committed by runaway slaves, who hide themselves in the mountain thickets, and elude every effort made to apprehend them.”

Just before arriving at the hut above mentioned, there is a break in the Aqueduct, and the path changes from the right to the left side of the work. From this spot we enjoyed a most enchanting bird's eye view. To the northward and westward runs a valley, sprinkled with gardens and hamlets; beyond the vale, rise the palace of San Christovão, and the château of the Marchioness of Santos; a lake spreads its peaceful waters to the scented air; the bay is filled with shipping, and dotted with green islands; and the town of Praya Grande, in miniature from distance, is seen on the opposite shore. On the other hand, far below, is a deep glen, where white cottages contrast with the deep green of the coffee tree and the gold of the orange; the Sugar Loaf stood high, and before us the Corcovado, still higher and wilder, almost overhung our path.

“Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humble pride.”

We continued our walk. The path was less beaten, and the sward yielded to the foot like the richest carpet. The whole way was “flowery, wild and sweet.” All was hushed. Our steps frequently disturbed “the green and speckled lizards,” that darted from the sunshine of the path and side of the Aqueduct, to the shade of their retreats, in some crevice of the work. A few wild notes struck the ear, and the gay winged butterflies sported in seeming dalliance with each other, ever and anon resting upon the flowers, which in every direction were blooming around us, while the golden-crested humming bird sipped the nectar which nature had prepared. But man will not permit all this in quiet. The cabinet of the naturalist and amateur must be filled with “specimens,” and both butterfly and bird lose their lives for the particolor of their down, and the gay, varying tints of their plumage.

Presently we met a man sweeping a gauze net through the

air, and pinning the insects which he caught upon his hat. He was a tall, raw-boned mulatto, under a broad brimmed hat, stuck full of insects writhing and fluttering in the agonies of death. His white cotton jacket might have been mistaken for a pincushion, the sleeves and lapels were so full of pins. Though barefooted, he was tidy. A bag, containing gauze, thread, &c., for a net, to replace that on his pole, should it be torn, was slung on one side, and on the other, a large, light wooden box, to receive his game. At our request he showed to us the result of his day's excursion, and appeared gratified by our notice of him; his box was half full of butterflies and various insects.

After parting with him, Brunner asked whether I thought this man badly or inhumanely treated.

“You do not mean to say that this man is a slave?”

“He is a slave, and belongs to a German, who gains a living by making collections of birds, insects, shells, &c., which he sells to travellers. He has several slaves whom he has taught to prepare these specimens, and two or three others who hawk them about the streets.”

When we arrived at the “Casa da Agua,” which is four miles from the city, we determined to rest. The “Casa da Agua” is a covered basin or receptacle for the water, which rushes down the mountain in a narrow stream. A slab, set in the wall, bears date 1744, the time of commencing the work, and 1807, the period of its repair.

Just above the “Casa da Agua” is a broad spreading rock, in the surface of which, are several slight excavations, filled with limpid water by tiny rills which wander from the main stream. The rocks rise nearly perpendicular around this spot; the shade was perfect, and the air perfumed with sweet odours.

While viewing the scene, and deliberating whether, in spite of the lateness of the hour, we should continue our walk to the observatory on the Corcovado, still a thousand feet above us, and only to be reached by a long, circuitous, and laborious path, a negro parted the bushes next the valley below, and stood nearly naked before us. He removed a piece of a woollen cap from his head, in token of respect, and saluted us with

“Viva Senhores,” grinning in the height of good nature. He might have been forty years of age; he was well made, and remarkably athletic, yet his figure was that of a youth of twenty. His temples were tattooed, and his teeth cut off diagonally. His whole dress consisted of a pair of coarse, loose breeches. We asked him many questions; he told us that he had been brought from Mozambique when young, but he did not express any desire to return, nor any regret for the loss of his parents. With some hesitation he accepted of a cigar, and it was some time before he was persuaded to light it; when he did, however, he puffed in ecstasies, and I concluded that he had never before regaled himself with a real Havana, and said so. Brunner replied, that it was not the cigar which gave him pleasure, but the honor which he conceived he was receiving at our hands—in all probability a white man had never addressed him, except in a sharp, imperative tone.

He went his ways, and we sat ourselves down upon the rock and lighted our cigars.

CHAPTER IV.

The Opera—The Currency.

THE night on which I visited the opera, “La Italiana in Algeri” was performed in a masterly style. The scenery was good, and the orchestra full and efficient. The company is composed of Italians, brought here by the emperor, Pedro I. The house is large, and contains one hundred and twelve boxes, besides the imperial box which fronts the stage. The pit is extensive, and the seats are separated from each other, like arm chairs, and some are so arranged that they may be kept under lock and key. The prompter is placed in front of the stage so conspicuously, that the dramatic illusion is in a great degree lost. A box or wooden hood is built about two

feet above the level of the stage, and in the centre of the stage lights, intended to conceal him, but answers the end very badly, for as his eyes follow the lines of his book, his head, generally covered with a white net cap, crowned with a tassel, is seen moving from side to side; and his voice sometimes rises above that of the actors, so that at times, they seem only to gesticulate while he reads. The house is dimly lighted with dingy tallow candles. Order is preserved and enforced by a number of black soldiers, distributed through the pit.

The house was full, which argued much in favor of the musical taste of Brazil. The ladies were dressed much in the style of our own belles, and wore the hair high on the top of the head, ornamented with artificial flowers made of feathers; these are beautiful, and are the best imitation of natural flowers I have seen; they are made in the convents at Bahia. Jewelry is more fashionable than with us. Many dark eyes, lively countenances, and fine busts, appeared in the dress row, yet I will not say the ladies were handsome; I complained of the immoveable, placid, unmeaning expression of most of the faces, but I did not quarrel with the *brunettes* of their complexion. There was not a female in the pit; negroes and whites were promiscuously mixed.

After the opera there was some fine dancing; but according to my notion, the performers should diminish the extent of their genuflexions, and increase the thickness and longitude of their dresses: they appeared,

“ In very thin clothing, and but little of it.”

This over, we walked into the coffee room. Blacks and whites were gay and noisy, eating and drinking together, apparently on the most intimate terms of equality. We next ascended to a small bar in the fourth tier, where several gentlemen were refreshing themselves with lemonade, orgeat, and similar beverages. The Brazilians are a temperate people, seldom drink in the evening, and usually confine their libations to wine, and that, Port. The annual consumption of Oporto wine is 32,000 pipes of 145 gallons each, equal to 4,640,000 gallons! The import duty is only six dollars the pipe.

I gave the bar keeper a Spanish dollar to pay for some lemonade. He balanced it on his finger and offered to change it for four "petaks," which is little more than one-half of its value. I insisted that it was worth two "mil reis," and several native gentlemen present told him the same thing, but it was some time before he was satisfied, and at last said, "well, I am doing this at a great risk, and I fear I shall lose both money and lemonade."

I remarked to Brunner that there appeared to be a great difficulty in the rate of exchange.

"Yes," he replied, "it is owing to the fluctuating value of the currency, which changes almost daily. At present a Spanish dollar is worth seventy-two 'vintems' or 1,440 reis, in copper, and 2,000 reis in the paper of the bank of Brazil. By this you will find that copper is at a premium of about 38 per cent. A thousand hard dollars will be received in trade at 1,920 reis each, but to purchase the same number, each one will cost 2,020 reis."

"Then it is necessary, when transacting business, to be always well informed of the value of money. I have noticed in the market, that money has a different value at stalls only a few yards apart, and in order to avoid difficulty, it is best to resort to the money-changers, who give copper for silver at a very small premium."

"Yes; but you lose by it. They say that copper is at a premium of 33½ per cent., and when they change a note of 10,000 reis, they calculate the discount on that amount instead of the copper which you receive, and thus you lose about 400 reis."

"Is not the bank paper as good as copper? neither can be made a tender out of the country, and I suppose the bank will redeem its notes."

"The paper never will be redeemed; though it is said that the bank has sufficient in its vaults to do so. The copper has an intrinsic value, for when the worst comes to the worst, we

* December 1833. The exchange has risen; the dollar is now worth only 1,300 reis.

can make it into pans, and besides, to the northern provinces it is nearly a par remittance."

"Then the bank is not a national one?"

"No! It was chartered to a company. The government became indebted to it, and being unable to pay, assumed the management of the bank, and to enhance its credit, endorsed the notes, which only circulate within the province of Rio de Janeiro. The other provinces have their respective banks."

"Still I do not understand why the value of money should change almost daily. I may sell goods to-day for a certain sum, and to-morrow they may be of one-third less value."

"Such is the fact. This fluctuation is only attributable to the frequent exportation of large amounts of copper to the north."

"Then the bank must make large dividends if it does much business?"

"Technically speaking, the bank does no business whatever. It receives deposits, but does not discount, and the only source of profit is its property, and the loss or wearing out of its notes."

"Goods must pay a handsome advance on the invoice to yield profit, while the rate of exchange is so high?"

"Such would be the case if remittances were made to the UNITED STATES in coin; this country affords, however, good returns in coffee, hides, sugars, &c., and when bills are wanted, they are always negotiated on European houses."

The inconvenience which would have resulted in the United States, from the establishment of the small money unit, proposed by Robert Morris, the financier, is practically illustrated at Rio. A dollar at par contains one thousand parts, called "reis," and hence the dollar is termed a "mil rei." A trifling amount, to persons unacquainted with the currency, is an alarming document; the gross amount of a bill for ten dollars is represented by five figures. This makes calculation tedious, and to strangers embarrassing. Americans require their bills reduced to dollars, and Englishmen must have them in pounds, shillings, and pence, before they understand them.

The following is a specimen of a Brazilian account, rendered by the English-speaking clerk.

Rio Janeiro. Dec: 1833.

Dr.		To Louzada & Ca.	
2	Duz'ns Port wine	- 8,000 rs.	16,000 rs.
1	Barel Mackrels	-	10,000 "
3	Duz'ns Claret	-	15,000 "
50	lb. Indian meal	-	5,000 "
$\frac{1}{2}$	" Nutmegs	-	1,600 "
46 $\frac{1}{2}$	" Ham	- 280 rs.	13,020 "
5	Duz'ns Fowls	- 7,500 "	37,500 "
500	Onons	- 1,800 "	9,000 "
$\frac{1}{2}$	lb. Asspice	-	1,600 "
23	Duz'ns Eggs	- 360 "	8,280 "
68	lb. Butter	- 320 "	21,760 "
	Vegetables	-	13,000 "
		Total,	<u>151,760 rs.</u>

“ Dollars at 1,280 reis, makes \$118 $\frac{56}{100}$.”

CHAPTER V.

The Botanic Garden—A Peep at Court.

EARLY one morning we seated ourselves in a “ caleça,” and set off to visit the Botanic Garden. The “ caleça” is a kind of gig or chaise, which has the body hung in advance of the axle, and betwixt a pair of huge, clumsy wheels, made gaudy with paint and gilt, not however in the best taste. A leather curtain in front serves to screen ladies from admiration, and gentlemen from dust, when they do not care for the scenery through

which they ride. To this vehicle two mules are harnessed abreast ; one in the shafts, and the other on the outside, to bear the "caleçero," in his grotesque livery and big boots. Though a hackman, he wears a uniform, which is sometimes a green coatee with red trimmings and white steel buttons ; at others, a blue coatee with yellow collar and cuffs. Armed with a heavily loaded whip, he bestrides his little saddle, and lashes and spurs the mules from the start. In spite of appearances, however, our caleça proved to be a very commodious and easy-going carriage, and whirled us along at the rate of five or six miles the hour.

We rolled through several streets, and emerged from the city upon the Praya do Flamingo, whence we had a fine view of the harbor and shipping. Our carriage was soon passing a handsome château, which was shut, and apparently uninhabited. This was one of the ex-emperor's retreats. Next we came in sight of the peaceful waters of Botafogo, shut in and almost land-locked by high and irregular hills, whose shadows were trembling on the surface of the bay, now glittering in the first beams of the rising sun. The whole shore is studded with houses and gardens ; and the morning air came perfumed with flowers, and conveyed delight in every breath.

" Not all the charms, that ethnic fancy gave
To blessed harbours o'er the western wave,
Could wake a dream more soothing or sublime,
Of bowers ethereal and the spirit's clime !"

At the head of the bay we turned to the right. The country was beautifully picturesque. About four miles from town the road lies between a lake, which is separated from the ocean by a narrow strip of land, at one place so low that the sea not unfrequently finds its way over it, and the irregular hills which terminate in the almost overhanging Corcovado. Tiny rills gush from the sides of the mountain, and leap in miniature cascades down its side, fertilizing the ground over which they pass. From this spot we saw a large square mountain, which is considered an excellent land mark in making the harbor of Rio ; from its supposed resemblance to a ship's topsail, it is

called "la gavia." At this spot, a redoubt of stone, mounting four guns, effectually protects the southern part of this route to the city. About two miles, or perhaps less, beyond the lake, is the Botanic Garden; one of the spots usually visited by travelers, and which will always pay them for their pains. When our caleça halted before the iron gate, it was opened by a negro, who afterwards became our guide, and pointed out the most interesting parts of the garden.

The Botanic Garden was established by DOM LEANDRO DO SACRAMENTO. It covers a surface of about four acres, laid out in alleys and beds, which are kept in fine order. It contains a large number of exotics, and a great deal of the tea plant, which was introduced to ascertain whether this climate was suitable for its culture. So desirous was the emperor of naturalizing it, that he imported a Chinese, with his family, to attend solely to the cultivation of this plant. Thus far it promises well, and in time may become of importance to the country. This garden produced, (I think, in 1830,) forty "arrobas" (32 lb.); in San Pablo, EL SEÑOR DOM JOSE AROUCHE DE TOLEDO RENDON gathers annually from eighteen to twenty "arrobas;" in the province of Las Minas are gathered about twenty arrobas; besides other places of which we have no account. In 1826, shoots were sent to Marañan, but perished from the dryness of the season.

In different places are turf seats, and benches shaded by trees and surrounded by every variety of flowers. Within a short distance of each other, are growing, arrow-root, sago, cardamom, cinnamon, cloves, and the bread-fruit tree weighed down with its own production. Nature and art have produced wonders here! While we rested in the shade of the beautiful JACCA tree, the song of birds, and the odors of spices and flowers, fell soothingly upon the senses.

The only plant of which we were not permitted to break twigs, is a small bush about four feet high, termed the national tree, because each leaf contains a mixture of yellow and green—the colors of the Brazilian flag. Even of this, however, we were indulged with a few leaves.

We returned to the city at eleven o'clock, in time to dress

to visit the Court, which held a levee in honor of the anniversary of the independence of Brazil from the throne of Portugal.*

At half past twelve the American Legation reached the side entrance of the palace, and alighting from the caleças, made way through the gate to the stair. As we ascended, I learned from one of our party, that wearing gloves or hats in the imperial presence was equally contrary to etiquette. I had been instructed in the part which I was to enact in the pageant. At the head of the stairs, and entrance of the saloon, stood an halberdier, dressed in a harlequin suit of green, checkered with yellow stripes half an inch wide. In the first room, which was handsomely furnished, were several gentlemen of the foreign *corps diplomatique*, and among them a Nuncio from the Pope. Of course all were in their court dresses. From this, we passed into a larger room, fitted up in a much more elegant manner. Both were hung with portraits, and paintings illustrative of Brazilian history, which seemed to be the topic of conversation with several foreign ministers, who were waiting for the opening of the Court. The subject of one of these pictures, is a story which I presume every good Portuguese and Brazilian ought to believe. It runs, that some time in the beginning of the twelfth century, the Moors and Portuguese were at war; the forces of the two nations were very unequal; the Moors counted three hundred thousand warriors, while the Christian army scarcely numbered thirteen thousand fighting men. Notwithstanding this great disparity of force, Alphonso, the Portuguese general, resolved to give battle, though to all the issue seemed not to be doubtful. He harangued his troops, and exhorted them to conquer or die, rather than yield to the infidel. Having increased their confidence by his eloquence, he announced the following day to be fixed for the conflict, and that Heaven would manifest some extraordinary sign as a harbinger of victory!

He retired to his tent, and read, in the Bible, the history of Gideon, which he looked upon as similar to his own. While

* September 6th.

asleep, he dreamed that a venerable sage appeared and promised him the victory! This vision had scarcely passed away, when an officer informed him that a strange old man had entered the camp, and was extremely importunate to be admitted to his presence. Alphonso ordered the stranger to be conducted into the tent; when he entered, the general recognised in him the person he had seen in his dream. Without waiting for interrogation, the old man stated that he was a fisherman, and had been doing penance for sixty years on a neighboring mountain;—that he had now come, by command of God, to announce victory to the arms of Portugal; adding, “when you hear a clock strike, go forth from your tent; you will behold a bright manifestation of what Heaven is doing for you!” and immediately departed, leaving Alphonso filled with mingled joy and surprise. Some time after day break, hearing a clock strike, he hastily armed himself, and sallied from the tent. In the midst of a flaming cloud he beheld a group of angels supporting a crucifix! A clear voice announced the victory, and that the soldiers would proclaim Alphonso king; the voice required that he should accept and wear the crown; prophesying that he would henceforward glorify God, and carry his religion to the most distant climates in the world! Alphonso prostrated himself, and declared that he would obey the commands thus emanating from Heaven; and begged, in case his people should ever offend, that he might suffer chastisement in their stead. The vision vanished, and the victory was gained over Ismael!

The story of the painting was just concluded, when the right hand door opened, and the ladies and gentlemen of the Brazilian Household entered. DOM PEDRO II. was accompanied by his sisters and the regency. The dresses of the members of the court were splendid; that of the young emperor was neat and simple. As they passed through the rooms, every head was bowed in salutation. Presently a flourish of trumpets, followed by a grand march by a full band, proclaimed the opening of the Court. We had all followed into the anteroom. In a few moments the chamberlain informed the *corps diplomatique* that his Imperial Highness was ready to receive them. Those who had resided longest near this court, took precedence, and fol-

lowed the chamberlain through the left hand door. The American Legation was last. Our Chargé preceded, and the officers followed according to rank, at about three yards from each other. On entering the presence, we all bowed; and again, when half way up to the dais, and repeated the reverence immediately before his Highness. Then retreating, with our faces towards the throne, and making three bows, we made our exit through the right hand door. This movement in a large room, is far from being graceful; and from the impediment experienced by the clergy, in consequence of wearing long robes, they have been excused from this retrograde step. We halted in the room where the chamberlain had met us, to observe those who were still entering to pay their court to the infant emperor.

The throne room was richly hung with green velvet, sprinkled with gold and silver stars, and the floor was covered with a bright colored carpet, with a centre medallion figure. DOM PEDRO II., who bears a striking resemblance to his father, stood upon the dais—an elevation of one step, on which the throne is usually placed—with the regency on his right, and his two younger sisters on his left hand. His large, liquid eyes, wandered from one person to another with an expression of half indifference. His salutations were stiff, and the princesses, who are his seniors* (he is not six years old), seemed to suffer a kind of *mauvaise honte*. Ladies and lords, and officers bearing their respective insignia, stood along the walls on either hand. Many of the courtiers were arrayed in rich suits of velvet of antiquated fashion, and wore those decorations of honor which it may have pleased royalty to bestow upon them.

The crowd soon began to move out of the palace towards their carriages. The music continued; conversation was gay; every body wore a holy-day face, and self approbation might be read in every countenance!

* The late empress left five children.

Dona Maria de Gloria, Queen of Portugal, born April 4th, 1819.

Dona Januaria, - - - - " March 11th, 1821.

Dona Paulina Mariana, - - - " February 17th, 1823.

Dona Francisca Carolina, - - - " August 2d, 1824.

Dom Pedro d'Alcantara, (now Dom Pedro II.) " December 2d, 1825.

CHAPTER VI.

A walk—A ride—A dinner party.

ON Sunday morning I strolled about the city with a friend. Towards point Glória, and in front of a large building once occupied as a royal residence, is a garden, or rather park. Large trees of many varieties, amongst which are mangoes and acacias, shade the alleys and walks which lead through parterres and beds of flowers. I visited this place frequently, because I thought it a promenade for ladies, but I have found that nobody resorts there, save a few old men and priests. After viewing the bay from the wall, which is washed by the waves, and examining a bronze fountain which is now dry, we walked to where the aqueduct, elevated on arches, passes into the city. Near it was a crowd of negroes of both sexes, standing half leg deep, washing. The lower limbs were bare to the hips, and their dress tucked up in such a manner as to give it the appearance of a pair of short breeches. The clothes were spread about on the banks of this drain for the benefit of the sun. Pieces of wardrobe were undergoing the lavatory process by being beaten with good will between two stones—an excellent test of the strength of the fabric, and which saves the hands quite as well as our best constructed washing machines. The operators were very gay. Their chattering seemed ceaseless; yet its monotony was relieved occasionally by little bickerings and contentions, which arose from slight encroachments, made by one or another on what was conceived to be, by priority of possession, the spot or pounding stone of some one individual. These advantages of location are not unimportant; the water is much clearer and in greater abundance in some places than in others. These disputes sometimes led to blows, and then some worthy master's linen was applied very unceremoniously about the ears of the contending parties. The wenches generally came off victorious, much to the amusement of the

crowd, who displayed their approbation and white teeth much to the annoyance and irritation of the discomfited black, who was sometimes forced to move higher up the stream. This scene also affords amusement to the neighbors, if we may judge from the number of females, peeping and laughing from the windows of the surrounding houses.

On our return to the Praça de San José we met Brunner, who insisted upon our dining with him at his country residence. In a very few minutes our party had increased so much, that several *caleças** were necessary to carry us. I was seated with my friend, and we set off at a fine trot; as soon as we got out of the city, the ride became so pleasant that I would have willingly prolonged it. Châteaux and plantations lined the road on both sides. An air of luxury and tranquillity pervaded most of them; but the retreats of Englishmen could be distinguished, by the great comfort and neatness that characterize their dwellings in every part of the world, from those belonging either to Brazilian or Portuguese gentlemen. The air was perfumed with flowers and fruits, contrasting most delightfully with that in the confined streets of Rio.

An hour's drive brought us to a lane running through a coffee plantation, and terminating at the door of Dom Bento Trovato's house. Our reception was cordial, and we were soon conversing in Spanish or in French with the daughters of our worthy host. His son carried us over the magnificent dwelling, which is not yet entirely finished. The rooms are spacious, and adapted to the climate. The furniture is of beautiful rose wood, and most of it has been made on the spot. A garden of flowers has been commenced, and a labyrinth formed in it afforded amusement to some of the party, who found themselves entangled in the mazes of its many winding paths.

Thousands of pounds of coffee are gathered annually on this plantation. On an average, each tree yields about a pound, but some will yield, when taken great care of, three, four, and even five pounds, but that is not usual. All that is required in its cultivation is, occasionally to loosen the earth about the

* Each *caleça* accommodates but two persons.

trees; the greatest labor is in gathering and drying it, and without slaves this business would be unproductive. The coffee is gathered, the pod taken off—each one contains two grains—and spread out to dry in a yard with a tile floor; its quality then depends very much upon the care taken in turning it. A great deal of the coffee consumed in the United States is from this place, and it is only the first quality which will sell there. The second quality is sent to Europe, where, in many places, it is parched or roasted and ground before it is sold. Though not a tree is cultivated beyond a hundred miles from Rio, the whole world might be supplied with coffee from this port alone.

The coffee tree came originally from upper Ethiopia, where it has been known from time immemorial, and is still cultivated with success. It is supposed very generally that a Molacho, a kind of priest, named "Chadely," was the first Arab who made use of coffee; and he was led to it, to free himself from a continual somnolence which interrupted his nocturnal devotions and prayers. The Derves and religious mussulmen imitated him, and the "Legistas" followed their example. From the coasts of the Red Sea, its use passed, by means of travellers, to Medina and Mecca, and all the Mahometan countries. Public coffee houses were established in Persia under the regulation of the government, and became the fashionable resort for the idle to lounge, and the busy to rest; politicians to talk of news; poets to recite their verses, and the "Molachos" to dispute. In Constantinople the introduction of coffee caused a great sensation. The caffès were crowded, and the mosques were deserted; therefore the mufti declared coffee to be comprehended within the law of Mahomet, which forbids the use of strong liquors, and in consequence, the Porte shut up the coffee house doors.

In 1652, a merchant named "Edward," on his return from the Levant, introduced coffee into London. The English were pleased with it; and since that time its use has been adopted over all Europe and America; but to a moderate extent compared with countries where the use of wines is prohibited.

In Arabia the rich only partake of it, while the poor make

an infusion from the shell of this precious berry. It is said to be clear, not so bitter nor so strong as coffee. Betalfagui, a city of Yemen, is its great mart in Arabia. It is exported from Mecca.*

Before dinner the time was passed in conversation and listening to music; several pieces, of which DOM PEDRO I. is the composer, and which speak well for his taste, were played. He is passionately fond of music, and there are very few instruments which he does not play well. The opera company, or rather the musicians, were not unfrequently brought to San Christovão to accompany the emperor in his concerts, or to play his compositions. Mrs. Brunner was fond of speaking of the empress LEOPOLDINA, with whom she was intimately acquainted, and described her as a sociable and amiable woman; she attributes her death to DOM PEDRO's brutality. The present ex-empress was also highly spoken of, but not with the same devotional feeling as the former. She is much beloved by the emperor, and is said to exercise very great influence over him; yet he spoke to her once so harshly at table, on board of H. B. M. Ship Warspite, that she retired in tears. He is extremely timid at sea; on their passage to England on board of H. B. M. Ship Volage, he asked her whether she was not afraid; "Why should I be," she replied, "while I see the captain is not?"

DOM PEDRO is said to possess a considerable share of good nature, and the following anecdote seems to bear evidence of it. A midshipman H—— of the United States Navy, some four or five years since, followed a man who deserted from his boat, into the palace, where the sailor had fled, in hopes of eluding pursuit. Mr. H—— rushed by the sentinel, and by mistake, got into the audience room. The noise occasioned by his abrupt entry, led the emperor to inquire the cause; and when informed that it was a young naval officer, ordered him to his presence. The midshipman told the emperor that he had entered the palace in pursuit of a deserter, and would not leave

* See Establecimientos Ultramarinos por Eduardo Malo de Luque. Tomo segundo. Madrid. 1785.

it till he should find him. DOM PEDRO was pleased by his resolute manner, and extended his hand to be kissed. The mid-dy, however, did not so understand him, but gave it a hearty shake, and requested the emperor to allow the deserter to be sought and delivered up. The sailor was taken, and Mr. H—— left the palace.

A few days afterwards, the emperor, when driving four-in-hand, met Mr. H——. He drew up the horses, and extended his hand, which Mr. H—— shook very cordially, and told his Highness that he was extremely happy to see him. The emperor frequently related the anecdote, and styled Mr. H—— his “young American friend.”

We sat down to dinner at three o'clock. The party was large. There was an officer there, belonging to one of the men-of-war in the bay, who particularly interested me. He was a fat, stout man, with a plump Falstaff rotundity of person, and a red face. His forehead was remarkably high, rising like a pyramid above his blonde eyebrows; but it was narrow, and his whole head bore no slight resemblance to a truncated sugar loaf. It has shaken my faith in the doctrine of phrenology! His aquiline nose was placed like a peeping post between two large, prominent eyes, which, like jealous neighbors, exercised a constant surveillance over each others views. This gentleman was evidently a *gourmand*, and so fond of eating, that he seldom spoke, unless for the purpose of recommending some particular sauce, or good dish before him. To say that he was “the man who eat up all the pudding,” would be no libel. He sat next to me. After devouring a portion of a very fine fish, he commenced cleaning his plate, with his bread, of the compound sauces he had poured upon it, and spoke for the first time during the whole day. “Elegant fish, Sir! beautiful soy!” then turning his head to one side, and leaning over the table, filled his mouth with a piece of bread, dripping with oil and fish sauce. He could not speak; but laying his hand on a decanter, nodded to me and filled his glass. The draught was swallowed with more *gout* than I had before seen—“delicious Port.”

The fish, which my taciturn friend so justly praised, was

large, and resembled the sheep's-head in form, but very superior to it in flavor. It is much esteemed at Rio, and is rather rare. The great price given for it is an evidence of the high estimation in which it is held. Brunner told me that fifteen or twenty dollars have been paid for one weighing as many pounds. Fish of every kind pay a tithe to government for the support of hospitals.

Opposite to my officer was seated a fine looking English gentleman, whose shirt bosom was deeply embroidered, and closed with most aristocratic diamond buttons; besides, he wore beautiful cambric ruffles, and a diamond ring on his little finger. This was an Attaché to —— Legation. You could easily perceive that he was a distinguished man, for he seldom used his fork, but scooped up the morsels with a piece of bread. With the ladies he was an oracle, but not so deeply venerated by my friend Brunner, and I discovered that Dom Bento, once or twice, attempted a joke at his expense. Some one remarked, during dinner, that he had been a month at Rio, and had not yet seen a lady in the street.

“That is certainly a very strange fact,” said the Attaché, “but, I presume, it is entirely owing to the jealous nature of Brazilian husbands!”

“Not so,” replied a gentleman of a very serious and sarcastic manner; “there is a better reason; they are unwilling to brave the sight of naked negroes, like the English and French ladies here, and shrink from many things that are brought before us in the streets.”

“But you will not admit this, Mr. L——,” said Dom Bento.

“Not he,” continued the sarcastic gentleman, “because he knows very well that there is no jealousy in England, nor virtuous, nor chaste, nor modest women, any where else!”

“I beg your pardon, gentlemen; though I do not say sweepingly that there is not a virtuous woman in France or Brazil, yet I think you will agree with me, that, in a given number, there is a greater proportion of truly virtuous females in Great Britain, than in any other country in the world; at any rate, they are more sociable, and certainly better educated.”

“What do you think of his lordship’s mutton, Mr. L——?” asked Dom Bento.

My officer broke in; “I agree with Mr. L——, this is most exquisite mutton, and the capers sauce is luscious!”

“I was not thinking of his lordship’s mutton; but, prejudice aside, it is universally conceded, that there is no mutton in the world like the English.”

“No one disputes that the mutton is good in England, but that it is better than any other, I doubt,” said the sarcastic gentleman; “you will say the same of the beef, and I assure you, I have eaten better beef, and better mutton too, both in Peru and Montevideo, than I ever did in England!”

The Attaché was not easily disconcerted, for when Dom Bento said—I must confess somewhat maliciously—“the mutton you are now eating and praising, is Brazilian, and reared upon my own estate,” the great man quickly replied, “I dare swear it is of English breed!”

This conversation, or rather dialogue, was carried on in English. The ladies were speaking Spanish.

“How is it,” asked Mrs. Brunner, “that not a North American—not a single one, of the many who have been in Brazil, has ever married a lady of the country? Foreigners from every other part of the world have found wives here!”

“Oh!” said an old bachelor, “the ladies are too unsocial and formal for them; only think, it requires, I am told, six years to become acquainted, and besides, you are all such stubborn Catholics, that, to gain your hands, a man must forswear his religion!”

“I will contradict that,” said Brunner.

“So *you* may,” replied the bachelor, “*exceptio probat regulam.*” The fact is, that North Americans—much as they are given to wandering—possess a greater love of country than any other adventurers who seek their fortunes abroad. I say *adventurers*, because no man will leave his own fire side, unless it be with a hope of better fortune, and an easier life in another clime; except travellers from curiosity.

After the ladies retired, several songs were sung, and the Attaché did me the honor to ask me to take wine with him;

when the glasses were filled, he said, in a most gracious tone, smiling and bowing at the same time, "Will you say *something*, or shall I?"

"You, if you please, Sir!"

"Then, the President of the United States!"

We joined the ladies at an early hour, and spent the afternoon agreeably, in dancing, music, and conversation. The "Miudinho," the music of which is the composition of Dom PEDRO, and "a nine handed reel," were exhibited to us as the dances of the country. They are both animated and amusing.

After tea, and a pleasant drive by moonlight, we arrived in town about nine o'clock.

Foreigners generally tell us that the natives of RIO are cold and inhospitable; it must be granted, on one hand, that the Brazilians are somewhat formal, and require gentlemen to be properly introduced; and on the other, foreigners visit the city without letters to any of the natives, and few of them speak the language! Under such circumstances, how can they know each other?

I am told by those who have long resided here, that the ladies are amiable and kind; and in the higher circles, elegant and polished in their manners. They are deficient in the essentials of a polite education, but are accomplished musicians and dancers. Their style of beauty would not please us. They are generally very dark brunettes, have fine black eyes, and hair, and are rather beyond *embonpoint*—in fact, the whole population appears to be disposed to grossness and obesity. As in all tropical climates, the ladies are marriageable at a very early age—they are not unfrequently mothers at twelve and fourteen years old!

CHAPTER VII.

Architecture—Cries—Market—Churches—Cemetery of San Francisco de Paula—Funerals—Climate—Prison—Slave market—Library—Newspapers.

THIS city offers much to interest and much to disgust the traveller. The construction of the houses is suited to the mildness of the climate, which is never cold enough to require the dwellings to be warmed artificially. The consequent absence of chimneys rising above the roofs as in our northern cities, impresses us at first with the belief that there is a feature wanting, and which is not at first discovered. The houses are generally two stories high, rough cast or whitewashed. The windows of the second story extend from the floor, and open upon iron verandas, in which it is common in the afternoon to see gentlemen enjoying the cigar. The red tile roofs, with their eaves projecting and terminating in points, make the houses and the landscape around Rio resemble the sketches we see upon crockery. In the interior of the houses, wooden ceiling is generally substituted for plaster; and it is usual for all the apartments of the same floor to communicate above the partitions, which do not extend entirely to the top or cornice of the room. This allows a free circulation of air, which is so essential to comfort and health in tropical climates. The lower floor is occupied as a coach house and stables, and visitors cannot reach the family without passing the family coach, which is kept in fine order. This custom takes its origin from the fondness of show which is innate with the Portuguese and Spaniards. The entrance door is properly a large gate, which is constantly watched by a black slave in livery, who manages to keep awake by sliding his thumbs over a "marimba." In the lower windows, close trellis shutters, hung from above horizontally, answer all the purpose of glass.

The streets are narrow, always dirty, and intersect each other nearly at right angles. In their centres, run small

streams of water, which are usually the vehicles of filth; and when it rains, which it does, and very heavily, during a considerable part of the year, the whole street is overflowed. The side walks are very narrow, and the dress of foot passengers is always in danger of being soiled by the splashing of horses and carriages.

The *cries* of the town are indescribable; the ears are assailed with the shrill and discordant voices of women slaves vending fruits and sweetmeats; and of the water carriers crying 'agua,' which they carry about on their heads in large wooden kegs, filled at the different fountains; each one is worth about six cents.

The market place is a filthy collection of booths, generally surrounded with mud, under which is sold a variety of vegetables and fruits. The yam supplies the place of the potato. The oranges are amongst the finest in the world, and are sold at from ten to twenty-five cents the hundred. Butcher's meats are sold in shops which may be scented from afar, proclaiming the state in which they are kept. It is customary to require the purchaser, after selecting what he wishes, to take also a piece of an animal that may have been killed three or four days; and if he refuse, the butcher most obstinately withholds the chosen morsel. The beef is *tender*, but entirely destitute of fat, and would be much better if more care and cleanliness were bestowed in the butchery. The pork is very good; but the mutton is bad, and extravagantly dear. The poultry is indifferent, and far from being cheap. The fish market is a very good one, generally well supplied; oysters are found in the bay, but they are not much esteemed. I am told, there is a market for monkeys and parrots, but I did not visit it.

There are in this city thirty-nine churches; some of which are splendidly and fancifully ornamented. That of San Francisco de Paula is a very large one. The naves are spacious, and the chapels are well furnished with wax candles, crucifixes, paintings, and images of saints. The whole interior of the church is decorated with pillars and heavy carving. But little light enters through the painted panes, and that seems to dim the blaze of the tall candles. The whole inspires a religious

awe, well calculated to influence the mind of the uneducated, who readily yield to appearances which they do not comprehend.

I visited this church on All Saints' Eve. It was filled with worshippers kneeling on pieces of carpet and mats, counting their beads in silence for the rest of the departed. The silence was interrupted, ever and anon, by the bursting of rockets sent from the church steps and belfry, accompanied by a short peal of bells. I threaded my way through the kneeling crowd, to a side door which leads to the cemetery of the church. It is an open court, surrounded by a corridor, supported by wooden pillars. I descended the short stair to the temple of death, called the "Catacumbas;" by the faint glimmer of the lamps, and the soft light of the starry heaven, I saw a number of slaves busied in decorating the sepulchres of their late masters. Crimson satin and black velvet canopies, trimmed with broad gold and silver lace and spangles, were tastefully arranged over the vases containing the ashes of the dead. Around the enclosure, forming in fact the walls, are tiers of holes, each one of which is just large enough to contain a human body. The corpse, with its coffin, is deposited in one of these holes, where it remains for two years, and at the expiration of that time is removed; the bones are burned, and the ashes inurned for preservation. Some of these urns are very beautiful, being ornamented, and bearing the appropriate epitaphs and inscriptions in gilt letters. Funerals are conducted here with as great pomp as the circumstances of the deceased will allow. It is very common to hire coffins for the occasion, and they are always large enough to receive within them a rough box enclosing the corpse. Funerals always take place at night, and the dead body is left in the church till the ensuing day, when the rough coffin is sealed up in the hole, and the gay one is returned to the undertaker, to figure on another occasion.

The police of Rio is military; walk where you may, soldiers and barracks are met with.

The low situation of this city, and the filthy state of its streets, rendered it formerly very unhealthy; the slave trade was the means of introducing contagious diseases, which spread them-

selves amongst the people. In a great measure, however, these evils have disappeared, owing to the establishment of a more efficient police, and the abolition of the importation of slaves from Africa. The climate is eternal spring, summer, and autumn blended together, for the fruit trees are budding and yielding their fruits at the same time; and while one tree is just putting forth its modest blossoms, another, only a few feet from it, is bending under the weight of its produce. Seeds thrown into the ground, spring into a plant, and yield a crop, with but little care.

The other day I passed by the "Carçalada" or prison. From it proceeded a most offensive smell, arising most probably from the crowding together so many persons, and neglecting to remove the filth that must be continually accumulating. At the grated windows appeared a number of the prisoners, calling out to the passers by to give them alms, or to purchase the horn combs, and cups and toys which they held up in their hands. In the street, three or four prisoners were chained by the neck to the wall, begging; they were "pedindo justiça" —asking justice. One of them was a mulatto, who informed me, that an opportunity was thus afforded to those who were without money, to obtain means to pay for their trial, and fee their lawyers. He was charged with an assault, and had been put in the street with others to beg, as the prison does not afford rations before trial.* In the second story were several well dressed men, seated in the verandas, smoking. They were confined for debt. A little beyond the prison, I questioned a Portuguese, who was standing at his door, and, as is usually the case, he readily gave me what information I asked. He told me that the prison contained at this time six hundred and twenty-seven persons.

I am happy to state, that I sought in vain for the slave market which I visited in 1826. By the common consent of the Christian world, the traffic in slaves has ceased; yet I am told

* "On doit ajouter que le gouvernement ne se charge point de la dépense des prisonniers, et qu'il laisse à la pitié des habitans le soin de les nourrir."

Dennis.—Histoire du Brésil.

that some have been imported, clandestinely, since 1830. At the time I visited this market, I saw the poor slaves, seated on benches, thirty or forty together, and entirely naked, except the loins, which were covered by a fold of blue cotton cloth. Many of them were suffering from the small pox, or just convalescing. While I was looking into one of these stalls of human life, a lady, attended by two servants, entered, and gazing round at the group, fixed her eye upon one, and after surveying him well, as a practiced jockey does a horse, she inquired the price. The merchant ordered the individual indicated to get up, and then put him through several exercises, to show that his motions were perfect. All this took place with the same indifference, or more, than is evinced generally in a bargain for a pair of gloves.

In the rear of the imperial chapel there is a public library, containing fifty thousand volumes, open to the public every day. The librarian is very urbane, and scrupulously attentive to propriety, even in the dress of the visitors. I visited it one day, when the thermometer was standing at 90° F., in company with a gentleman who wore a white jacket, after the fashion of the place; the librarian very politely told him that it was against the rules of the institution for gentlemen to appear there in such a costume, and begged him therefore to withdraw!

The general taste for reading in any country, may be estimated by the number and kind of various periodicals published in it.* In Rio Janeiro there are several daily and bi-weekly newspapers printed, the largest of which is the "JORNAL DO COMMERCIO," and that is of half the size of the "NATIONAL

* A valuable publication, like "Waldie's Library," a work which is doing so much in the United States to diffuse a taste for reading, and consequently for the diffusion of knowledge (the demand for which speaks well for the good taste of our countrymen), would not be patronised in any State of South America; simply for the reason that a taste for literature is not general. A volume of "Waldie," always delightful on land, is a desideratum at sea, from its compact and portable form. Passengers in merchant ships, who find complete sets on board, may deem themselves fortunate; the libraries of United States vessels should never be without them.

INTELLIGENCER," published at Washington, D. C. The others are the "O INDIGENA DO BRAZIL," and "O IMAN. JORNAL CARAMURU," and some others, of the size of half a sheet of foolscap paper. They are occupied with items of foreign news, imperial decrees, personal attacks, and advertisements of run-away slaves. Some of these are curious.

"*Roga-se ao Sr. João Carlos Bouvier de chega à rua Direita, N. 34, à respeito de hum negocio que não ignora, isto no praso de trez dias da publicação deste, aliás a natureza de negocio sorá publicada.*"

"Mr. João Carlos Bouvier, is requested to call at No. 34, rua Direita, relative to an affair of which he is not ignorant ; if he do not in three days from this, the nature of the affair will be published."

Another.—"*Roga-se ao Sr. Cirurgião Antonio Francisco Pereira da Fonceca, haja de mandar à rua de S. José, N. 122, pagar 4||120rs. que deve ha mais de dous annos.*"

"Mr. C—— A—— F—— Pereira da Fonceca is requested to send to No. 122, rua de S. José, and pay 4||120 rs., which he has owed more than two years!"—An unpleasant dun !

CHAPTER VIII.

Geography of Brazil—Products—Diamond Mines.

THE empire of Brazil is the most extensive of the several countries of South America. Nature has marked the boundary on the north by the river Marañon ; on the south is the Republic of Montevideo, formerly the Banda Oriental ; on the west, the mountains of Matto-Grosso separate it from Peru ; and on the east, its shores are washed by the Atlantic.

The whole country is wateréd by large streams, which afford a water communication in almost every direction ; and by the

addition of a few canals, the inhabitants of the more remote sections would be enabled to send their produce to the chief markets on the coast. In a few years, the Marañon will become a great highway of commerce, by steam navigation, from the interior of Peru, and even from the shores of the Pacific ocean; then a large portion of trade, now conducted by the route of Cape Horn, will be directed into this new channel.

The country is divided into provinces, or captaincies. Along the coast are Guyana, Para, Maranhão, Piauí, Siara, Rio-Grande-do-Norte, Paraíba; Pernambuco, which includes Alagoas; Seregipe-d'el-Rey, Bahia, Ilheus, Porto-Seguro, Espírito-Santo, Rio-de-Janeiro, San-Paulo, Santa-Catharina (an island near the coast), and Rio-Grande-do-Sul. The interior is included in three great divisions; Minas-Geraes, Goiás, and Matto-Grosso, which are subdivided into comarcas, or departments. These provinces are but imperfectly known; they abound in mines of gold, silver, and other metals, and precious stones, among which the diamond and topaz are conspicuous.

The vegetable productions of this vast empire are as abundant and valuable as those of any other in the world; not only in medicinal plants, fruits, and dye woods, but in timber suitable for all the purposes of marine architecture.*

Rio de Janeiro, or St. Sebastians, is advantageously situated for an extensive commerce. The bay is one of the most safe and capacious in the world, affording every facility for watering vessels, and refreshing their crews, after long voyages. It is a rendezvous for men-of-war, and a stopping place for merchant-men of all nations trading to the Pacific.

Like all the colonies in the New World, Brazil was much restrained in her commerce by the mother country; but since the immigration of the court to Rio de Janeiro, in 1807, the old restrictions have been removed. About 1810, a treaty was made with England, by which all the ports of Brazil were opened to British vessels and produce, on paying fifteen per cent. on a valuation made by their own consuls. This treaty

* A line-of-battle ship and a frigate, built at Bahia, were launched and sent to Rio Janeiro in 1833.

expired in 1825. The produce of all other nations, imported into Brazil, pays a duty of twenty-four per cent. on a valuation made by the custom-house of the country. Thus a very considerable advantage was secured to the English; the French complained (and do still) of the high estimates made of their goods, which frequently paid a hundred per cent., thus destroying any profit that might have accrued in their trade.

Previous to the royal immigration, commerce was much injured by exclusive privileges, granted to certain companies. Salt, for example, was a monopoly which bore heavily upon trade, being indispensable in the preservation of hides, and salted and jerked beef, which were sent from the interior under the name of "carnas do sertao." The laboring classes in nearly every part of South America live almost exclusively upon jerked beef, which is prepared by cutting the meat into ribbon-like pieces and drying them in the sun, with a small addition of salt, or by steeping them in a strong pickle for twenty-four hours. The heat of the climate precludes the salting of beef in large pieces or joints.

The province of Rio-Grande-do-Sul, which enjoys a most temperate climate, produces a great number of hides, and quantities of the "carnas do sertao," or meats from the interior, sufficient for home consumption, and even for exportation; of these "carnas" the black population consume great quantities—in fact, it is the only animal food they eat.

The province of St. Paul, celebrated for the courage of its inhabitants and the numerous exploring expeditions which have sallied from it for the interior, yields wheat, rye, maize or Indian corn, manioc, and potato; and lately the vine begins to flourish in its genial climate. The Palma Christi grows in such abundance, that castor oil is burned in lamps, instead of spermaceti. Coarse cottons are exported; their manufacture promises to improve.

Saint Catherine, an island on the coast, near the tropic, yields coffee and rice of a superior quality; and Mr. Langsdorf states* that indigo, pepper, vanilla, balsam copaiba, and several other

* Voyage à l'île Sainte Catherine.

similar articles can be grown without much labor or attention. Lately very good cheese has been made and exported to the main. The forests of St. Catherine produce several excellent species of wood.

Rio Janeiro, besides possessing a fertile soil, remarkably well adapted to the cultivation of coffee, which is rapidly increasing, is the focus of industry and trade, from which improvements of all kinds spread in every direction over Brazil. The flourishing state of the spice trees in the botanic garden near the city, promises that their cultivation may be extended in the province, and if not sufficiently productive for exportation, will at least supply the demand for home consumption.

Minas-Geraes, besides the major part of the productions common to the southern provinces of Spain and Portugal, yields gold, diamonds, and precious stones. Wheat and Indian corn grow in plenty, and large quantities of nitre are obtained from the mines of Monte Rorigo.

Matto-Grosso and Goias are but thinly populated. They are inhabited by several tribes of unsubdued Indians. The soil is covered with rich pasturage, forests, and several useful plants which are common to Peru.

In the provinces of Espirito-Santo and Porto-Seguro, are found several kinds of wood suited to cabinet work and architecture. The Ibirapitanga (Brazil wood), now so necessary in manufactures, and which is beginning to fail in Pernambuco, is met with here.

Ilheos and its adjacent territories furnish manioc, and the cacao tree, though its cultivation is not extensive.

The soil of Bahia is well adapted to the growth of sugarcane; the manufacture of which is daily improving. Tobacco also flourishes in this province, and affords very considerable profits. At St. Salvador (Bahia), as well as at Rio Janeiro, several mechanic arts are exercised with a degree of perfection which would not disgrace European workmen.

In Pernambuco and its vicinity is grown some of the finest cotton in South America. The Brazil wood thrives better here than in any other part of the empire; very little attention is paid however to its propagation.

Siara, Parahyba, and Piauhy are less fertile than the captaincies already named. Nevertheless, its numerous flocks and herds supply a lucrative branch of trade.

The riches of the vegetable kingdom in Maranham and Para, are incalculable. Cotton flourishes, the cacao tree covers the banks of certain rivers, several spice-trees grow spontaneously, and among the choice woods is that called *citrin*, which is reserved for the manufacture of the most sumptuous kind of moveables. All these will be sources of wealth, when the country becomes more densely populated.

Besides the products already named, indigo grows in several parts of Brazil, and the cochineal was formerly cultivated in the neighborhood of Rio Janeiro. With all these advantages, added to a little more industry and a greater population, Brazil might soon rank herself amongst the richest and most powerful nations on earth.

Finally, the southern provinces export wheat, hides, horn, hair, and tallow; the middle, gold and precious stones; and the northern, cotton, coffee, sugar, tobacco, and Brazil wood. The quantities of the staple articles exported annually have been estimated at one hundred thousand cases of sugar, of fifteen quintals (128 lb.) each; a hundred and fifty thousand bales of cotton, and between twelve and thirteen millions of pounds of coffee! The imports are chiefly wines, brandy, and oil, from Portugal; dry goods and hardware from England; and flour, salted provisions, naval stores, and household furniture, from the United States.

The population of Brazil, according to the latest census, in 1819, is as follows;

Whites,	843,000
Indians,	259,400
Free castes,	426,000
Slave do.	200,000
Free blacks,	159,500
Black slaves,	1,728,000
	<hr/>
Total,	3,615,900

Notwithstanding the numerous exploring expeditions of the Paulists, the discovery of those treasures which have given celebrity to the district where they are found, is owing to chance. Though they performed many journeys in search of precious stones, the Brazilians were for a long time ignorant that they possessed extensive mines of diamonds. In 1729, a certain Fonseca Lobo found the first stones of this kind, and handed them to a workman, who, having been at Goa, at once perceived their value. According to other authorities, some of them were carried to the governor of Villa-do-Principe, by whom they were used for a long time as counters. About the same time, some of them came into the possession of the Dutch minister at Lisbon, who sent them to Amsterdam and ascertained their value. A treaty was immediately concluded between Holland and the Portuguese government, for all the precious stones found in the district of Serro-do-Frio. The masters of Brazil, not discovering till too late their disadvantage in this arrangement, saw, for several years, the wealth which should have been their own, pass into the possession of rivals. When it again returned to them in 1772, these stones had lost much of their value in Europe.

The diamond district is known by the name of Serro-do-Frio; it extends sixteen leagues from north to south, and eight from east to west. It is surrounded by craggy mountains, as if nature had been at some pains to conceal her treasures from man! Every possible precaution is taken to prevent the inhabitants from carrying the diamonds, which are found in the auriferous sands, beyond this natural wall; all the outlets are strictly guarded, and any person detected in breaking the law is most severely punished. Offenders were formerly sent to the coast of Angola, which punishment was looked upon by many as severe as death itself.

It must not be supposed that diamonds are procured without great labor. They are sometimes found on the surface of the earth; but it is not unfrequently necessary to turn the course of rivers, to obtain even a small quantity. Until the present period, the river Jiquithonha has furnished most of this kind of wealth. Large masses of that species of flint, known in the

country by the name of "cascahao," are found in it, which are submitted to a lavatory process, in such a way as to prevent every opportunity of fraud. The diamond is almost always enveloped in a ferruginous crust; therefore, long practice is necessary to enable persons to distinguish them from the flints among which they are imbedded.

Nor are they procured without expense. It is calculated that every diamond obtained by the government, costs about eight dollars the carat! Though more than a thousand ounces of diamonds have crossed the Atlantic, since the discovery of the mines, the whole produce of Tejuco has not been put in circulation; because this would be a sure means of reducing the value of a precious stone, which, unlike others, has only an arbitrary price. The same policy has forbid the opening of the mines of Goias and Matto-Grosso, which are guarded by the government from the incursions of adventurers.

At the time of the discovery of the famous diamond of the Portuguese crown, South America was so tranquil, that it is looked upon as an important event. It was found in the brook of Abayté, by three malefactors who had been banished, and carried to the governor of mines by an ecclesiastic. Its size was so enormous, that repeated assays were made, before they were convinced of its being in reality a diamond. It was then sent to Lisbon, where it excited universal astonishment, and procured the pardon of the criminals. Afterwards, an exploring station was fixed on the banks of the Abayté, but without success; the diamonds found were of little value, and scarcely defrayed the expense of search.*

* Dennis. Histoire du Brésil.

CHAPTER IX.

Departure—Voyage round Cape Horn—Cape Pigeons.

Two weeks were happily spent at Rio, which will be long remembered by the writer, and many of his companions, who shared the elegant hospitalities of our countrymen and others there. To Mr. Brown, our Chargé d'Affaires, and Mr. Wright, our Consul, we were indebted for many civilities, and great kindness.

At daylight, on the 10th of September, 1831, being ready for sea, we got underway, with a light land breeze, and “fanned” out of the magnificently picturesque harbor of Rio Janeiro, and again tossed on the Atlantic, towards the boisterous regions ruled by the Cape Spirit!

“Farewell to the land where the clouds love to rest,
Like the shroud of the dead on the mountain's cold breast;
To the cataract's roar, where the eagles reply,
And the lake her lone bosom expands to the sky!”

Before sunset, Cape Frio was lost sight of, and we only thought of the storms we might encounter in passing into “LE GRAND OCEAN,” as the French most emphatically term the Pacific.

Cape Horn appears to be truly the *patria nimborum*. Very few days of the year, summer or winter, are cloudless; they are all the same, cold and stormy. I have passed it four times; once in summer, once in winter, once in spring, and once in the autumn. In all these passages, the thermometer sank as low as 32° F., and was, on no one day, above fifty. I have conversed with sealers, who have spent whole years on the cape; with whalers, who have doubled it in every month in the year; with the masters of merchant vessels, trading to the Pacific; and they all concur in giving a stormy character to this region. I have also examined the log-books of many ves-

sels, and have found them to agree, very generally, upon this subject. The journals of voyagers, particularly of the earlier navigators, give most fearful accounts of the tempests and disasters, generally encountered in passing from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. And if shipwreck, in our time, be less frequent than in the earlier ages, it must be attributed to the great improvements in marine architecture, seamanship, and navigation, and not to any amelioration of the climate of the Cape, and its vicinity. For we find, that a distinguished naval commander, who visited the Pacific nearly twenty years since, holds the following language: "The passage round Cape Horn, from the eastward, I assert, from my own experience, is the most dangerous, most difficult, and attended with more hardships, than that of the same distance in any other part of the world;"*

Of the very many merchant vessels, annually doubling Cape Horn, very few have been lost. The number that yearly pass the Cape, may be estimated at three hundred, yet so far as I have been able to learn, shipwrecks and total losses have not averaged one a year.

The principal difficulties of this navigation, arise from the constant prevalence of the winds from the westward, with but little variation. Vessels bound to the Pacific, have to contend with these winds, which are accompanied with cold, cutting rains, snow, hail, and sleet; and their crews are exhausted, more by the continuance than by the severity of the weather. Such was our own case, in the passage of 1831, and that of several merchant vessels, with whose officers I have conversed.

The usual route pursued, going from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, is to pass between the Falkland Islands and the main, and draw round the land as much as the prevailing winds will permit. Vessels always, if possible, "make the land" of the Cape, that is, approach near enough to see it, and then hold their way westward, until they reach the meridian of eighty or eighty-five degrees of west longitude, before attempting to

* Porter's Journal, vol. i. p. 82. See also, the Voyages of La Perouse, Lord Anson, Basil Hall, Frezier, &c.

steer to the northward. If successful in gaining that meridian, without being driven far to the southward, the passage is generally short;—the voyage from the latitude of 40° S., in the Atlantic, to Valparaiso, is made in from thirty to thirty-five days.

It frequently happens, however, that vessels are driven as far as 63° , and even 64° south, where, if to the eastward of the meridian of Cape Horn, they meet with icebergs, and suffer severely from the cold. Vessels have been, occasionally, forty, fifty, sixty, and in some instances, seventy days, contending with wind and storms, before being able to get to the westward, when “hugging the land;” while, at the very same period, the same region has been passed by others, in from fifteen to twenty days, by pursuing the southern route. The combined experience of whalemens and sealers, goes to establish, that, in high southern latitudes, the winds prevail from the eastward during a great part of the year, which is directly contrary to what is true as respects the direction of the winds in the vicinity of the land. In fact, it seems that the winds in this part of the world, blow comparatively in narrow veins; and it has been remarked by the most experienced navigators, that gales do not blow home to the land.

It is the opinion of the most intelligent seamen, that vessels should not pass through Straits La Mair; that they should keep close in to the land, and not go south of 57° S., but beat between that parallel and the land, until they may reach the meridian of 85° west longitude, before attempting to get to the northward. Though the wind blows generally from the westward, varying from south, south-west, to north, north-west, it occasionally comes from the eastward. Of three vessels that doubled Cape Horn, in October 1831, the first was thirty-one days, from Lat. $45^{\circ} 40'$ S. Long. $58^{\circ} 30'$ W. in the Atlantic, to Lat. $34^{\circ} 30'$ S. Long. $79^{\circ} 15'$ W. in the Pacific. She reached $59^{\circ} 31'$ S. Her log-book does not show that she had the wind from the eastward at any one time; it varied from south to north, north-west. The second vessel was thirty days from Lat. $40^{\circ} 21'$ S. Long. $54^{\circ} 5'$ W. in the Atlantic, to Lat. $30^{\circ} 46'$ S. Long. $73^{\circ} 30'$ W. in the Pacific. She passed through Straits La Mair, and went as far as $57^{\circ} 54'$ S. She had an easterly

wind for several days. The third, was twenty-nine days from Lat. $50^{\circ} 48'$ S. Long. 61° W. in the Atlantic, to Lat. $45^{\circ} 5'$ S. Long. $80^{\circ} 17'$ W. She reached as far as $59^{\circ} 7'$ south latitude. This vessel experienced some heavy gales, but had the advantage of easterly winds for several days.

The United States Ship Brandywine doubled Cape Horn in December 1826. She was thirty-seven days from Rio de Janeiro to Valparaiso, and went as far as 58° S. The United States Ship Guerriere doubled the Cape in May 1829. She went as far as $58^{\circ} 37'$ south, and had very little easterly wind. She was sixty days from Rio de Janeiro to Valparaiso. The United States Ship Falmouth doubled the Cape in October 1831. She was forty-nine days from Rio de Janeiro to Valparaiso, and went as far as $62^{\circ} 5'$ south latitude.

The commander of an English whale ship, who has doubled the Cape eighteen times, (four times in the month of March, when he found the wind prevailing from the eastward) recommends the month of March to enter the Pacific, and November to return.

The master of an American merchant ship, who has doubled the Cape eight times, thinks it advisable, in case of strong head winds, "to lay to" under Staten Land, and there wait for a favorable opportunity.

From all we can learn, it seems advisable not to pass through the Straits La Mair; to keep close in with the land, say within twenty or thirty miles; not to go south of 57° ; and not to attempt to decrease the latitude, until in the meridian of 85° W., no matter how promising the appearances of the weather may be. The reasons given for this course are; first, though the winds be mostly from the westward, they are not constantly from that quarter; second, that the gales are not so severe near the land, and do not blow home; third, that there are no currents setting on shore; and fourth, by not being too far south, advantage may be taken of a favorable wind, that, in a few hours, might carry the vessel beyond the parallel of the Cape, which would be unavailing, if the ship should be as far as 63° S.—as has been recommended—because these winds do not always last long enough to carry a vessel many hundred miles.

Within a few years, another passage has been successfully tried by several vessels ; that which originally led to the Pacific—the Straits of Magellan. From their entrance on the Atlantic, to Cape Pillar, on the Pacific, is estimated to be from three to four hundred miles. The breadth varies from eight to twenty miles. The water is deep, the anchorage good, the surface generally smooth, and both its coasts abound in safe and convenient harbors, which may always be gained seasonably by vessels passing through the straits. About a year since, an American barque, drawing more than fifteen feet water, passed through in four days ; the master informed us that he encountered no difficulty, of any kind whatever. Sealers, who frequent that part of the world, are quite familiar with the navigation, and do not hesitate between it and going round the Cape. One of H. B. M. vessels of war, properly equipped for the purpose, is now engaged in surveying the Straits of Magellan, and it is to be hoped, that the report of her commander will do much to dispel the objections to taking that route to the Pacific.

This subject is one which merits the attention of navigators ; and if each one would forward an extract from his log-book, to some of the public journals, with such observations as might suggest themselves, it might be soon settled.* The Sailor's Magazine would, no doubt, publish any thing that might have a tendency to clear this matter from the uncertainty at present connected with it. It is to be hoped, that navy officers, cruising in the Pacific, will not be backward in collecting and forwarding information upon the subject, to the editor of the "Military and Naval Magazine," which ought to be cherished by the talent and patronage of both branches of the service.

From latitude 22° south, in the Atlantic, our ship was followed to Valparaiso by numbers of petrels, or Cape pigeons. They were of two kinds, the spotted and the silvery. The first is rather larger than the domestic pigeon, but from the thickness of its plumage, weighs much less. The feet are three toed

* Silliman's Journal for April, 1834, contains an interesting article on this subject, by M. F. Maury, of the United States Navy.

and webbed ; the eyes are black ; the bill hooked, with one exterior nostril ; tail short. The breast is beautifully white, and the back, wings, and tail, spotted black and white ; and from that circumstance, Frezier says, the sailors called them *damiers*, or draught-boards.* Its motions are graceful. It sails about the stern of vessels at sea, sometimes balancing itself upon the wing, and again dropping gently to the surface, to pick up any crumbs that may have been thrown overboard, and then mounts upon its untiring course. When caught, as many were with hook and line trailed over the stern, it is unable to rise from the deck, and attempts to defend itself by ejecting the contents of the stomach, and a pure yellow oil of a fishy odor.

The silver variety is of about the same size. The breast is a brilliant white, and the back, wings, and tail, are of a light leaden hue, but of silvery brightness ; in other respects it does not differ very much from the first.

On the 8th of October, though nearly four hundred miles from land, (the latitude being $61^{\circ} 49'$ S., and the longitude $74^{\circ} 50'$ W.) the birds still followed us. Besides the pigeons, numbers of albatross were caught at the stern, and afforded fine sport to many persons on board. On the ninth, the wind changed from west to south-west by west, and all the birds left us, but returned again on the eleventh, when the wind hauled to the northward and westward, and remained with us till we arrived at Valparaiso. The largest albatross caught, measured seven feet from the tip of one wing to the tip of the other.

On the 18th, the latitude was $50^{\circ} 28'$ S., and the longitude $79^{\circ} 53' 15''$ W., and we all indulged in the hope that we had passed all the perils and tedium of the Cape ; for the long, deep blue swell, which distinguishes the Pacific from the Atlantic, was now remarked by every body ; but we had not yet passed "where Chiloe's tempests sweep," and were therefore disappointed. On the 19th the barometer sunk to 28.75 inches, and we soon after had a fresh gale, that rendered it prudent to

* Frezier : Voyage to the South Sea. London. 1717.

“lie to under a close reefed main topsail.” On the 20th we furled the main topsail, and laid to under “the fore and aft sails,” for the purpose of trying the qualities of the ship, more than from necessity, and it was not till the 24th, that we got a fine breeze from the west. Our position was, that day, $42^{\circ} 41'$ south latitude, and $77^{\circ} 45'$ west longitude. From that time the weather remained pleasant, and the winds favorable, till we arrived at Valparaiso.

NOTICES OF CHILE.

NOTICES OF CHILE.

CHAPTER I.

Arrival at Valparaiso—Bay—Appearance of the place—Landing—Town—Market—Scenes in the street—Costume—Oración—Plaza—Cries—Beggars.

AT four o'clock in the afternoon of the 29th of October, 1831, after a passage of forty-nine days from Rio de Janeiro, and having sailed 12,548 miles from New York, we anchored in the bay of Valparaiso.

Those who, on the voyage to the "Vale of Paradise," had anticipated their experience, and formed a picture of the place in their imaginations, from written descriptions, found their hearts sink with disappointment at the first glance. "Is this the lauded 'Vale of Paradise!' Is this the spot we have heard of so often on our voyage, as the scene of pleasure!" exclaimed some; "I feel no inclination to go ashore at such a looking place. It resembles a brick-kiln more than a town! If the lee coast be no better than this, I have seen enough of the Pacific." Such were the remarks of those who had never twirled in the waltz with the fair Chilénas, nor experienced the hospitality of a Chile reception. Yet they have all since learned, that social pleasures may be totally independent of locality and scenery—whatever may be their influence upon the imagination and the mind.

On approaching the coast, the land is seen, in clear weather, above the clouds, capped with snow, even before the line of

coast is perceived above the horizon. At sunrise, the chain of the gigantic Cordilleras is seen, many miles at sea, in their natural and desolate grandeur. Soon after the sun rises, the land is shrouded by a curtain of mist, and it often happens, that fifty or sixty miles are passed over, before the high land of the coast is descried. As it is approached, we find it rocky, standing up, broken and wild, from the very margin of the ocean. Still closer, its barrenness proclaims itself; and few are not disappointed, when they discover, in midsummer, that vegetation is parched and dry. In midwinter, which is the rainy season, all nature is gay; the hills are green; the air is soft and pleasant, and the atmosphere remarkably clear. Those who arrive at this period are always delighted. Thus it was, in the month of June, that a late traveller saw the trees and bushes which do not exist; but which his happy fancy created from the tall cactus, that stands as an indication of the soil's sterility. In October, when the rains have ceased, and their influence on the wild vegetation is no longer felt, as is the case now, the high hills of Valparaiso are barren, red, and bare; scarce a bush is seen, and nothing but the "cardon" (*cactus*) outlives the drying winds of summer. These facts go far to reconcile the discrepancies of various descriptions. Arrive in whatever month they may, those who have sojourned here a few days, seldom rejoice to leave; and after a few months on the northern coast, return with renewed pleasure.

This bay, which opens to the north, is bounded by a land line resembling the curve of a sickle, the longer part of which is to the north, and is ultimately lost in the coast; the shorter curve terminates in what is called Valparaiso point. From it, across the mouth of the bay, to the northern point, called Concon, is nine miles. The anchorage is in the south-western part of the bay. In the shorter curve, or opposite to the anchorage, is sheltered under the high land, "La ciudad y el puerto de Valparaiso." Scarcely allowing room for a single street along the beach, the hills rise perpendicularly a hundred and fifty feet, then fall back and continue to rise at an angle of about twenty-five degrees. On their very summit is erected a signal staff, or telegraph, which stands two thousand feet above the

sea.* The high land is continuous entirely round the bay, but is thrown into waves or undulations; and, in several places, is broken into deep glens or gorges, called "quebrádas," which embouche close to the water's edge.

In front of the anchorage is a high bluff, or block of land, formed by a "quebráda" running on either side of it, called Monte Alégre, and sometimes reproachfully, "Cerro de los Judeos," or Jews' Hill. Upon it are built several fine dwellings, occupied by English and American residents, who live there, almost entirely apart from the natives, forming a sort of foreign colony. The quebráda on the right, is the "Quebráda de San Augustin;" between it and the next—"Quebráda de San Francisco"—are the ruins of the former castle and governor's house, which were shaken down by the severe earthquake of November, 1822.† Farther to the right, the high land is divided by quebrádas into several bluffs, called by English and American sailors, "the fore, main, and mizen tops." To the left of Monte Alégre, are the Catholic and Protestant burial grounds, separated by a passage twenty feet wide; and not far from them, is the powder magazine. A little beyond this point, the high land begins to recede, leaving a broad triangular plain, upon which is built that part of the town called the "Almendrál," or Almond Grove. The name led the traveller before alluded to, into a supposition that the groves seen from the anchorage are of almond trees, but there are not more than two trees of the kind in the place. What he saw, are the "Oliváres," or plantations of olive trees, of which there are five or six in different parts of this section of the town. At the end, or bottom of the Almendrál, is seen the road to Santiago, mounting in a zigzag line over the hills, or "Altos de Valparaiso." At the foot of the "altos" is a small brook, nearly dry in summer, but which in winter swells to a large stream, almost worthy the name of river.

To the northward and eastward, and about three miles from

* Porter's Journal.

† For an account of that earthquake, see MIERS' Travels in Chile and La Plata. London, 1826.

the bottom of the Almendrá, is a small fort, under the guns of which, in 1814, the United States Ship Essex was captured by the British, after a gallant resistance of a superior force, and under other unequal circumstances.* In the same direction, the peak of Aconcagua, the bell of Quillota, and the great chain of the Cordilleras, crowned with perpetual snow, close this picture of hills and mountains.

“Hill peeps o’er hill, and Alps on Alps arise.”

At this season, (October,) the number of launches, pulling “to and fro,” loading and unloading every variety of craft, under almost every flag, announces the activity of trade. Close in to the western shore, are moored two or three hulks, which formed a part of the expedition to Peru under San Martin, which struck the fatal blow to Spanish power on this side of the Andes. The only vessel of the Chilian Navy, now kept in commission, is a beautiful brig of war; in fact the only one that has any pretensions to efficiency. The anchorage is considered good; though, at certain seasons, it is dangerous. In winter, which is from the middle of May to the end of August, north winds prevail, and throw into the bay a swell so heavy, that vessels sometimes snap their cables, and are driven on shore, where they soon beat to pieces. The winter is also the rainy season, if a dozen rainy days, in the course of that time, can be so called. The most implicit reliance is placed upon the indications of changes in the weather, afforded by the barometer; so soon as it begins to fall, even when the surface of the mercury becomes *concave*, north wind and rain may be most confidently expected; particularly, if the land to the northward be distinctly visible. During the rest of the year, the wind prevails from the southward, and blows at times so strongly that ships drag to sea, from the anchoring ground being a declivity;—the same winds bring with them such quantities of dust, that the eyes of people walking the streets suffer severely.

Previous to 1830, the landing was upon the sand beach. In

* Porter’s Journal.

that year a very commodious jetty was built, under the direction of an officer of the Chilian Navy, who is by birth and education an American. In less than a year after it was finished, those piles which were not defended by copper, were completely reduced to a honeycomb state, by a curious little animal, called an auger worm, (*terrido navalis*,) from the resemblance its head bears to the common auger. It is small, white, and almost gelatinous, with the exception of the head, which is armed with two moveable plates of shell, by which, it is presumed, the animal perforates the wood. As it advances in the work of destruction, it lengthens, and increases in size, constantly enlarging the cell, in proportion to the demand for accommodation. The cell is lined with a calcareous coating, (the secretion of the animal) similar to the shells of the molluscous tribes. The worm sometimes attains several feet in length, and an inch in diameter. From the havoc made on the jetty, it may be easily inferred what would be the fate of a vessel, not defended by copper, were she to remain long in this port.

The town of Valparaiso is divided into the Port and Almendrál. The port consists of one irregular street, and the quebrádas, which are built in, wherever a site for a house is possibly attainable. "Ranchos," or huts, are perched about on the hill sides, like great birds' nests, wherever a resting place can be scooped out. The want of level land is a great drawback upon the advancement of this place; nevertheless, it improves more rapidly than any other city on this side of Cape Horn. Most of the houses on the main street, are good two story buildings, occupied on the ground floor by stores and warerooms. In the eastern part of the Port, and in the Almendrál, the houses are only one story high. They are all built of "adobes," or sun-dried bricks, white-washed, and roofed with red tiles.

The great square or plaza is small. Lately, it has been much improved by being paved, and by the erection of a "Cabildo," or government house, on one side of it. During the early part of the day, the plaza is filled with trunks made of hide, full of fruit, vegetables, and baskets of poultry. The market is perhaps the best, and is certainly the cheapest on the coast. Be-

yond the plaza, is a second market-place, formed of booths, ranged in the form of a hollow square, where are sold butcher's meats, as well as vegetables and fruits. The native method of butchering, is very different from ours; instead of cutting the animal into joints and pieces, the large muscles are dissected out separately, which is well adapted to the ways of Chilian cookery. Butcher's meat is also hawked about the town on jackasses, which generally excites disgust in the stranger, both from the dry, dirty appearance of the meat, and the savage, bloody look of the butcher, who carries a large knife in the hand, as he slowly follows the ass, crying, in a drawling tone, "carne de vaca,"—or "carne carnéro," beef, or mutton. There are one or two English butchers, who supply the foreign residents, and foreign vessels visiting the place. Poultry and game are plenty, and sold at reasonable prices. In their different seasons, varieties of fruits and vegetables, in abundance, are brought to market from the neighboring valleys of Quillota, Milapilla, and Casablanca. The principal fruits are, grapes, oranges, (not very good), apples, pears, peaches, (which have but little flavor,) plums, apricots, nectarins, lemons, (both *sweet* and *sour*) limes; figs twice a year, the first crop being what are termed "brevas," and the second "higos;" strawberries of a very large size, some of them measuring five and six inches in circumference, but of very inferior flavor; and excellent musk melons. The water melons, which are small, but very good, form a large portion of the diet of the lower classes. The Madcira nut, and a large species of chestnut, are very plenty. There is another nut, called "piñón,"* very similar to the chestnut in taste. The vegetables are, potatoes, yucas, cabbages, cauliflowers, cucumbers, radishes, pumpkins, tomatoes, lettuce, celery, peas, beans, &c. Neither the fruits nor

* In Spanish, the *tilde* (´) over the *n*, gives to the word in which the *n* occurs, the same sound as if it were followed, in English, by the letter *y*; thus, *piñon* is pronounced *pinyōne*; *niña*, as if written *ninya*; *mañana*, as if written *manyana*; *Doña*, as if written, *Donya*, &c.

As I cannot take the liberty of changing the Spanish orthography, I have thought best to give the above explanation now, that the reader may not be at a loss, whenever the *n* occurs in the course of this work.

vegetables, owing to some peculiarity of soil, possess the same excellence of flavor as those of Europe and the United States. The best are the grapes and figs. The fruit trees are never grafted. It is but reasonable to suppose that greater care in their cultivation would very much improve the taste and size of the fruits.

Besides all the good things of the land mentioned, the bay and its neighboring coasts furnish the market with a variety of fine fish. Many of the molluscous animals, taken on the rocks, are sold in the plaza, and are eaten by the lower classes. Amongst them are several species of *Chiton*, called "prende-dóres," or squeezers, from their habit of rolling themselves up very strongly, when taken from the rocks; one or two of *Balanus*, or barnacle; a large species of *Donax*; several of the *Fissurella* and *Patella*; and one which is styled by Blainville, *Choncholepus Peruvianus*.

From the greater part of the business being transacted within a small space, the street, in the morning, presents a very lively scene. It was formerly almost impassable, from the collecting together of a great number of ox-carts, used for bringing to market the produce of Santiago and the surrounding country. A decree, not long since issued, ordered that *light* carts should be substituted for the heavy ones; but the evil is not removed, for those now in use are nearly as *large* as the old "carrétas." Besides, troops of laden mules and jackasses are constantly passing and repassing; and half of the busy world of Valparaiso being constantly on horseback, renders it necessary to be always on the *qui vive* while walking the street.

In front of the landing and jetty is the custom house, lately erected, and well adapted to the purposes for which it was intended; and to the left are the "capitanía," or captain of the port's office, and the "resguardo," a department of the custom house. There is always a crowd of boatmen sauntering about this spot, ready to make themselves useful when there is any prospect of remuneration. They are stout, brawny, athletic men, with good humored faces of a light olive complexion; from foreign sailors they have acquired English enough to make themselves understood, and to annoy every stranger who

passes. The moment an Englishman or an American comes in sight, a half dozen of these men run forward, calling, "you want *boty*—me *boty* very fine," at the same time rolling up the legs of their trowsers to be in readiness to launch one of the whale boats from the row constantly drawn up on the beach to the right of the jetty. If the stranger maintain silence, the boatmen dance down before him, looking inquisitively in his face, and if they discover he really wishes to embark, they rush, each to his respective boat, and holding up one hand, to attract attention, vociferate or cry in an animated tone, "aquí, mi patrón—aquí, me *boty*." If the "patrón" now declare that he does not intend to go afloat, the whole crowd set up a good natured shout at the expense of their disappointed brothers. When strangers land, the boatmen are the first to welcome them with smiling faces, and to extend an arm to assist them on shore, without afterwards expecting a reward for this natural sort of politeness.

Next to the busy appearance of the street and the landing, the individuals of the picture attract attention. The "aguadóres" and their donkeys, that supply every family with water from springs in the different quebrádas, stand forth conspicuous in the eyes of the newly arrived North American. The donkey carries two small barrels or kegs, suspended one on either side, in a wooden frame adapted to the purpose; and the "aguadór" sits *en croupe*, swinging his bare legs, first one and then the other, as if spurring. He wears a coarse cone shaped hat drawn well over his face, a shirt with sleeves rolled up above the elbow, a leather apron, something like that of a blacksmith, and loose trowsers reaching just below the knee. He carries a pole about six feet long, armed with an iron curve or hook before him, lying crosswise. A small tinkling bell, attached to the saddle, gives notice of his approach. These men, apparently the happiest and steadiest fellows in the world, manifest a sort of indifference or nonchalance for every thing around them; having learned a lesson of patience from the animal they drive, they are never in haste, nor can they be induced to move out of their accustomed pace. When the water-carrier stops, and removes one of the barrels, to prevent

the other from dragging the saddle round, he props it with the pole which he carries for that purpose. Water is worth a real (twelve and a half cents) the "cargo" or load.

The muleteers also wear cone-shaped straw hats, "ponchos," breeches that extend below the knee, "botas" or leggings, and hide sandals, with great spurs, the rowels of which are frequently three and even four inches in diameter. The "poncho" is an oblong piece of cloth, from six to ten feet long, and from three to five broad, fringed at the edges, with a slit in the centre, (bound with ribbon), through which the head is passed, leaving the ends to fall down in careless drapery before and behind, so as to conceal the upper part of the figure. When the poncho becomes too warm, or otherwise inconvenient, it is knotted round the waist, discovering that the body and shoulders are clothed in a coarse, dark colored, woollen shirt or frock, with short sleeves. The poncho is of every variety of color; sometimes plain, and sometimes ornamented with stripes of flowers and fancy patterns in lively colors. This garment is universally worn by all classes when riding on horseback; its cost varies, according to the material of which it is made, from four to a hundred dollars. The legs are defended by a pair of woollen leggings, of a dark color, striped or plain, extending from the foot half way up the thigh, and secured below the knee by a tasselled garter, giving to the whole figure a striking and unique appearance. The "botas," like the poncho, are worn by all classes when on horseback.

Such is the general costume of the "arrieros" and "peones"—muleteers and laborers—varying only in the fineness of the texture, according to the wearer's purse. The spurs of the poorest class are of iron; but the ambition of every man in Chile is to obtain, next to a fine horse, a pair of huge silver spurs. The mules are covered on either side with thick pads of unshaved sheep skins, upon which the load is lashed by thongs or ropes of hide. That he may stand quiet, when laden or unladen, the muleteer blindfolds the animal by throwing the poncho over his eyes. It is curious to see laden mules coming in from the country. They are strung together, one behind the other, by a hide rope or halter, leading from the

tail of the one to the neck of the other, in succession, with a space of about ten feet between them.

The costume of gentlemen, when attending to business, generally consists of a short jacket of white or blue cloth, according to the season, and a felt, or straw hat, of Manila or Guayaquil manufacture, not differing, in other respects, from that of the United States. The young men of fortune follow the fashions given to them by French or English tailors.

The dress of the ladies, when walking, is the same as that termed in the United States an evening dress. They wear neither hats nor bonnets, but instead, ornament the hair, which they know how to arrange in excellent taste, with two or three natural flowers. The parasol affords protection to their complexion, when it requires any, for they seldom walk till the sun has in a degree lost his power. When they go to church—which they do every morning at sunrise—they dress in black, with a veil or mantilla over the head.

Reader, be kind enough to picture to yourself a busy crowd, composed of the various figures I have attempted to sketch; moving through a narrow street in different directions. The “aguador” threading along among troops of mules and carts; merchants discussing the quality and price of goods; their clerks hurrying to and from the custom-house; the “guaso” or countryman, with hat, poncho, botas, and spurs, seated in his comfortable saddle, with toes thrust into the sides of huge blocks of wood, that answer the place of stirrups, guiding his docile animal; ladies in their walking dress, with parasol, and followed by little Indian servants, from Arauco; the “dulcéro,” or vender of sweetmeats, crying “dulces;” “merca-chifles,” or pedlars, with loads of ribbons and trifles, praising in stentorian voices the cheapness of their goods; sailors, riding horses that might be taken for the descendants of the famed “Rocinante,”* pushing and spurring on in spite of all obstacles.

* This word is in perfect keeping with the whole of that inimitable work of Cervantes, *Don Quixote*; it is derived from *rocin*, which signifies a hack horse, and *ante*, before or formerly.

Fancy all these, and you may have an idea of Valparaiso, near the landing, on a week day morning.

At four o'clock in the afternoon, the streets are almost deserted. At that hour business ceases; the natives take the "siesta," or afternoon nap, and foreigners go home to dine. At sunset the world wakes up, and the street becomes again animated. The chandler makes his appearance, bearing a load of dirty tallow candles, strung on a pole over his shoulder, crying "velas de sebo"—tallow candles; and the tinker makes himself heard, shouting, "el hojalatéro—vasinicas de hojalata mui barátas"—the tinker, chamber utensils of tin—very cheap. No hour could be more appropriate for vending these articles, than the close of the day! Ladies and gentlemen sally forth at this hour, for the "paséo," or promenade; at this hour, too, is "oración,"—the church bell tolls, and every body stands silent and uncovered, while he repeats the evening prayer. In a few seconds the bell again strikes, and every one signs himself with the cross, then wishes his neighbour a good night. On these occasions, it is the etiquette for the eldest in company to be the first to say good night; and it is sometimes amusing to see them dispute who shall begin; the younger ones present leaving it to their seniors to make this sort of acknowledgment of age—"Diga V^{md}," at last says one—"No Señor, diga V^{md}," replies another;—"Say you"—"No Sir, say you!"

During the evening the shops are lighted, and the streets are enlivened by parties of ladies "shopping." On Thursday nights, a military band serenades the governor at nine o'clock, and crowds of people assemble to enjoy it with him. On Saturday nights the streets are particularly gay. The plaza is sprinkled over with flat baskets of shoes, ranged with great care, and lighted by a tallow candle, stuck upon their sides; it is a custom of great antiquity for ladies to repair there to purchase shoes, for it is said, the Chilénas require a new pair every week. The size is ascertained by measuring them with the spread fingers; and perhaps experience, gained by the frequency of fitting themselves, is of considerable advantage.

Even until very late at night, men are heard crying through

the street, "accitúnas"—olives; and "picántes"—morsels of meat and vegetables highly spiced. Both during the day and night, beggars sit at the corners, with their feet drawn up beneath them, their hands in an imploring posture, crying in a whining, nasal tone, to every passer-by, "una limóna por un pobre, por el amor de Dios"—alms for a poor man, for God's sake. These appeals, however, are seldom heeded. On Saturdays, it is a universal custom, I believe, in all South America, as well as in Spain, for beggars to throng the streets, and ask alms in the name of their patron saints. There is scarcely a family, that has not a certain number of mendicants to whom it gives something on Saturdays, but refuses charity to all others, and to them also on all other days. It is not uncommon to meet old men on horseback, beseeching charity in the most piteous tones;—"un medicóto por amor de Dios"—a medio (6½ cents) for the love of God. The diminutive, *cito*, is added, to lessen in appearance the amount of the gratuity asked. I am not aware how much this custom bears upon the proverb, about "set a beggar on horseback," &c., or whether it has, in fact, any truth in Chile.

CHAPTER II.

Society—Introduction to a Family—Costume—Furniture—Maté—Singing—Cigars—Presenting of Flowers—Leave-taking—Traits of Character—A day visit—Anecdote—Tertúlia on a Sunday evening—Dancing—"El cuándo"—"La Perdíz"—Foreign Society.

THE conventional customs of society in Valparaiso, differ in many respects from those of the United States. Day visiting, except on Sundays, is not usual, which is the reverse with us, that day being set aside for the worship of the Deity. Yet, on becoming intimately acquainted with any family, it may be visited at all times, without any one thinking it improper, or even hazarding a conjecture as to the motive, should the calls

be frequent. At sunset the ladies are generally prepared to receive company, and expect it. The history of my first visit will give a better idea of the forms of society, than a simple rehearsal of them.

I followed a friend into a drawing room, furnished in the Chile fashion, with tables, mirrors, a sofa, a piano, and a great number of chairs, ranged in two rows facing each other, on that side of the room where the sofa stood. A "petáte," or thick straw mat, covered the floor, and a strip of carpet was laid only under the chairs on one side of the room. It was twilight, and candles had not been yet brought. Three ladies sat upon the sofa, conversing, with their feet drawn up under them, *à la Turque*, while a fourth stood looking through a glass door that opened upon a balcony, beating one of the panes with her fingers, as if it had been a piano, and humming a waltz. The evening was cool, and the ladies were all covered with large shawls, the right corner being thrown over the left shoulder, so as to bury the chin in its folds, much after the manner that dandies wear the Spanish cloak. In the winter, this custom is universal; then the nose and chin are hidden in the shawl, the eyes only being seen above the fold. During that season, having neither hearths nor chimneys in the house, except for the kitchen, the ladies keep warm by placing a "brazéro," or copper pan of well burned charcoal, near the sofa, with a basket, made for the purpose, turned over it, upon which they rest their feet, or even sit. As we entered the apartment, which was high and airy, the ladies on the sofa ceased their conversation, and bent forward in formal salutation, as my conductor said, "¿Como pasan ustedes, Señoritas? Un Amigo!"—How do you do, ladies? A friend—pointing to me as he pronounced the last word. The lady who was humming, curtsied and took a chair.

"Que fresquito es la noche, Don Samuel!—the evening is a little cool, Don Samuel!—ask your friend to be seated," said the eldest lady to my *ciceróne*, and then resumed the conversation for a moment with the three young ladies, who were her daughters. I felt very much as if I were not welcome, from the cold reception we had received. Presently long tallow candles with thick wicks were brought in, and one set

upon each of the tables, placed under the mirrors; this gave me an opportunity to survey the arrangement of the furniture already mentioned. A glance showed me that the three sisters were delicate brunettes, with fine black eyes, wearing the hair in two large ringlets or rather rolls on either temple, while that of the back of the head was folded over a very large tortoise shell comb of beautiful workmanship, *en filigrane*. Many of the combs worn in Chile measure from eighteen inches to two feet around the top! The shawls were of Canton crape, embroidered with flos silk, (the work of the ladies' own hands), and the dresses of French muslin of gay patterns. The only ornaments in the hair were natural roses and pinks, disposed with much taste. The expression of their countenances was grave, intelligent, and rather pleasing. When the lights were brought, the ladies on the sofa slipped their feet to the floor, adjusted their dresses, and Doña Juana, the mother, said, "¿El Señor, habla Castellano?"—"Does the Gentleman speak Spanish?" My friend replied that I did, and said to me in English, "now I shall leave you to make acquaintance yourself."

"¿Usted es recién llegado, Señor?"—"You are recently arrived, Sir." This question was followed by several others, and the good lady seemed to manifest great interest in all my replies, expressing a hope that I would be pleased with Chile.

"¿Que será la gracia de usted, Caballero?"—"What is your (Christened) name, Cavalier?" asked Doña Carmencita, the eldest daughter. "Francisco, para servir à usted, Señorita,"—"Francis, at your service, Miss," I replied.

"Are you fond of music, Don Francisco?"

"Yes! very—do you play?"

"A little"—then she requested her youngest sister, Doña Ignacita, to play "alguna cosita," some little thing. The young lady obeyed the request, as if it had been a mandate, opened the piano, and played several waltzes, at the end of each of which, Don Samuel said, "mui bien, Señorita"—"Very well, Miss."

She was interrupted by a female servant, (a slattern by the way) bringing in a tray of tea and *maté*, followed by a young

Indian girl from Arauco, bearing a silver salver of cakes, &c. The Araucanians, when taken and instructed young, make excellent servants; and there is scarcely a family without one in its service, particularly where there are young ladies. This race has borne the character of fierce and warlike from the earliest times; their valor and martial prowess have been celebrated in an epic of thirty-seven cantos, entitled "La Araucana," by Don Alonzo de Ercilla y Zuñiga.—Speaking of the country of Arauco, he says,

"Vénus y Aman aquí no alcanzan parte,
Solo domina el iracundo Marte."

The "maté," or, as it is familiarly called, "yerba maté," (*Ilex Paraguensis*), is a plant of Paraguay, used in almost every part of South America, as a substitute for tea. It arrives in Chile from the Rio de la Plata, by the way of Cape Horn, or by crossing the Cordilleras, packed in bales of hide. It presents to the eye a greenish yellow dust, in which are mingled broken leaves and stems of the plant. This material, infused in boiling water, forms the "maté," which every where in Chile, previous to the revolution, was substituted for the more costly tea of China; since that period, the old ladies only adhere to the practice, while the young ones, more refined in taste, prefer sipping Young Hyson or Bohea, from a gilt edged China tea-cup. The "yerba," with sugar and the outer rind of orange or lemon peel, or pieces of cinnamon, are placed in a globular vessel holding about a gill, and boiling water is poured in upon them. The vessel containing the infusion, termed "a maté," is either entirely of silver, or of a small gourd, banded with silver, supported by a stem and plate of the same metal. A silver cover, perforated with a hole for the passage of the "bombilla," and secured to the side by a chain, serves to retain the heat and aroma of the plant. The "bombilla" is a tube from ten to twelve inches long, terminated at one end by a bulb (not unlike that of a thermometer) pierced with many small holes; like "the maté," it is silver, or consists of a cane tube with a metal bulb.

Such is the apparatus from which the elderly Chilénas sip,

or rather suck their favorite beverage, at a temperature very little below that of boiling water. Doña Juana took "the maté," and after two or three sips, offered it to me, to try whether it were pleasant; however willing I might have been to receive the tube into my mouth, immediately after coming from the pouting lips of her daughters, I must confess, I felt some repugnance to suck the same stem with Doña Juana. Yet, recollecting that one of Basil Hall's officers had given offence by carrying a "bombilla" for his peculiar use, I took "the maté," and finding it agreeable in flavor, did not relinquish it until I had drawn it to the dregs. Those who take "maté" for the first time, usually burn their lips; and it is the only mistake at which ladies laugh; in fact, a cynic could scarcely keep his countenance: fancy a gentleman pressing a hot silver tube between his lips, jerking back his head in surprise, then resorting to his handkerchief to dry his eyes, and while he does so, attempting to smile—the *tout ensemble* produces the most whimsical expression of countenance imaginable. Two or three "matés" are generally quite sufficient to supply a company of eight or ten persons; for they are passed from mouth to mouth till all are satisfied. When the fluid is exhausted, "the maté" is replenished with sugar, and hot water from a silver kettle, usually placed in the room upon a small "brazéro" of living coals.

The young ladies preferred tea, and I joined in the preference, though I do not think maté disagreeable to the taste. The whole was carried out at the expiration of a few minutes. Maté drinking, or rather sipping, is fast going out of fashion, and in the *haut ton* is now seldom seen.

Doña Panchita, the second sister, played several marches, and then Doña Carmeneita, upon our solicitation, took her seat at the instrument, ran her fingers over the keys, and accompanied herself in Rossini's "O Dolce ingrata patria." She sang with skill, and executed with much taste; but she had the nasal enunciation, which is very general with all the Chilénas when they sing, and which is exceedingly disagreeable to those unaccustomed to it.

The music had the effect of removing, in a considerable de-

gree, the restraint which I felt at our reception. The first waltz on the piano dispelled the stiffness of conversation, which was afterwards carried on during the whole evening with great vivacity.

When Doña Carmencita ended her song, a small silver globe (supported on a stem and plate, like the maté-cup,) holding a single coal, was brought in, and Doña Juana begged us to enjoy our cigars the same as if we were at home.—“Don Francisco, porque no pita usted su cigáro? *haga* usted lo mismo, como en su misma casa.” “Don Francisco, why do you not smoke your cigar?—do the same as if you were in your own house.”—Adopting the maxim, *à Rome comme à Rome*, we indulged ourselves in smoking one of the cigars of Chile, called “hojas,” or “hojitas.” They are about two inches and an half long; the wrapper is made of the inner husk of corn, and filled with coarsely powdered tobacco. As their use is apt to stain the fingers of the smoker, the fashionable young gentlemen carry a pair of delicate gold tweezers for holding them. The cigar is so small in size, that it requires not more than three or four minutes to smoke one. It serves well to fill up an interval in conversation. At tertúlias, the gentlemen sometimes retire to a balcony, to smoke one or two cigars after a dance.

About eight o'clock, a party, consisting of four ladies and two gentlemen, came in. The same stiffness of reception was manifest on their entrance, except that the ladies rose from their seats, and embraced their female guests one after the other. Yet the conversation was soon very animated, dresses were criticised, the theatre spoken of; and it was mentioned as a profound secret, that a ball was to be given by some one of their mutual friends. Then the subject changed to the indisposition of some one of the family, and each lady recited a long list of remedies which were infallible, relating how such a one had suffered from the same disease. I inferred from the whole discussion, that a violent quack medicine called “Panquimagogo,” was the most effectual, as well as the most popular of all remedies, in all diseases.

Soon after the arrival of the ladies and gentlemen, ices, cakes, liqueurs, and water, were served to all. The conversation did

not flag; and I was impressed with the fact, that the ladies frequently displayed considerable archness and humor in their remarks; and this I found to be the case in all my intercourse with Chilian society.

Just before taking leave, Doña Ignacita left the room, and returned in a few minutes with a handful of flowers, and presented one to each of the guests, in a manner that was very graceful, her face being lighted up with smiles; yet she said not a word. This universal custom of presenting flowers to guests, is a beautiful token of welcome; and where they are not offered, it is certain that the visiter has not made a favorable impression, and a repetition of his visits will not be acceptable. This presentation is made on the three or four first visits, but is afterwards omitted. Of the origin of this custom, I know nothing; yet I was pleased with it, and bore off my rose as an emblem of friendship, and valued it more when I came to understand the full force of this kind of language.

When we took leave, the ladies again embraced their female guests; and Doña Juana said to me, “Señor Don Francisco, ya sabe usted la casa, y es à la disposicion de usted.”—“Don Francisco, now you know the house, and it is at your disposal.” I thanked her, and said, I should take great pleasure in repeating my visit. “Cuando guste usted Caballéro.” “When you please, Cavalier,” she replied, and turned to my friend Don Samuel, and said, “no olvide usted la noche de Domingo, y diga à su amigo, que venga tambien.”—“Dont forget, Sunday night, and tell your friend to come also!”

Such are, generally, the events and ceremonies of a first visit on a week day evening. It will be observed, that I was introduced as a friend, without my name being mentioned, nor was any other than my Christian name asked, until my third or fourth visit. After that the flowers are not given, unless other strangers be present, when the old acquaintances also receive the compliment, in common with the rest of the company. There is something so very amiable in the character of the Chilénas, that it is almost impossible not to be pleased in their society. Foreigners who are unable to speak Spanish well, are always treated with the greatest indulgence, as respects errors

of speech, and always receive encouragement from the ladies; they anticipate a part of the sentence, when they observe the speaker embarrassed, but never in such a way as to make him feel that it is for correction;—then they are so patient, and speak so slowly for him, and never laugh, or even smile, at his most ludicrous mistakes. I will observe here, that the best way to learn to speak Spanish, is first to become thoroughly acquainted with the conjugation of the verbs, then visit the ladies, and talk, right or wrong—

“ Thus Juan learn'd his alpha beta better
From Haidee's glance, than any graven letter.”

I think Lord Byron good authority for this at least. The grammatical construction of the language may be studied with more advantage, after the student is able to speak it, than before.

My second visit to Doña Juana, was between the hours of twelve and one o'clock in the day. I found two of the young ladies seated at their frames, embroidering shawls, in very beautiful patterns. They wore the shawl, and the hair was braided and hanging down the back. Doña Carmencita was sitting on the sofa, *à la Turque*, with a book in her lap, and stooping forward, in such a way that her hair, which was loose and wet, formed a complete veil for her face. On my entrance, she laid her hair behind her ears, and closed her book. Her sisters pushed aside their work, and adjusted their shawls and dresses. The shawl of a Chilian belle is a most rebellious and troublesome article of dress, for it will be constantly slipping off the shoulder, and so disclose a pretty neck and upper part of the bust, which the young ladies are ever anxious to conceal. Ladies never pursue their needle-work in the presence of strangers, or rather visitors, as it is considered impolite; from this circumstance, foreigners have charged them with being idle. Yet when it is recollected that there are no mantua-makers in Chile, and that the ladies make their own dresses, they must be exonerated from that accusation. They are always neat in the decoration of their feet;—silk stockings are universally worn.

Doña Carmencita apologized for the state of her *parure*, say-

ing that she had just been washing her hair in a solution or suds of "quillai," and it had not yet dried. The "quillai" is the bark of the *Quillaja Saponaria*, *Molina*, a large tree growing at the foot of hills, and in the mountain valleys of Chile. When the bark is broken into small pieces, and infused in cold water, it forms a suds similar to that of soap. With this, the ladies of Chile are in the habit of washing their heads, once in about ten days; they say it preserves the scalp from dandruff; it certainly gives the hair a very clean, glossy appearance. Besides, it is also useful for cleansing cloths, silks, and crapes, from grease, without injuring either their texture or color, and is sometimes used as a medicine.

The ladies were very conversable, and made many inquiries about the United States, the North American ladies, their amusements, dress, &c. They spoke of the Peruvian ladies as being distinguished for their intrigues and want of modesty, and as an illustration, Doña Juana related the following anecdote.

A Marquesa was walking towards her home one evening, concealed in the peculiar dress of the country, called "saya y manto," and was spoken to by an unknown young gentleman in a cloak, who importuned her to go to a *caffé* and accept of some refreshment. She finally consented. After partaking of ices, cakes, and costly wines, to an amount so great that she thought her beau would not have money enough in his purse to pay, she called the host aside, (whom she knew well,) and told him not to permit the gentleman to leave the house till he had paid, nor to accept from him any other pledge than his pantaloons; for which service the landlord was to receive a *douceur*. The young gentleman's purse could not cover one half the amount of the charge, and mine host vowed that he must have the whole before he left. The young gentleman offered his watch in pledge, which was obstinately refused. The marquesa grew impatient at the delay, and urged her beau to make haste, or she would leave him. The landlord demanded the pantaloons. The young gentleman was indignant, and referred the case to his fair enchantress, who, after some coaxing, persuaded him to yield his pantaloons, roll his cloak

about him, and accompany her home. He consented. She delighted the victim of her sport with her lively *jeux d'esprit*, as they walked along, and at last ushered him into a splendidly furnished room, occupied by a brilliant party of ladies and gentlemen. The youth would have escaped, but the fair one held him tight by the arm, and conducted him to a seat. He drew his cloak closer around him, and bent his feet under his chair. The marquesa introduced several of her female friends to him, after giving them a hint of her joke. The young ladies insisted that he must be very warm, but he thought it was cold ;—they urged him to dance, but he vowed he could not. At last the ladies became rude, and, forcibly removing the cloak from the young cavalier's shoulders, exposed him to the whole company, standing in his drawers and boots ; after being heartily laughed at, he was turned out of doors!

When Doña Carmencita told the story, I asked whether she believed it. She replied, laughing, "Quién sabe puez!"—Who knows then! This expression is very constantly used by the Chilians, and the word *puez* is employed frequently without any meaning being attached to it. *Puez bien*, *puez bueno*, *puez si*, *puez no*, are universally used. Not unfrequently, when a pause occurs in company, the dead silence will be broken by some one exclaiming, with a sigh, "Puez si Señor!" which serves as a starting point for conversation.

On a Sunday evening, I accompanied my friend, Don Samuel, "to assist" at the tertulia given weekly by Doña Juana. We found a number of ladies and gentlemen, old and young, pretty and plain, already assembled. The ladies were ranged, seated facing each other, in a long file, extending across the room, the appearance of which was much improved by the carpet being spread entirely over the "petáte," or mat. In the United States the carpets are always taken up for *soirées* or *tertulias* (preferring the latter word), when dancing forms a part of the amusement ; but here, on the contrary, they are always spread for that purpose, and kept rolled up to one side of the apartment at other times. Even at public balls, the dancing room is always carpeted ; the reason for this practice is that the floors are of tiles.

The gentlemen were slowly pacing the apartment, standing in squads of two or three, or conversing with the ladies; and two or three were walking in the balcony, smoking "hojitas."

The ladies, now laughing and talking, had thrown aside the shawl, and displayed the bust and figure, beautified by the aid of all the little machinery of a female toilette. In this particular, they do not manifest less taste than the ladies of other countries, who pay a moderate respect to the great tyrant—FASHION. The Chilénas have been accused of using pink-sauces, and flake white,* yet, so far as my observation goes, I think most unjustly. I would not, however, defend every lady, in this or any other country, from the charge of using "afeites"—which word includes all those articles used for beautifying the face, as rouge, pearl powder, pink-sauces, flake white, moveable or extra curls, and the long list of cosmetics. I presume, as a general rule, that female vanity, *cæteris paribus*, is nearly the same in all parts of the world. Where intellectual qualifications are esteemed superior to those of a personal kind, women of cultivated minds will scorn to attract the other sex by the means alluded to; but can we blame those born where female excellence is estimated to consist of mere *animalité*, for helping nature, when she has been sparing in bestowing personal beauties, by the use of those "afeites!"

Tea, coffee, &c. were served as with us, and afterwards one of the ladies took a seat at the piano. While she was preludeing, a gentleman, styled "el bastonéro" (who is some intimate, self-elected for the evening) cried out, "Contradanza Señores"—"Contradance, Gentlemen"—upon which intimation, they led forth their partners, and stood up in order. The music commenced; the time, that of a slow waltz. That the grace and beauty of the "contradanza" may be appreciated, it must be seen; the figures are so various, and some of them so intricate or labyrinth-like, that I will not attempt to describe them; they exhibit what might be termed the very poetry of the Terpsichorean art. The contradance was followed by quadrilles and waltzing.

“Dulces” or sweetmeats of various kinds are served during the evening, in a manner that is peculiar (so far as I know) to the south-west coast of this continent. A large shallow dish of “dulces,” placed on a silver salver with a number of small forks of the same metal, is offered round to the company, each lady conveying a morsel of the *sweet* to her mouth from the dish, by aid of a fork. The “dulce” is sometimes very little more consistent than thick syrup; then, it is very adroitly twisted round the fork, and dexterously deposited in the mouth. Immediately after the salver of “dulces,” follows one with goblets of water, which the Chilians invariably drink after eating sweets. On these occasions, a beau hands the glass to a belle in a gallant manner, holding his neat cambric handkerchief beneath it, that a drop may not fall upon the lady’s dress.

A few dances and a few songs, more “dulces,” (and ices occasionally) bring the evening near its close. Then, if the party has been a merry one, the “Cuando,” a dance peculiar to Chile, is performed. It is always accompanied by a song. It commences like the minuet, all the gestures being very graceful, and in time with the verses, which run thus;

“Anda ingrata que algun dia
 Con las mudanzas del tiempo,
 Llorarás como yo lloro—
 Sentirás como yo siento—
 Cuando! cuando!
 Cuando, mi vida, cuando!”

With these lines ends the minuet; the allegro follows, and the step changes to a shuffle or quick beating of the feet, called “zapateando” or *shoeing* it, to the following lines, while one or two persons beat time with their palms upon the top of the piano;—

“Cuando será esa dia
 De aquella feliz mañana
 Que nos lleven à los dos
 El chocolate à la cama.
 Cuando! cuando!
 Cuando, mi vida, cuando!”

With these lines, the figure changes from the minuet ; the dancers advance towards and retreat from each other, move round *dos à dos*, “zapateando” in time, waving their kerchiefs in the right hand, left arm akimbo, whole figure leaning forward, eyes and face cast down, till at last the gentleman, with a gallant *coupé* of the foot, seizes the lady’s hand, dodges under her arm, and both gain their seats, amidst the plaudits of the company. “Otra, otra,”—Another, another, exclaim a dozen voices, and the floor is occupied by another couple, and the dance is again repeated. The andante verse of the song contains an accusation of ingratitude, and a prognostication that, in time, the lady will feel and weep as much as the gentleman (who sings) has felt and wept ; the allegro supposes a reconciliation, and is an exclamatory inquiry, “when shall be the nuptial day !”

The following verses are sung as andante, with the same allegro given above.

“ Las durisimas cadenas
Que mi triste cuerpo arrastra ;
Puesto que por te las llevo,
No pueden serme pesadas.”
Allegro.

“ A me que huya los rigores,
Conque procuras herirme!
Yo no puedo existirme,
Si prosigues en tus amores !”
Allegro.

“ Cuando, cuando, tengo pena,
Me voy à la orilla de la mar,
Y le pregunto à las olas
Mi amante me dejará !”
Allegro.

“ Este hermoso ramilléte,
Recibe antes que te partas,
En señal de mi memoria,
Y en prenda de mi constancia !”
Allegro.

The following stanzas are sometimes substituted both for allegro and andante :

“ Cuando, cuando,
 Cuando yo me muere
 No me lloren los parientes
 Lloren me las Alembíques
 Donde sacan aguardientes.”

Allegro.

“ A la plata me remito,
 Lo demas es bobería,
 Andar con la boca seca
 E la barriga vacía !”

There is another dance, called “ la perdíz,” which sometimes follows the “ cuando,” and occasionally takes its place. It is performed with the accompaniment of beating time with the palms, and singing the following verses to rather a lively air ;

“ Hay ! de la perdíz, madre,
 Hay ! de la perdíz,
 Que se la lleva, el gato,
 Y el gato—mis, mis—
 Ven aca, ven aca, mis, mis.”

The step is similar to that exhibited in the “ cuando.” When the above lines are concluded, the dancers stand opposite to each other, and the lady repeats a stanza from memory, such as follows :

“ Tengo una escalerita,
 Llena de flores,
 Para subir al cielo,
 De mis amores.”*

The chorus is then repeated with the dance and waving of the handkerchief. When it ceases, the gentleman is bound to re-

* Thus rendered, *literatim*—

“ I have a little ladder
 Full of flowers,
 To mount to the heaven
 Of my loves !”

ply to the lady in an appropriate stanza, from some of the poets, or make one impromptu for the occasion. This alternate dancing and recitation, are continued till the lady has exhausted her memory, or till she has repeated six or eight stanzas. When the dancers possess humor or wit, as they frequently do, "la perdíz" becomes the source of great merriment and enjoyment.

About eleven o'clock, the old ladies begin to embrace their friends, the young ones imitate them, and the "tertúlia" is broken up. Nothing, in the way of evening party, can exceed the social cordiality, the freedom from restraint, and the general enjoyment, afforded at the "tertúlias", and "reuniones" of Chile.

The English-speaking foreigners, in Valparaiso, who pretend to be of substance, and somewhat aristocratical withal, have formed little coteries amongst themselves, and never admit the Chilians into their society, except on some grand occasion, or unless the ladies are married to some Englishman or North American. All the English and American ladies here, are married; therefore, the young men seek amusement in the society of the natives, at least till they acquire the language. Few of them are able to speak it on their arrival, and even after a long residence in the country, they rarely learn to speak well. The Germans and French possess an innate power, and naturally, more industry for acquiring languages, and perhaps greater facilities than others; we generally find them speaking with grammatical propriety, and often with elegance, though not with the purity of accent often attained by the Americans and English.

A difference of education and religion, a difference in the estimate of pleasures and amusements, together with the inability to speak fluently the languages of each other, are sufficient reasons for the want of congeniality, observable between the foreign and Chilean ladies: and I have invariably remarked, that when they have met at *petites soirées*, the society has been under restraint, and hilarity repressed. This is particularly true of water parties, for which the Chilénas have a great liking, and which are most cheerful when entirely Chilean, or

North American and English. The foreign society, compared with the Chilian, is more intellectual—more conversational—more devoted to eating—while the Chilian is more musical—(not of the highest order, however) more chit-chatable—more flirtationable—and then they dance and glance;—there is a sort of rivalry, too, between the qualities of the head and heels, for the face grows grave whenever the feet “move to measure.” The Spanish society is more fitted to please and amuse naval officers during their short visits; but, for a long sojourn, the English and North American, met with in Valparaiso, is preferable. Considering the discordant materials of which it is composed, the foreign society may be pronounced good. The English abroad, so far as I have seen, generally assume a higher stand than they have held or can hold at home; and adopting the maxim of Hamlet—“assume a virtue, if you have it not,” set up for distinction, and from their efforts to gain it, very often deserve it. North Americans are occasionally obnoxious to similar remarks. There is a jealousy between the two nations that sometimes peeps forth;—in fact there is a disagreeable sort of *surveillance*, mutually exercised by the people of both sides of the water.

CHAPTER III.

Ride to Santiago—Mode of travelling—Peonáda—The honey palm—Carrétas—Mode of descending hills—Peñuelas—Throwing the lazo—A bivouac—Casablanca—Posáda—Mode of making butter—Bread—Cuésta de Zapáta—Bustamente—Breakfast—Cuésta del Prado—A view—Entrance to Santiago—Custom house officers—Table of Barometric observations.

FINDING myself, towards the end of May 1832, in Valparaiso, with a few weeks leisure, and a friend about returning to his residence near Santiago, I determined to embrace the opportunity of paying a visit to the Capital of Chile. This is not the most favorable season for travelling, but inasmuch as

the rains had been backward, we anticipated that the roads would be good.

The usual mode of travelling is in a gig. The vehicle used here, differs in nothing from that of the United States, except that the wheels are clumsy, and of a stronger construction. It frequently happens that the gig, from rough treatment, is sadly shattered, and in consequence, almost covered with thongs of hide, running in different directions, to keep it from tumbling to pieces. The one selected for our journey, had a neat green body, hung low, with a gilt wreath running round the panels; the top was broad, and hung forward so much, that it afforded us ample protection both from sun and rain.

The gear of the team is rather peculiar. The horse, placed in the shafts, is harnessed in the ordinary manner, with the exception of having a short leading rein, held by a postillion, who rides a horse attached on the left side by a swingle-tree. His saddle, like all those of the country, rises high before and behind, affording a secure seat, and is composed of several pieces; first, a rough wooden tree is put on over two or three back-cloths, and then as many "pillons," or sheep skins dressed with the wool on, and dyed of various colors, are placed over it. The whole is secured by a girth, made of a dozen thin strips of hide worked into large rings at each end, and attached to the saddle by similar thongs. The stirrups are pyramidal shaped blocks of wood, carved in some curious pattern, and sometimes ornamented with plates of silver, having holes on one side to accommodate the feet. The reins are of plaited hide, terminating in a thong six or eight feet in length, which answers all the purposes of a whip. The bit is very powerful, and capable of controlling the most vicious horse. At the saddle-bow is carried a long knife, used both for feeding and defence; the "lazo," or noose of hide, without which the horseman would be frequently at a loss, is carried behind. The postillions wear straw hats, over Madras or silk handkerchiefs knotted about the head, the ends hanging down behind. A short jacket, coarse pantaloons, botas, great spurs, and the poncho, sometimes knotted carelessly round the waist, or hang-

ing unembarrassed over one shoulder, complete the travelling dress.

One advantage of this mode of travelling, is that the traveller is free to choose his hour for setting out, as well as that for halting; and as only two can ride together, he always has the privilege of selecting his travelling companion. In 1826, the gig, horses, &c. were hired to go from Valparaiso to Santiago for seventeen dollars; owing to the increase of commerce, and the consequent necessity of more frequent communication between the port and the capital, the price is reduced to ten.

About one o'clock P. M., our "capatáz" (sort of prefect or overseer) brought the gig to the door; and, having seen our trunks carefully lashed with thongs of hide to the sides of a pair of patient baggage mules, we mounted. While chatting with our friends, and giving occasional directions about the mules, our vehicle was well stowed with what are called "encomiéndas," or small packages, directed to various persons in Santiago. We were seated; the postillion looked back, nodded his head, and said, interrogatively, "¿ya vamos, Señores?"—do we start now, gentlemen? We answered, "vamos." He bestowed his whip right and left, and we trotted off as fast as the many obstructions, from mules and carréatas, crowded in the narrow street, would allow. On reaching the lower end of the Almendrá, we met the second "peon,"* or postillion, with a troop of six or eight horses, destined as a relay upon the road. We halted; the capatáz came up with the mules, and drove them, as well as the extra horses, ahead. In the mean time, the second postillion hitched on to the vehicle, by a thong passing from the shaft to his saddle girth; then both applying whip and spur, we moved up the Altos de Valparaiso at a round trot, with three horses abreast.

Domingo, the capatáz, had several new straw hats, which he was carrying to some of his friends; they were placed one within the other, and then upon his own, forming a pyramid on his head. He had changed the pace of his stout, long bodied horse, into a walk, when Domingo threw the rein behind him,

* The word "peon" designates a laboring man.

and resting a hand on each thigh, allowed his person to move from side to side, with the alternate steps of the animal, as he preceded us up the alto. As the ascent grew more steep, our speed slackened, and the "peon," named Pepé, drew forth an "hojita," and having properly adjusted it, held it crosswise betwixt his lips, while he struck fire by the aid of a small horn of tinder, and in a little while, both Pepé, and Manuel the second peon, were quietly smoking.

Pepé was a stout, well formed youth, about five feet six inches high, and perhaps twenty years old. He possessed an amiable though somewhat serious face, with good teeth, and a cheek like a dirty peach. He had a new gingham jacket, which he was desirous of protecting from the dust, and therefore tied two corners of a handkerchief under his chin, allowing it to hang down behind like a cloak. Manuel was perhaps younger, equally vigorous, but possessed of a most roguish countenance, though not less healthful than that of his companion; in fact, he was a frolicsome looking youth, with well turned limbs. These two "peones" seemed to be the best friends in the world, and had I not inquired as to the fact, I should have thought they were brothers; for during the whole journey, they were always ready to strike fire for each other, and perform a thousand other little friendly offices. The "capatáz" was a man of about thirty, stout, well made, and six feet high. The "peones" obeyed his orders cheerfully, but never treated him with the deference that I have seen elsewhere observed by persons similarly related. These men were a fair specimen of what is termed the "peonada," or laboring population of Chile. They were active, cheerful, and respectful, without being servile, and well calculated to be members of a free and independent republic. Those men who live as they do, are remarkable for the development of their lower limbs; it is not unusual, in some parts of the country, to say, "Don ——— tiene buena pierna"—such an one has a good leg; meaning he is a good horseman.

The summit of the Altos de Valparaiso is 1260 feet above the level of the sea.* Like all the high land round Valparaiso,

* Miers. Travels in Chile.

it is chiefly composed of blocks of decomposing feldspar, covered with a thin soil, scarcely sufficient to nourish the cactus plants, that stand on its most prominent points. The road has been cut into the solid rock in some places, with very considerable labor; it mounts, in a zig-zag line, up one side of a deep quebrada, at the bottom of which runs a pebbled brook. Though a considerable toll is levied for keeping it in repair, it is sadly out of order. Every laden mule entering into or going out of Valparaiso, pays a "medio"* ($6\frac{1}{4}$ cents). This tax is sold yearly by the government, at auction; the purchaser collects the toll, and the government engages to keep the road in good travelling condition. Yet in winter it is rarely travelled in safety; for the rains of a single night swell the streams, and, carrying off the fragile bridges, render the road impassable till the waters subside. In the winter of 1827, intercourse between Santiago and the Port was suspended, from this cause, for several days.

In about an half hour we reached the top of the hill. Here, for a moment only, we had a magnificent view. The town lay almost beneath us, the bay spread its beautiful sheet of water before the eye, and the ocean expanded away till it met the sky and disappeared. Only one small sail, like a bright speck on the blue expanse, was seen approaching the harbor.

* The coins of Chile are all of gold or silver. Banks and bank notes are unknown.

Gold.	{	Onza,	equal to	\$17 25
		Media Onza,	do.	8 62½
		Doblon,	do.	4 31¼
		Escudo,	do.	2 15½
Silver.	{	Peso,	equal to	\$1 00
		Dos reales,	do.	25
		Real,	do.	12½
		Medio,	do.	6¼
		Cuartillo,	do.	3

The dollar is rare. The small pieces are irregularly clipped, and familiarly called "cut money."

From rough, the road now became smooth; the south wind swept fresh and cool across it. Pepé untied the poncho from his middle, and thrusting his head through its centre, concealed the upper part of his figure in its drapery. Manuel cast off the trace from his saddle girth, and went away with the capatáz. Pepé put spurs, lashed his heavy whlp right and left, and made a cheering noise to the animals. They pricked up their ears; the one in the shafts set off in a rapid trot, while that on which the postillion rode advanced in a beautiful canter. Pepé sat like a part of the animal upon which he was, his poncho flapping, and the ends of the handkerchief round his head fluttering on the breeze. Quick motion is the most pleasant stimulant in the world, whether on shore or afloat. Pepé commenced a song in the nasal yet melancholy tone of the country, accompanied by the jingle of his huge spurs and the rattling of the wheels over the hard dry ground. My companion, as well as myself, during the slow ascent of the hill, had sunk back, each into his corner; he enjoyed a sort of reverie, enveloped in the smoke of a cigar which stole quietly upwards in a little blue stream from the corner of his mouth, while I watched the horses' heads as they alternately nodded up and down; for I found nothing to look at but the ascent before us. We now both roused up, and looked back at the bay and the ocean, and then forward. The country, as far as the eye could reach, was uncultivated, barren, and irregular. We saw now and then a solitary palm tree waving its beautiful green head on the breeze. Our horses, mules, and capatáz had disappeared in some of the gullies or by-roads.

This palm is very valuable, supplying a substitute for honey in a country where there are no bees. It grows from forty to fifty feet high; the limbs all spring upwards from the top, and falling over, form a graceful round head. The fruit is in every respect like the cocoa-nut, except that it is not larger than a walnut. At particular seasons the trunk is bored, and the sap, by evaporation, forms a honey, which, distilled, yields an intoxicating liquor, called "guarapé," much prized by the lower classes. The annual produce of a single tree is estimated to be worth ten dollars.

When descending the hill to Peñuelas, we overtook three large "carrétas," on their way to the capital. The carréta or cart is a most clumsy, unwieldy kind of vehicle. The wheels are about ten feet high, bound with a huge wooden tire, the fellys of which are applied in such a way that the joints fall between those of the wheel-fellys; the whole being secured with wooden pins, gives strength to the structure. The hubs are simply blocks, or rather sections of the trunk of a tree, with a hole burnt through the centre for the axle, which is never greased, because, it is said, the squeaking noise caused by the friction of the dry wood, served to waken the drowsy custom house officers, stationed on the road during the Spanish *régime*; and now the oxen have become so accustomed to the sound, that they are unwilling to move without it. The body of the cart is fourteen or fifteen feet long, by six or seven broad, covered over with an arching canopy, made of canes or wattled straw, having small square holes cut in the sides as look-out places, while the front and rear are left open. It is drawn by from four to six oxen, yoked by the horns, the first pair of which support the tongue of the carréta. The driver, or *capatáz*, wears a cone shaped hat, poncho, and a pair of bragas, sustained above the loins by a sash; they fall a little below the knee, and, being cut straight, the inner seam applies itself close to the leg, while the outer one stands afar off. The legs are bare; the feet are protected by sandals of untanned leather, or shoes made somewhat after the fashion of the mocasin of the North American Indian. He is armed with a pole, ten or twelve feet long, pointed with a nail or piece of sharp iron, with which he guides his cattle; each one of the team has a name, and if not obedient, when called, is made to feel the point of the goad.

The carrétas we came up with, were laden with bales and packages; carrying also on top, bales of straw, (not chopped, but broken by the fashion of treading out the grain by mares, instead of thrashing it), for the provender of the journey, which extends from six to ten days, according to the state of the roads. The teamsters were walking near the carrétas, guiding them down hill; to prevent a too rapid descent, a yoke of oxen was

attached, by a hide rope, to the tail of each cart. The animals understood their duties well; for they placed their feet in advance, and unwillingly yielded the ground, as they were dragged forward by the horns, thus answering all the purposes to the carréta, which a kedge anchor does to a ship moving in a tideway—that is, retard the progress.

While we were looking at the carrétas, Domingo and Manuel came up with the mules and horses. Manuel passed his “lazo” round the centre of the axle of the gig, and fastening it to his saddle girth, reined in his horse behind us, and we followed down the hill, kedging in the same style as the carrétas. When near the “ranchos,” or huts, which form the “pueblo,” or town, two or three bare headed, half naked children, ran along beside us, holding out flowers, and crying, “toma, Señores; un real”—“take (them), gentlemen; a real.” Though it was rather cool, the present of flowers was romantic enough; but the call for the real, reminded me of one of the letters of Miss Bidly Fudge:

“ This is all that’s occur’d sentimental as yet ;
 Except, indeed, some little flower nymphs we’ve met,
 Who disturb one’s romance with pecuniary views,
 Flinging flowers in your path, and then bawling for *sous!*”

The post of Peñuelas is three leagues from Valparaiso, and nine hundred and forty-one feet above the level of the sea. Here there is an inn, at which many, who ride thus far for pleasure, stop. Here we found a table spread with cold corned beef, ham, tongue, &c., and a half dozen English midshipmen, from one of the men-of-war in the harbor, amusing themselves by endeavoring to throw the “lazo.” Their frequent failures served to set off the dexterity with which our “peones” caught the horses, which were to relieve those ridden thus far. The “lazo” is a hide rope, ten or twelve yards long, with a running noose at one end, which is opened, when used, for about a yard; the coil is held in the left hand, while the right keeps the noose in a circular motion over the head; when fairly spread, it is thrown with unerring aim, and lodges over the neck of the animal to be taken. The moment the “lazo” encircles his

neck, the horse, that before was so shy as to render approaching him impossible, becomes completely docile.

Having changed horses, we again took our seats, and continued on, rising and descending hills, for three leagues, over a very irregular, barren country. This distance brought us to the Tablas or plains. The sun had sunk, and left the sky brilliant in stars and azure. The atmosphere in Chile, during the winter, is clearer than in any part of the world, and the splendor of the moonlight nights, cannot be exceeded any where.

At a short distance before us, we saw a light, and on drawing near, perceived that it proceeded from a fire in the midst of three or four carrétas, which had halted for the night. We again alighted to change horses. As far as the eye could see over the plain, we could discern no house. The fire was surrounded by the carretéros, or teamsters; some were seated on the ground, with their feet drawn up, and their hands locked in front of their knees; some were standing with arms folded; others reclined upon an elbow, gazing at the burning faggots, and others again were moving about, silently arranging the provender for the cattle. The bales of straw had been brought from the carrétas, and the oxen stood peacefully chewing the cud, having satisfied their appetite on this meagre fare. Small earthen pans, or "ollas," placed on tripods of stones, were stewing and sending forth a savory smell of garlic, and two or three pieces of "charqui," or jerked beef, were broiling on the coals. As we drew near to enjoy the benefit of the fire—for the air had grown chill as November, several dogs made a furious attack upon us, but were at once recalled by an authoritative voice; "Ay! perro, ush—perro—grandisima * * * * *!" The last superlative epithet (which would soil our page) being followed by a stone, the curs slunk away, and laid down under the carts. So soon as the uproar subsided, they said, "pasan ustedes adelante, Señores; hace frio"—pass forward, gentlemen, it is cold." We found comfortable seats on the tongue of one of the carrétas, at once lighted our cigars, and took part in the conversation. These "peones" were lamenting the want of rain, and drew a most gloomy picture of the state of the country. "The flocks and herds," said they, "are perishing in every

direction, for want of fodder—our mules and oxen are growing leaner and leaner every day—straw is dear, and we must lay up for the season, to give our cattle an opportunity to fatten!”

The glare from the fire presented the group in strong relief; their brown ponchos and bragas, sun-burnt faces, and bare legs, gave them a wild appearance, that might have induced one to mistake the scene for a bivouac of banditti.

In a few minutes, our capatáz cried, “ya estamos, Señores” —we are ready, Sirs. We again mounted, and, having first rolled our cloaks around us, each settled into his own corner. As it was growing late, Manuel hitched his beast on the right; and while the horse in the shafts trotted at a rapid rate, those under the saddle went at a hand gallop. The road was now hard, smooth, and perfectly level. By the light of the stars, we could perceive that the capatáz kept the relief horses and mules trotting on ahead. For the greater part of the way, Pepé and Manuel relieved each other in low, plaintive ditties, which were unintelligible to us on account of the rattling of the wheels, the pattering of hoofs, and the jingle of spurs. Whenever we passed a bivouac, such as above described, Manuel always hailed with the greatest good humor, and was always answered in some gay saying.

In this manner we rode four leagues, which brought us to the “pueblo” of Casablanca, through the street of which we drove at a round rate, amidst the uproar of barking dogs. As we passed the houses, we saw, through the wide-open doors, by the dim light of a tallow candle burning in each, the figures of men and women rolled in ponchos and shawls, sauntering about the rooms. Not an individual was induced by curiosity to come to the street to gape at our noisy party, as, I think, would have been the case in the small villages of some of the “Immortal States.”

A little after eight o'clock we alighted in the court yard of a “posáda,” or tavern, kept by an Italian named Feroni, which has the reputation of being the best in the place. Feroni was a polite, tall, well made man, with an aquiline nose, black whiskers, and large black eyes. His language was a sort of jumble of Italian and Spanish, with an occasional dash of

French. He ushered us into a travellers' room on one side of an inner "patio" or court, where we found three gentlemen *voyageurs*. One a huge Frenchman, as corpulent as Daniel Lambert was wont to be represented on our copy-books, in by-gone days; another was a tall, almost bone-bare Spaniard, with an immense nose and a squeaking voice, and the third, a young Chileno of pleasing manners. An oblong table stood in the centre of the room, leaving space on each side for chairs, and servants to pass, covered with a cloth, stained with red wine, and scattered with crumbs, informing us that the party had just supped. At one end of the apartment stood a long settee, which filled the space between the side walls; at the other was the entrance, and a small table with glasses and bottles.

The Frenchman sat at one end of the settee, picking his teeth with a fork, while the old Spaniard lolled at the other, smoking an "hoja" cigar; both were listening to the little Chileno, who was walking up and down, puffing at intervals, when we entered. The party saluted us very politely, asked us to be seated, and then the Chileno continued his recital. Feroni inquired, "Cavalière, que quicren ustedes cenar?"—meaning, Gentlemen, on what will you sup? Having ascertained our wishes on that head, he retired, and brought in a large copper pan of well burnt charcoal, which was quite welcome to our benumbed fingers and toes.

After the fire had infused a little suppleness into my limbs, I walked forth to survey the premises while our supper was preparing. The house is one story high, built around a "patio" or court yard, into which open several small sleeping rooms, the travellers' room, a passage to the kitchen, and another to the stable yard. Two small rooms in front are occupied by Feroni, Madam Feroni, and all the little Feronis. I found the family seated on mats around a "brazéro" of coals prattling, while the mother, squatted on the ground, was sewing by the light of a tallow candle supported on a very low table before her. The children, though barefoot, were otherwise warmly clothed. The furniture of the room was complete in a few old stamped leather back chairs, and a bed which seemed

to be the common receptacle for cast off ponchos, shawls, caps, &c. To the right of this family apartment was another, of about the same dimensions, in which Feroni had a small dirty table, with pen, ink, and paper. In one corner was a bed, in another a half dozen skins of butter, and over head a quantity of Bologna sausages, of no mean excellence, were hanging from the naked beams. This, it will be seen, was the office or sanctum of our Boniface.

In Chile, butter is packed in sheep skins with the wool side out, and would be very good, in spite of appearances, were it not so much salted. The operation of churning is performed by a donkey; the cream is put into large gourds or dry skins, placed on his back, and then the animal is kept trotting round the yard till the butter is made. In this art they seem not to have advanced a single step since its discovery; for we are told, that a countryman somewhere lost a large jug of cream by carrying it for a distance on a hard trotting horse, which accident led to the important invention of churns and butter. A friend told me, that he had presented, some years ago, a Yankee churn to a family residing near the capital, and taught them to use it. So long as it was a novelty they were pleased, but at the end of a few weeks they decided that the donkey made butter just as well, and consequently threw it aside!

Casablanca is situated in the midst of a vast plain, which is well irrigated, and produces quantities of wheat, butter, cheese, apples, peaches, pears, &c. It is ten leagues from Valparaiso, and consists of two long streets which meet at right angles; in the elbow thus formed stand the church and the curate's dwelling, which opens on a grass plot in front. The houses are mostly one story high, built of "adobes" or sun-dried bricks, and roofed with red tiles. The population does not exceed one thousand souls.

Half an hour after our arrival, Feroni announced supper, which consisted of roasted lamb, eggs, tea, bread, and excellent butter. The bread in Chile is made with a small addition of lard or "graza," and a little anise to give it flavor. The wheat and flour of Chile are remarkably excellent; when manufactured by French bakers, it is equal in sweetness and nutri-

tive qualities to any bread I have ever tasted. It is generally made in the form of small rolls.

Soon after ending our meal we retired to our respective sleeping apartments. Mine was furnished with a mattress, spread upon a platform of reeds placed side by side, raised two feet from the ground, and covered by a coarse "petaté" or mat. A wash-stand stood under a vile distorter of personal beauty—a Chinese mirror about a foot square.—I found consolation, however, soon after, being buried up to the chin in Feroni's clean bed.

At daylight, according to direction, the capatáz knocked at the door, and holding a lantern up to the window, cried, "Señor, arriba, arriba!"—up, up, Sir! Feroni had prepared tea for us, which was a comfort of a cold morning, and in which the big Frenchman joined us. Then, settling himself alone in his gig, rolled in a large blue cloak, tying a comforter around his neck, burying his chin in its folds, placing a little fur cap on his head, well drawn down in front, leaving no part of his face uncovered, (for his eyes were defended by a pair of spectacles), off he drove before us. We took our seats, almost as well defended as the Frenchman, and followed. As we dashed out of the gate, our wheels broke through a sheet of ice nearly an inch thick. The sun had not yet risen above the mountains which encircle the plain; the air was calm and piercing; the sky was clear blue, and a star still lingered in sight. Our road lay before us in one long, straight line, of three leagues and a half, to the Cuésta de Zapáta. The hedges on either hand were dry, and the trees every where leafless.

At the foot of the Cuésta are a number of Algarrobo and Quillai trees. Here Manuel hitched his horse to the gig, and we ascended the zigzag road of the Cuésta, three horses abreast. Its highest point is 1850 feet* above the level of the sea. When we reached it, we looked back upon the road we had just passed, which appeared like a single white line stretched across the plain. Here we felt, for the first time that morning, the cheering influence of the sun's rays, which thawed our silence

* Miers.

(till then uninterrupted) into conversation; even the big Frenchman looked out round the side of his gig top, and cried "c'est un joli matin!" Manuel again passed his "lazo" around the axle, and we again kedged down after the Frenchman. About ten o'clock we stopped at an inn situated at the foot of the Cuésta, in a vale called El cajon de Zapáta, where we changed horses, and again moved on. The country is level, and cultivated, till it reaches an immense hill, or rather mountain, that surrounds the plain, forming it into a great basin.

About one o'clock we halted at Bustamente, which is 1773 feet above the level of the sea, and seven leagues from Santiago. Here we stopped to breakfast. The posáda is a one story building, surrounding three sides of a court or square, having a low corridor, in rather a decayed condition, running round it. We found every thing very comfortable and clean—at least for a high road in Chile.

They gave us for breakfast the universal "casuélo," and a roasted "loma," with tea and chocolate. The "casuélo" consists of boiled chicken, potatoes, onions, carrots, tomatoes and eggs; the whole being well seasoned with grease, aji, (a species of *capsicum*,) and a little garlic. The grease and aji are browned in an "olla," and poured over the dish just at the moment it is served up. In spite of its incongruous materials, to a hungry stomach this mixture is far from being despicable. The "loma" is the tender loin of the bullock, dissected out entire, and roasted on the coals, and is an exceedingly precious morsel.

In proportion as our appetites succumbed to the good things placed before us, the Frenchman grew communicative. He was the principal of a fashionable female school, and, about ten days previously, had lost his wife in her *accouchement*. He lamented her loss, and expatiated on her virtues, "because," said he, "I have been casting my eyes amongst the Chilénas, but I am unable to find one who can supply her place in the seminary!" Three weeks after this he was married. So much for the conjugal love of a Frenchman!

We again mounted, and were soon ascending the great Cuésta del Prado, which rises 2543 feet above the level of the sea.

On one side, this road, which has been termed the Simplon of America, has twenty-eight turns. It winds, zigzag, over a kind of round mountain spur, far into the deep and almost perpendicular quebrádas, which are on either side. In these, though the sun had passed the meridian, white frost still hung on the leafless shrubbery, and the little puddles on the road were still covered with ice. This road, though good as it can well be made, is dangerous; carriages have been hurled from the top into the quebráda below, and it is needless to say what was their fate! The passage of the Cuésta de Zapáta is equally dangerous, similar accidents having occurred upon it.

When at the top, the most splendid scene imaginable broke upon the view. The sky was cloudless, the atmosphere was clear, and the azure heavens seemed transparent. The Cordilleras of the Sierra Nevada stood, in a mighty chain, before us, rearing their summits 18,000 feet towards the blue vault. The fleecy snows—the accumulation of ages—hung like a bright mantle over its rocks and cliffs, falling gracefully into the profound gorges and deep glens, like the folds of a rich drapery. At the base, the capital was perceived, but its towers and fanes sank into insignificance in presence of the stupendous mountain! To the right, the stream of Mapocho stole glittering over the vega; the Maypo called up the glorious struggle which decided the fate of Chile to be onward in the march of independence; and imagination arrayed the field with charging cavalry and flying squadrons, and the ears rang with the exulting shouts of victory! To the left, Colina appeared like a bright speck upon the plain, and in every direction were sprinkled “chácaras” and “haciendas,” teeming with the labors of peace! Conforming with the magnificence of the scene, mammoth-like condors proudly sailed, between us and the sky, towards their eyries in the cold bosom of the Andes!

Admiration was spell bound! We were awe-struck by the grandeur of the mighty works of nature before us, and exclaiming, “How wonderfully sublime!” gazed on in silence.

“ Ah me! what hand can pencil guide, or pen,
To follow half on which the eye dilates,
Through views more dazzling unto mortal ken,

Than those whereof such things the bard relates,
Who to the awe-struck world unlock'd Elysium's gates ?”*

As before, we kedged down the cuésta, always looking at the scene before us, when not prevented by winding far into the quebráda ; indeed it seemed impossible to take the eye from it. Having passed the cuésta, the road became level, and we drove rapidly. The sun had ceased to cast his rays on the glittering mountain, and the curtain of night began to darken the vega ; but the rosy tint of the snow, and the glowing sky above, still remained when we arrived at the entrance of the city.

The view of the Andes, which absorbed our whole attention during the afternoon, leading the mind into a thousand speculations, left us, when the day closed, with feelings elevated far above the ordinary concerns of life. But at the entrance of the city, all that elevation was dashed down, and the mind forced into a new channel. The officers of the customs, stationed at the outskirts of the capital, stopped us. Two long lank fellows, with broad brimmed straw hats, tied under the chin, the brim floating free, and long, dark colored ponchos, made their appearance. One held a dirty tallow candle in one hand, and bent the long lean fingers of the other round the flame, to defend it from the air, at the same time endeavoring to look over the light, for the glare prevented him from seeing any thing. They first advanced upon the Frenchman, whom, after much grumbling on his part, they forced to dismount. A man of his dimensions is generally good natured, but he did not rise willingly from a seat in which he had been settled for two hours. As he stepped cautiously to the ground, a deep groan, *ab imo pectore*, escaped slowly from his lips, infusing itself into the

* The battle of Maypo, which fixed the destinies of Chile, was fought on the 5th of April, 1818. The royalist army was 6,000 strong, and that of the patriots 6,500, including 1,000 militia. The victory was complete. About 2,000 royalists were slain, and 3,500 were made prisoners. The patriot loss was 1,000 in killed and wounded.

Previous to this brilliant victory, Chile had been depressed by the disastrous affair at Cancha Rayada, but so great was the excitement and joy on the reception of the news from Maypo, that several persons irrevocably lost their reason ! See *Memoirs of General Miller*, vol. 1. London, 1828.

word *sacre*, pronounced in a tone vividly descriptive of the feelings of his inward man. Notwithstanding, the officers carefully searched the gig, and found a small box directed to the French Consul at Santiago. The French Dominic plead in vain. It was against the law to carry sealed letters or packages; this was therefore a prize. Finding remonstrance useless, he again took his seat and drove off, breathing, as long as we could hear him, a mountain of French curses on "*les coquins*."

Our turn came next. Without ceremony, they very imperatively saluted us with, "get out of the gig, and let us see what it contains." Having seen the fruitless effects of remonstrance, in the case of our companion of the road, we thought ready compliance might at least procure us politeness. We therefore alighted. My *compagnon de voyage* had brought with him a pound of snuff for an old gentleman in the country, and a box of cigars for himself; and for which he had a "guia" or permit from the custom house at Valparaiso. One of these vigilant officers had mounted and already opened the gig box, when the "guia" was presented to him. The candle bearer drew near and stood in front of the wheel, leaning into the vehicle, while the other seated himself, and stretching the paper between his hands, leaned forward to the light which was now held before it. Both began reading and spelling the permit, commencing, "Puerto y Ciudad de Valparaiso y veinte cinco de Mayo." Every word was carefully read or spelled, their heads turning from side to side as their eyes followed the lines. When they had finished the perusal, the snuff and cigars were duly examined, to make sure that no more than the quantities named in the permit had been brought. At length, being satisfied that the gig contained nothing contraband, the capatáz was ordered to unload the mules of our trunks. While this was doing, he who seemed to be superior drew forth a pocket box of coarsely powdered tobacco, and having very leisurely prepared an "hoja," cigar, commenced smoking. The trunks were opened in the middle of the road. Not an article escaped minute examination; every shirt was spread out, and even the coat pockets looked into. All this was conducted with the greatest deliberation, with a view, no doubt, as my friend sug-

gested, of obtaining some trifling *douceur*, which he was unwilling to bestow, "because such a practice encourages dishonesty." To their surprise, our patience was as indefatigable as their own; and at last they said we might proceed, apologizing, however, before we parted, for their minute search, telling us, that they had found, only a few days since, a lot of smuggled ribbons concealed in a lady's soiled dress, which they brought to light from the top of her maid's trunk!

All this might have been avoided by slipping a few reals into the hands of these faithful public servants, but my companion was anxious for satisfaction in another way; whether he ever obtained it I am unable to state.

After the trunks were locked—not without difficulty, however—and placed again on the mules' backs, we rattled through the streets to the Fonda Inglesa, right glad to get to our journey's end. Here we were doomed to meet disappointment; all the rooms were full. But, fortunately, after a little inquiry, we found furnished lodgings at La Fonda de la Constitucion, nearly opposite, but no table, so that we slept in the one house and eat in the other.

Barometrical Observations made between Valparaiso and Santiago, in the months of October and November, 1819, by JOHN MIERS.

Height of Barometer in inches.	Degree of Thermometer.		Stations.	Calculated heights above the level of the sea.	Estimated heights.
	Attached.	Detached.			
30.002	59	57	Valparaiso, in a house,	30	—
28.683	68	57	Summit, Alto de Valparaiso,	1260	1260
29.023	62	60	Post House, Peñuelas,	941	941
29.185	57	56	Casablanca,	745	745
28.972	52	51	Vinilla,	893	917
26.892	42	39	Ditto,	942	
27.991	51	45	Summit, Cuésta de Zapáta,	1850	1850
28.355	62	61	Curicavi,	1560	1560
27.4	75	62	Summit, Cuésta del Prado,	2543	2543
28.184	72	65	Post house, Prado,	1773	1773
28.235	55	56	Santiago de Chile,	1665	1691
28.188	62	65	Ditto,	1727	

CHAPTER IV.

Fonda Inglésa and inmates—Fonda del Comercio and Fonda de la Nacion—Site of Santiago—Description of the city—Its founding—Plaza—Shops—Book stores—Dead bodies exposed before the prison early in the morning—Siésta—Shopping at night—Ladies—Costume.

THE Fonda Inglésa, or English Inn at Santiago, which is one story high, built round a patio, affords but miserable accommodations; the rooms are contracted, dirty, and dark. The domestic *regime* of the Fonda reflects but little credit upon its executive, Don Guillermo, as the landlord is named. He is a Scotsman, aged perhaps forty-five, with a Burgundy face, and stooping shoulders, and may be seen at all times rolled up in a drab lion-skin coat, with mother of pearl buttons, gazing on the billiard table, silently smoking a cigar.

The billiard room is filled for two or three hours every night, with the fashionable young Chilénos, who play till eight or nine o'clock, when they depart to some tertúlia. Amongst them were several who had just returned from Europe, whither they had been sent for improvement in morals; they dress in all the extravagance of Parisian fashion, and amuse themselves by ridiculing the priesthood of their own country, and disseminating the Deistical and Atheistical principles acquired abroad. The only advantage gained by their visit to Paris, is the acquisition of the French language, which they speak fluently. To an intellectual young Chiléno, I expressed a surprise that they did not embark on a political career in Chile, or at least do something to show the value of a visit to the old world. "These young men," replied my friend, "were so depraved in mind and heart, that their parents sent them away in hopes of reforming them; the success of the experiment may be seen by any one."

Every day, about a dozen gentlemen resorted to the *table d'hôte*. At one end sat a Buenosayrean, (by profession a law-

yer and talking politician,) who, having been in England, spoke English well and rapidly. For some reason or other he was dubbed Sir James Mackintosh! The opposite end was occupied by a man who called himself English or American, as occasion suited. He had been master of a merchant vessel, but through misfortune, or something worse, was sold out. Having lost his money, as well as his character, with his vessel, he at once called into requisition his talent for drawing, and in a very short time gained considerable reputation as a miniature painter. Ambitious in his new art, he quickly took to portraits, and in the opinion of the Chilian public, painted *à la merveille*. How frequently did he exclaim, "what an ass I have been to waste my time on miniatures at two 'onzas' a piece, while I get six for a portrait! My dear Sir, these stupid people judge of the excellence of a picture only by its size!" This gentleman's pursuits had gained for him the cognomen of Sir Thomas Lawrence. This Sir Thomas was a strange compound. He frequently held a colloquy with a large water dog while he fed him. On such occasions he would exclaim, "poor Pompey!—they say you have no soul—the rascals are not content to live three times as long as any other animal, but after that they must be immortal—and then, d——n them, they keep their immortality to themselves, and shut out all other animals of this world; but, Pompey, 'tis vanity; for their clay will be as senseless as your own." To all of which Pompey replied by sagaciously wagging his tail, and looking grateful for the morsels of meat and consolation bestowed upon him. One day, while I was in his room, a party of young ladies came to look at a portrait of an old aunt, who still flourished at *tertúliás*. Sir Thomas had invited them to suggest any improvements, and point out any faults that might be apparent in the picture, which represented a smiling countenance, in which time had been making his marks for five-and-forty years. The cap and ribbons were about half finished. Sir Thomas seated the ladies at a proper distance, and placed the picture in the most advantageous light, at the same time asking after the kind lady's health, and making a thousand trifling queries, accompanied with smiles and grimaces intended to be cheerful. Then tak-

ing his stand beside the ladies, left foot in advance, left thumb in the arm hole of his vest, and his bottle-green frock thrown back ; while the right hand, by turns, pointed to the picture and stroked his long visage between the fingers and thumb, dropping the lower jaw as they reached his chin, he thus discoursed—“ Well, ladies, there’s a likeness for you—the mouth almost as rich as *yours*, Doña Panchita—(this was said with a bow)—and the eye still retains its fire ; it must have been, when young, like *yours*, Doña Maria ;—(another bow)—then the cheek, pale to be sure, possesses a “ no sé que ” that I admire. What a pity that time should take away the young bloom from so fine a face ! Now, when I look again, I think, Doña Carmenécita, the cap is rather high, and the bow of ribbon on the left side is *rather* too blue—very little though ;—dont you think so, Doña Rosíta ? ”

“ Quien sabe ! ” replied the laughing girl.

“ You are right, ladies, ” continued Sir Thomas, “ the cap is too high, and the ribbon a very little too blue ; the ladies, for taste in such matters, after all. ” The ladies really thought, as Sir Thomas wished, that they had suggested the faults in the cap and ribbons ; and agreed with him in every other respect. Like one of experience and tact in the world, he at once drew their attention to the miniatures of some young beaux, and then to some prints, keeping up their admiration to the last ; and on taking leave, assured them, in a low tone, that their aunt’s portrait was his master-piece, and by no means a flattering likeness ! ”

But to return to our *table d’hôte* ; a broken down English gentleman, much given to playing dice ; a young Scotchman, gay in spite of misfortune, with an eye as bright and blue as the bonnet of velvet he wore on one side of his head ; a dumpling looking Englishman, who d——d his eyes if ever he had seen such toast, or such a set of ignorant, penurious rascals as were the officers of the Chilian government—because they would not pay him a sum of money, one-third of which was more than he could justly claim. These, with several others, whom I cannot characterize, usually filled the table ; they were

indeed just such a set of cigar-smoking, chitty-chatty fellows as one might expect to meet with at such an inn.

Only one of the sojourners have I omitted. He was secretary to the M—x—n Legation, and, in the absence of the minister, felt himself elevated almost to a level with his patron, though nobody in the house would concur with him; therefore he treated them all with dignity. He eat his meals in silence, curled his lip, and wiped his knife and spoon on a cambric pocket handkerchief before he began. Poor fellow! the ridicule of his fellow boarders drove him to housekeeping, and I am told, he keeps no company, because he thinks no one can appreciate his talents.

A tall, big nosed, rosy checked, spectacled Frenchman sometimes took a seat among us; he was remarkable for swallowing immense quantities of lettuce and claret, for cleaning his nails on his plate with a fork, and lolling back to pick his teeth, between the courses, with the same instrument.

It is true, these are not of Chilian growth, but I look upon them as amongst the curiosities that a North American may meet with in travelling, and as such, (never having seen the like at home) I have sketched them. I do not believe that such a company, and such a dirty hotel, with such an inert landlord, can be found in any part of our country. Although I am by no means very nice or scrupulous in trifling matters, I could not endure the Fonda Inglésa longer than three days, and therefore adopted the plan of those Chilians who visit Santiago on business. They hire a furnished room or rooms, and either walk to one of the cafés for their meals, or have them brought to their lodgings. I took the former plan, and resorted to a café, which is adjoining to the cathedral, where I found a card as long as Verry's, from which to select. Every thing was new, neat, and very clean. The building was formerly the palace of the bishop of Chile, and of course extensive. It encloses two or three courts, and has a hall for the reception of ladies, handsomely furnished with carpets, sofas, mirrors, lustres, and a piano. In the summer, after a promenade in the *alaméda*, it is a fashionable resort to eat ices and confectionary. From twelve to three o'clock daily, this café is visited by a

great number of business men of the city as well as strangers. The strangest mixture of people congregates here. The gay youth sips his chocolate or coffee with "bizcochuelo" or cake, beside the tonsured friar, regaling himself on a mutton chop and a bottle of claret. The countenances of some are severe and business like; some light and careless, and others, dignified but mild. Parties of two, or three, or four, scattered over the long hall, around small tables, contrast with each other; some are talking in low tones, others are disputatious, others jocular, and others, again, only argumentative. Such is El Café del Comercio. Nearly opposite to it is another, called El Café de la Nacion, which is not so much frequented. Both are furnished with billiard tables. That game is as necessary to the happiness of a Chileno, and in fact to every man with Spanish blood in his veins, as eating or smoking cigars.

Having established myself as comfortably as circumstances would allow, I at once commenced visiting and examining the few "lions" contained in the Chilian capital.

The plain on which Santiago stands, extends about forty miles north and south, and fifteen east and west, being shut in on one side by the Andes, and on the other by Cuésta del Prado and the continuous hills. On the south it is bounded by the river Mayo, and on the north by the high hills beyond Colina.

One of the most interesting coincidences within my knowledge is, that all the colonies of Europe bear a striking resemblance, in the features of the soil and landscape, to the mother country from which they respectively sprang. Who does not perceive the likeness between Portugal and Brazil? No one can gaze from the summit of the Cuésta del Prado, upon the vega on which stands Santiago, without recurring to Granada, and a busy fancy may easily compare St. Lucia with the rock of the Alhambra, and going back to the early ages, see in the Araucanian and Spanish heroes in Chile, a repetition of the Castellians and Moors. The variety of arid plains, fertile valleys, and snowy mountains, in the Spanish part of South America, Mexico, Colombia, Peru, and Chile, produces a scenery strikingly like that of Spain, though the portrait is colossal in its dimensions. To carry out the comparison, is not the face

of the northern section of the United States something like that of England? Now, it is not strange, that Chile and Peru should resemble Spain, but that the countries of Europe should discover and settle lands similar to their own, is certainly remarkable!

The city is laid out in regular squares of four hundred and eight feet on each side, separated by streets forty-two feet broad, and of course, crossing each other at right angles. Their direction is nearly east and west, and north and south. They are paved with round pebbles, and have a *trottoir* of wrought flag stones on one side. Gutters are left in the centre, through which, during part of the day, flow streams of water from the river Mapocho, which passes the city on its north and western sides. These streams are useful in washing away the filth of the city, which is perhaps the cleanest in South America. The Mapocho also affords to the citizens the luxury of private and public baths.

The architecture of the private dwellings, as well as that of the public buildings, is of the Moorish style. The houses are one and two stories high, built of "adobes," whitewashed outside, and roofed with red tiles. Although the winter is cool, and snow is occasionally seen in the streets, very few houses, even of the best kind, have chimneys or hearths; the rooms being warmed by "brazeros" of charcoal. The windows opening into the patio, are secured on the outside with ornamental "rejas" or iron gratings, which are sometimes gilt, and closed on the inside by glazed sashes of tin. The small houses that open directly on the street, are closed by a double door, with a grated wicket about a foot square, in the upper part of one half of it, which is the only window in the dwelling. The best houses in Santiago, have been constructed by carpenters from the United States; and in some cases, owing to the scarcity of suitable wood, the windows and doors, and a great part of the frame, already manufactured, have been imported from our country.

The style of architecture, leaves two small rooms on each side of the "puertacalle," or great entrance, originally designed for porter's lodge and servant's room; but now, we find some

of the finest dwellings disfigured by having these apartments rented for "pulperías," (dram-shops,) or for cobbler's stalls, where may be seen the disciple of St. Crispin, hammering at his last, and his sluttish wife employed at her needle, while a half dozen squalid, squalling brats are sprawling over the floor in filth and dirt. Whether this proceeds from carelessness of appearances, or from the desire of increasing revenue, I will not decide, though I am strongly inclined to the latter supposition.

The city of Santiago was founded on the 24th of February, 1541, by Captain Pedro de Valdivia, and then called "SANTIAGO DE LA NUEVA ESTREMADURA."* On the outskirts of the city there is a small house, sunk below the level of the street, said to be that occupied by the founder; with what truth, however, I must leave to antiquarians to discover.

The plaza is nearly in the centre of the city, and occupies an entire square. On the north-western side are the presidential mansion, the palace of the government, the prison, and the courts of justice; forming altogether a fine white building, before the several doors of which sentries are always on post. On the south-western side stand the cathedral, and the old palace of the bishop of Chile, now occupied as the Café del Comercio. The cathedral is but half finished, though it was commenced more than sixty years since. It is in the Moorish style, and is the only stone building in the capital; all the others being of "adobes," whitewashed. The south-eastern side of the square, is a "portál" or portico, occupied below by drygood shops, and above, by private residences. On the north-eastern side are the Café de la Nacion, and a number of "tiendas" or shops, which are closed by rough doors, secured on the outside, when the shop keepers are abroad, by great padlocks of a coarse fabric.

At the eastern side of the city, is a high conical hill of granite, called Santa Lucia, upon which are a fortress, a barrack, and a powder magazine. The fortress was built by the Spaniards, not very long after the foundation; it completely com-

* Herrera. *História de las Indias Occidentales.*

mands the city, and was probably erected to check rebellion and internal commotions. From the top of this hill, the city and the vicinity are spread out like a map at the feet of the beholder, presenting to him the streets, and the surrounding villas and gardens, at a single *coup d'œil*. Almost every house has a garden attached to it. From this cause the city extends over much more ground than an equal population (not exceeding forty thousand,) would require in our country.

The plaza, in Spanish towns, is always a busy spot. The fountain in the centre is constantly visited by the "aguadóres," filling and carrying away water; the small retail shops surrounding the square, filled with a variety of articles, (for trade has not yet become sub-divided into branches, as in the large cities of Europe and the United States,) attract many purchasers; along the *trottoir* are sprinkled baskets of various produce; horsemen in ponchos and straw hats, are dashing across the plaza, and every variety of vehicle, from the quick-moving coach and four, through the grades of "calésa," and gig, to the lumbering carréta, may be seen pursuing their respective routes.

Almost every shop has on its shelves a few books, consisting chiefly of French translations and ecclesiastical works. There is no book store in the place; the largest collection is displayed amidst hardware and cutlery. Although so very popular, I was unable to procure a copy of Don Quixote in the city.

Early in the morning, at the prison door, may be seen, almost every day, one or two dead bodies, stretched out upon the stones, with a plate upon the breast, to collect alms for their interment. These are the result of the horrid practice of deciding personal disputes amongst the lower orders by having recourse to the murderous knife, instead of the more rational and innocent plan of John Bull's descendants, of bruising each other with the weapons nature gave them—their fists. At the "pulperías," where the "peones" resort at night, to drink "chicha" and "aguardiente" (brandy), and sing and dance to the sound of harp and guitar, disputes frequently arise when the brain becomes heated by strong drink. Then the poncho is rolled around the left arm, to be used as a shield, and the

knife, constantly worn at the back, is seized in the right hand, and the antagonists are encircled by a ring of by-standers, to see what gentlemen of "the science of defence" have been pleased to term *fair play*. The dexterity in the use of the weapon, which they manage like a rapier, in the lunge and garde, is truly surprising. The attack is fierce on both sides. Death of one of the parties, or severe wounds, are the certain consequence of such rencontres; hence it is, that foreigners are under the impression that assassination is a common crime amongst Chilénos. Yet, the practice, having strict regard to the term, can hardly be said to be frequent; for we should hardly say that a man is assassinated, who falls by an unlucky blow in a fist fight.

After two o'clock, until near sunset, the plaza is almost deserted, the shops are closed, and every body is enjoying the *siesta*. About six o'clock all is again awake, the shops are open, and the square is crowded with ladies, shopping, or passing to and from the *Alaméda*. They walk unattended by gentlemen, with the head uncovered, except occasionally by a veil *à la Madonna*, and the hair ornamented with natural flowers. This custom gives them a degree of independence, not enjoyed by the ladies in the United States; nor are they ever insulted by being impertinently accosted.

CHAPTER V.

Tajamar—Military Academy—Militia System—San Lúnes—Alaméda—An evening visit—Card playing—National Institute—Schools—Sociedad Filarmonica—Otavario—Procession—Praying for rain—State of medicine and pharmacy.

ALONG the bank of the river Mapocho is built a wall, about six feet high and four feet broad, with a walk on the top, paved with small pebbles, and a parapet next to the water. At convenient distances are steps from the ground, made of stone.

From its offering a barrier to the waters of the river during freshets, it is termed the "Tajamar," or breakwater ; and is a fashionable promenade of a Sunday afternoon, for ladies and gentlemen, rich and poor. The whole world walk on the top of the wall, or rest on the parapet, gazing at the pomp and grandeur of the scenery, or at the passing multitude. The river is seen, split into several channels by beds of gravel, brawling in its course from the lofty Cordilleras, and disappearing under a stone bridge of several arches, which leads from the city to a suburb called La Canadilla. When the glow of sunset tinges the eternal snows of the mountains, and the hills on the opposite side of the river begin to grow dark in approaching twilight, the scene is grand beyond description. The plain upon which the city stands is so high that the atmosphere refracts the light in such a manner as to deceive the eye in estimating distance. One feels tempted to stretch out the hand from the street, and place it against the side of the mountains ; yet they are twenty miles distant !

In the neighborhood of the Tajamar, are the cockpit and ball alley, where gentlemen play at the game of "fives." Both places are crowded on Sundays and festivals, by the young gentlemen of the city.

Monday being a military day, I visited the military academy, lately established in this city. It contains at present eighty cadets, who are taught every thing pertaining to the profession of arms, by professors, who are either Frenchmen or Englishmen. The pupils are designed for officers of the army and militia, which is established on a plan well adapted to instruct the whole male population of the country in the use of arms. The men are armed and exercised every Monday afternoon, in companies and regiments, in the ALAMEDA DE LA CAÑADA. As the shopkeepers are prohibited from opening their shops on that afternoon, till after the parade be over, the day is facetiously termed "San Lúnes," or Saint Monday. The same plan is established in every town and village throughout the country. The review draws crowds of ladies to witness the evolutions, and some to see the young beaux in gay uniforms, strutting before their men, whose dark Indian visages contrast

strongly with their entirely white dress. They are a stout and brave race; and from their constant habit of sleeping in the open air, and faring hardly, make excellent soldiers.

There are several fine military bands, which add much to the display. It is in the Alameda that the whole beauty and fashion of Chile may be seen strolling along the shady walks in gay attire, on fine afternoons; in fact I have never seen any where so many good looking women as in the Alameda, on a Sunday, in the summer, just before sunset. The Alameda is about a mile long, and one hundred feet wide, planted with double rows of poplar trees, having streams of water running between them, and white stone seats, in their shade, at convenient distances. It is the finest promenade in South America, and is kept in excellent order. Every evening in the summer it is a place of general resort. Gentlemen enjoy the "eigarríto," and ladies *bons-bons* and trifles beneath the trees. Boys manifest their early propensities for gambling, by placing two chips or two pieces of water melon in the stream, and stake small sums upon which will beat in the race, running along the edge, shouting and laughing, as they keep way with the objects of their interest.

On a Sunday evening I visited an elderly lady of the *haut ton* of Santiago. The house of Doña Xaviéra is a large one, and resembles most of the fashionable mansions of the city. It is one story high, with a great "puertacalle" opening from the street into a large patio, paved with small pebbles, in such a manner as to give it the appearance of being tessellated. Sleeping rooms look into it from right and left, while the side parallel with the street, and farthest from it, is taken up by the "Sala" and "Cuádra"—hall and drawing room. The "Cuádra" is a large apartment, with a high ceiling, separated from the "Sala" by a glass partition, constructed of large panes, the edges of which lap over each other, instead of being secured in a sash. The furniture of the cuádra is remarkable for the abundance of chairs and sofas, ranged in two confronting lines. There are two mirrors on the same side of the wall, with a table beneath each, having "guardabrísas," or candle-shades upon them, far too costly and beautiful to guard from

the air the indifferently clean tallow candles burning in them. Spermaceti candles are only used on special occasions, and lamps are seldom seen.

The sala is quite as large as the cuádra itself, but furnished in a less expensive style. It is the apartment where the family ordinarily sit, and receive familiar friends. I passed through the sala, and as I made my way to the cuádra, perceived through the partition that it was filled with company. Two card tables were spread out; at one of which a party was playing at "malilla"—a fashionable game at cards—and at the other was Doña Paulita, the only daughter of Doña Xaviéra, and opposite to her a Canónigo. On his left Doña Jesusita, a cousin of Doña Paulita, and opposite to her Don Manuel, an intimate of the family. They were laughing over a simple game, called "tenderéte." A young gentleman was seated at the piano, playing a quadrille, while several were standing in the centre of the room, talking, and smoking "hojítas." A large, good natured, greasy looking friar, sat chatting with a toothless lady, near the table of the young people; such was the aspect when I entered. The music ceased; not on account of deference, but because their visiter was an old acquaintance, who had the credit of having saved the life of Doña Paulita's uncle. After the usual salutation, the card players continued their games; but the young gentlemen exerted themselves for my entertainment. I drew a chair near Doña Paulita, and seated myself to observe the game, and enjoy the humor and wit that were flowing from the good Canónigo. He possessed an intelligent countenance, keen black eyes, and silky black hair, and was not more than thirty-five years of age. His fine figure was displayed in a single breasted frock coat, with standing collar, buttoned to the throat. His tonsure was neat, and, upon the whole, he was the handsomest, as well as the tidiest priest I remember to have met in South America. The game of "tenderéte" was soon changed for another, called "brisca," which is something like whist; instead, however, of counting tricks, the face cards count ten, and whichever side takes most, wins. Moreover, the players are allowed to trump or not, as they may deem most advantageous. Don Manuel very politely offered to resign his

seat to me, but I preferred sitting near Doña Paulita,* even had I been previously initiated into the mysteries of "brisca." The Canónigo established the forfeit to be, that whoever lost, should be obliged to make a number of faces and grimaces for the diversion of the company. He was the first to lose, and paid in some very droll and whimsical changes of countenance, which would have been creditable even to a man of lighter profession than that of a Catholic priest. As mirth and amusement were the object of the game, this mode of gambling, without diminishing the weight of the purse, did less injury to the better feelings of the heart, than betting gold, while it ensured a hearty laugh, both to winners and losers.

After some time, Doña Paulita said, "you did not come to dine to day. We waited from four till near six o'clock"—

"Yes," interrupted the canónigo, "the second course was eaten by candle light, and what was worse, nearly cold!"

I was surprised to learn that I had been expected. I had received, the day before, an invitation to walk in the Alameda after dinner, but I did not go, in consequence of the afternoon being disagreeably cold and rainy. My explanation was received, and the canónigo chided Doña Paulita for not having been more particular in her invitation. Doña Xaviéra was not present, because, as the daughter told me, "tuvo dolores de barriga," and had laid down.

Tea and maté were brought. Several maté's were circulating at the same time. The canónigo and cousin took theirs while playing the game. It is droll to see a pretty young lady sucking maté through a silver bombilla, hot enough to burn the lips of those ignorant of the mode of taking it.

At eight o'clock the fat friar took his leave, and the old lady assisted Doña Paulita in the game with her advice. The canónigo made a move as if to depart, evidently with a wish to remain. "Do not go, Padre," exclaimed the young lady, "omit the 'misa' of to-night, and say two to-morrow instead." The holy man assented, and resumed the game. The evening passed away gaily, and at eleven, I bade my friends good night.

* Paulita is the diminutive and kinder term for Paula.

Amongst the guests was a Chileno, who had been in the United States as Chargé d'affaires. Speaking of our country, and those things which struck him as curious, he told the gentlemen that our "prisons are secure without military guards, and that he had seen no soldiers in the country except the volunteer corps on holy-days;" contrasted with the countries of South America, where even the municipal police consists of soldiers, this circumstance is striking. This gentleman remarked further, that "previous to the revolution of 1829, Chile had advanced in slow, sure steps; but since that period society had split into political parties, and the social intercourse created and cherished by the SOCIEDAD FILARMONICA had almost ceased."

The Philharmonic Society was instituted in 1827, for improving and fostering the native taste for music, and creating a more generally social intercourse. The entertainments were given weekly, and consisted of music, both instrumental and vocal, by ladies and gentlemen—conversation and dancing—the native fandangos were proscribed. The beneficial effects of this society upon the general taste for music is very manifest. Before its institution, nothing was heard but a few waltzes, contradances, and marches, on the piano, or simple native songs, accompanied by the guitar; and ten years ago, pianos were rare in the country, (an instrument styled the *clavé* being a substitute), but now they are found in almost every house. At that time music was taught by imitation, or parrot-like, without principles, or written or printed music. As late as 1828, I saw young ladies following the fingers of the master, learning a few bars at a time, and by practice fixing them in the memory. Now, on the contrary, the compositions of the first German and Italian masters, Mozart, Von Weber, Rossini, Paccini, &c., are performed by the young ladies with great taste and execution. This love of music has led to the study of the Italian, French, and English languages; and it is by no means uncommon to meet with young ladies, who read and speak one or more of these tongues with tolerable propriety.

Education and the diffusion of knowledge appear to occupy

a great share of the public attention in Chile. Experience has taught, that the South American republics will never be tranquil or happy, while military prowess and glory dazzle the minds of the people, who want the lights of knowledge to enable them to estimate correctly the nature of their rights and privileges. Convinced of this fact, the legislature has labored to establish schools in every section of the country. The convents have been required to open free schools, for instructing children in reading, writing, morals, urbanity—a branch much neglected in our common schools—and arithmetic, on the Lancasterian plan. Besides, every encouragement is given to private schools for both sexes.

EL INSTITUTO NACIONAL was established in 1821, on the *débris* of a college which existed during the reign of FERDINAND VII. It is adjoining to an old Jesuistical church, called La Campanía, the front of which is ornamented with no less than seven representations of the Saviour. In the Institute are taught Latin, English, French, mathematics, geography, grammar, and what are very expressively denominated “*las primeras letras*” or elements—the last on the Lancasterian plan. Roman law is also taught. The college is supported by an appropriation derived from the church tithes, and the fees of the resident pupils, who pay each one hundred dollars annually. Day scholars attend gratis.

When I visited the Institute, the geography class was reciting. The professor gave the cardinal points of the compass to a boy, and directed him to supply, on the black board, the intermediate ones; then required him to describe the figure of the earth, which was very readily done. In another apartment, a class in mathematics was reciting. At one end of the room stood the pedagogue, “with spectacles on nose,” beside a rough table, upon which was a fragment of an earthen vessel containing a coal of fire, flanked by a cigar case; the dominie was not smoking. A boy of about twelve years of age was demonstrating a problem in geometry;—how to find a centre for a circle, which should cut three given points. The pupil seemed to be *au fait*, and convinced us that he understood what he was saying. I was requested, by both professors, to

propose any questions to any of the students, that I might satisfy myself of their progress. This I declined, because I was a foreigner, and unwilling to risk questions which I might fail in making understood.

Thursday, the 28th of June, was a holy-day, called the "Ota-vário," from "ocho" and "diario," the eighth day after Corpus. At each corner of the plaza was erected a temporary altar, decorated with saints, candles, and tinsel. On one sat St. Peter, all alone with his keys, and another represented the descent from the cross. During half the morning, there were crowds about the corners, looking on the erection and decoration of the altars, by the "peones," under the supervision of several padres. The ornaments consisted of looking glasses, shells, candles, silk, and tinsel; the saints were borrowed from different churches for the occasion.

At four o'clock in the afternoon, several regiments marched into the plaza, and formed two squares, single file, one within the other, leaving a space of forty feet between them, for the passage of the procession. The centre of the square was crowded with ladies, all in the usual black, church-going habiliments, consisting of the mantilla or veil, and a black dress. The windows of the neighboring houses, from which hung silk and velvet banners of various colors, were crowded with ladies and gentlemen. Over the doors of the houses in the principal streets, flags were displayed, some half-mast, and others union down, not intentionally, but through careless indifference. At twilight, the candles on the several altars were lighted, the bells rang, and guns were fired from the fortress on St. Lucia. At the same time, the procession began to issue from the cathedral, which was brilliantly illuminated. First came "La Co-fradía," or brotherhood of the "Hermános de Nuestro Amo"—Brothers of Our Master—wearing white satin capes, embroidered with gold, in two single files, each one bearing a long wax candle. Then the friars of the several orders, each one being accompanied by its respective banner or symbol, consisting of a gaudy silk drum, surmounted by a cross borne aloft in the air. Next followed the cadets, in full dress, from the Military Academy, and a Canónigo, chanting a psalm, pre-

ceding "Su Magestád," or The Host, carried by priests, beneath a silken canopy, supported by silver or silvered sticks. As this passed, every body knelt upon the ground. Next following was the President of Chile, in a General's uniform, and the Cabinet Ministers, each bearing a candle. Near them was a boy of ten years old, a descendant from the CARRERAS, so celebrated in the Revolution, dressed in a colonel's uniform. He is now educating at the Military Academy. President Pinto, with consent of Congress, made him his aid, as a reward for the distinguished services of his family. Close after, followed the Presidential guard, and a corps of cavalry, with a mounted brass band. In this order the procession moved round the whole square, stopping for a short time before each altar, while the censer smoked, and prayers ascended. The different bands were playing in succession, guns were firing, bells were ringing, and every body was uncovered. As the Host passed them, the soldiers knelt on one knee, in platoons, their heads bent on their breasts. The crowd in the rear imitated the example.

The procession re-entered the cathedral, the saints were returned to their dark niches with due formality, after having been aired all day in the plaza, and the whole show soon disappeared;—at eight o'clock the plaza presented the usual nightly scene of flickering lights, ladies walking and shopping.

Similar processions (of which I witnessed two or three) are made in seasons of drought, in honor of some influential saint, to obtain his or her intercession with the clouds to dispense their fertilizing showers! The efficacy of such ceremonies is a matter of grave belief, because the wily priests wait till there is every prospect of rain, before they begin to pray, and thus the *profanum vulgus* are deceived into credence. The prayers are more successful at one time than at another; for I am told that the whole ecclesiastic corps have labored incessantly at devotion, during a whole week, without drawing a single drop of water from the sky!

The hospitals of Santiago are not equal to similar institutions in other parts of the world, as respects the comforts and attentions afforded to the sick. That of San Juan de Dios, has

several wards, all illy ventilated, containing two hundred and thirty patients, of whom one hundred and three were suffering with small pox. These cases were not separated from the rest. In the surgical wards, were several with knife wounds, received in midnight brawls in the suburbs. This hospital is under the direction of English physicians.

As in Spain, the profession of medicine is lowly estimated in Chile, yet efforts have been made to elevate the standing of its members in society, and with considerable success. In 1826, Doctor William Blest, an English practitioner, published in Santiago, some "Observations on the Actual State of Medicine in Chile," in which he assigns its low state to the want of a liberal education in those who enter the profession, the want of a proper system of medical instruction, and to the slender fees paid for their services. Several of the medical men of Santiago are mulattoes. Within two or three years a board of examiners has been established, who, without any regard to certificates or diplomas, from universities or colleges, examine the candidates for practice in Latin, Spanish, and the several branches of the healing art, in the most rigid manner. This board is chiefly made up of European physicians, who have long been established in the country. In order to prevent any from practising who have not received a license from the board, apothecaries are prohibited, under severe penalties, from compounding their prescriptions. Apothecaries study pharmacy and chemistry for three years, and undergo a *practical* examination before they are allowed to open a shop. In this way quackery is effectually put down, and medicine is fast gaining rank and consideration amongst the people. Several of the best families are now educating their children for "the healing art." It is to be regretted, that some similar plan cannot be adopted in the United States, to free the country from the numerous charlatans who tamper with the health and lives of our citizens.

Physicians receive a fee of four reals, equal to fifty cents, paid at each visit; and in consultations, which are frequent, four dollars. I am informed that one or two practitioners, in extensive practice, wear leather pockets, because the angular

pieces of silver soon cut out those made of cloth. Instances of generosity towards medical men are not rare—I have heard of a pair of horses being presented in one case, and two hundred dollars in another.

The Chilians possess generous feelings in many respects. The moneys raised by subscription for charitable purposes, such as the relief of a widow or an orphan, amount to considerable sums. I have before me a list of persons, who have subscribed, in a few days, more than two thousand dollars, for the relief of widows whose husbands fell in one of those petty revolutions which have so frequently disturbed the quiet of the country.

CHAPTER VI.

Visit Colina—Law of primogeniture—A senator—A family dinner—Face of the country—Ploughing—Sowing—Baths—Friar of San Felipe—Don José—Return to Valparaiso—Storm on the road.

ON the 10th of July, 1832, I left Santiago for Colina, situated close under the Andes, about seven leagues to the northward of the Chilian capital. It is a scattering village or township, having a small chapel and a few ranchos (huts) around it, encircled by the great chain of the Cordilleras, and their mountain spurs. The curate is one of the most important personages in the place; he is conversable, fond of an “hoja,” a glass of wine, or brandy and water, and a half hour’s chat of a morning. The neighborhood is made up of several “chácras,” or small farms, and one or two “haciendas,” or estates of great extent; that on which I sojourned, contained fifty square miles, and yielded twenty-five thousand dollars worth of wheat annually. These “haciendas” have been very much in the way of the advancement of this country, for the Spanish law, preserving

them entire, placed all the real property in the hands of a few individuals, and caused it to descend from father to the eldest son, *ad infinitum*. However necessary the law of primogeniture may be to monarchical governments, for preserving an aristocracy, it is certainly unsuited to a republic; and for that reason, the "mayorazgo," or eldership, is now done away with, except in the cases of eldest sons born before the repeal of the law by the Chilian congress. The proprietors of these estates are petty princes in the land, who have depending upon them from three to five hundred poor families. Desiring only to be left to the quiet enjoyment of their farms, they seldom care for or engage actively in public affairs. The lord of the estate where I was, is a senator, and though his country residence is but twenty miles from the capital, he has not been more than three times in his seat during the present session. Yet he owns one of the finest houses in town, and says he will not go to the senate unless sent for. "Para que Amigo! Why should I, friend, there are enough there without me!" Don Vicente, as he is named, leads the life of a prince. He rises at nine, breakfasts at ten, saunters in a small flower garden with a cigar, laughs for a half hour over Don Quixote, of which he has a beautiful edition; and by an occasional ride, or a game at chess with the curate, a sly joke or *bon mot* with some of the ladies, he manages to get through the day till three o'clock, when he dines. After dinner, which occupies about two hours, when alone, he smokes and dozes away the afternoon and evening, till ten o'clock, at which time he sups heartily, and retires to bed about twelve. Almost every night, however, the curate engages him at chess or cards, and between the two, the ladies are kept laughing the whole evening. It is hardly necessary to say that Don Vicente is a short, corpulent, good humored gentleman—a *fac simile* of Sancho Panza in person, whom he admires with all his heart. He loves his family, is just and charitable to his dependants, and does not care the snap of a finger for any body beyond them. Nor does he wish to receive a line from any body, no matter what the intimacy may have been. "If I hear of their prosperity," says he, "I am glad; if they are unfortunate, I am sorry,—'Que mas! y amigo, pa-

ra que molestárme con sus cartas.' What more—and my friend, why should they trouble me with their letters!"

In the neighborhood there is another gentleman, less wealthy, and of a more ordinary stamp than the senator, being shrewd but uneducated; that is, he lives without recurring to books for society or conversation. Don Ambrosio is a great rough figure, six feet high, with a roguish blue eye and curly hair, and perhaps forty-five years of age. He has a second wife, a son, and thirteen daughters, four of whom are marriageable.

About twelve o'clock on the second day of my arrival at Colina, Don Ambrosio came in, dressed, as is usual with country gentlemen riding about their estates, in a poncho, botas and spurs. After seating himself, he commenced conversation with me, by saying several "good things," and some piquant phrases of double meaning, by way of ascertaining, as he afterwards confessed, what my knowledge of Spanish might be. Presently some glasses, wine, brandy, &c. were placed on the table, and Don Ambrosio was invited to drink. "Bueno—vamos, un traguíto." Agreed, let us take a small glass. When prepared, he looked at it, and said, holding the glass between his eye and the light, "Pues, Señores, no tengo sed; tengo buena apetén-cia; tengo buena salud; duermo bien, como bien, mi muger no se queja;—¿y para que lo tomaré?—no quiero tomarlo—" "Well, gentlemen, I am not thirsty; I have a good appetite; my health is good; I sleep well, I eat well, my wife does not complain; and why shall I take it? I *will* not"—and he put down the glass, and pushed it away without tasting.

While out in the fields shooting, the next day after his visit, I met Don Ambrosio on horseback. He dismounted and carried me off to his "olivár" or olive grove, to shoot wild pigeons, which were numerous, and afterwards insisted upon my "doing penance with him," as the phrase is, that is, dining with him.

The table was spread in the Spanish style, with covers for sixteen persons, and as many high backed chairs placed round it. About three o'clock we were seated, Don Ambrosio at the head, his wife on the left, and I on his right, while the thirteen daughters took their places, according to age, right and

left, the youngest being at the foot. The son was absent. The dinner was served up on silver, dish after dish, to the number of thirteen, commencing with soup, and ending with roast beef. The intermediate dishes were all compounded, or made in the form of hashes, stews, &c. Besides the wine of the country, and "chicha," there was very excellent claret. The desert, consisting of pudding, sweetmeats, and fruit, was succeeded by a large silver basin of water, and a towel, into which each one dipped the ends of *her* fingers, wet and wiped her lips, and then pushed it on to the next. As the fingers frequently supply the place of forks during the repast, this practice is certainly necessary and commendable. Before beginning to eat, Don Ambrosio, in a reverent manner, invoked a blessing, and after the meal, returned thanks, which was the signal for the younger children to retire.

Don Ambrosio and his lady were lively, and, it is hardly necessary to add, polite, for all the natives, from the president to the beggar, are so. During dinner, he asked me which one of his daughters I thought handsomest; even if they had not been present, it was a question not easy to answer, and I therefore requested to be allowed to withhold my decision till I had become better acquainted. Four of them were from fifteen to nineteen years of age, and one was to be married in a few weeks. After dinner, my hospitable host gave me a cigar, and begged to be excused, while he should give directions to some workmen who were employed on the estate, adding, "when I am present the girls are as quiet as lambs, but let me be out of sight, and they are more noisy than so many chattering parrots. If you are afraid of them, I will carry you with me; but I dare say you will find them musical, and if they wont sing and play, my wife will, and they shall dance for you. Adios—dont make love to more than two of them at a time."

So soon as he had disappeared, I found the young ladies very entertaining, and every thing a father could wish; they played, sang, and chatted until tea and "maté" were brought, and Don Ambrosio returned. The evening passed pleasantly, and about nine o'clock, (though the distance was not more than a

quarter of a mile,) I returned home on horseback, attended by a servant.

The hospitality and kindness of the Chilians towards strangers, cannot be exceeded (if equalled) in any part of the world. Yet it is difficult for a stranger to form a correct estimate of the national character. A friend of more than ordinary intelligence and observation, who has resided several years in Chile, speaking of the native character, says, "they are a fickle race; their affections lie altogether on the surface; their feelings are not deep seated, and of course cannot be permanent; they are easily excited, and as readily become indifferent." But such is the influence of the climate, and other circumstances, that he thinks few young Americans would live willingly in the United States, after spending three years in Santiago. There is certainly a charm about Chile that few foreigners can resist—indeed it is a proverb, for which there are abundant data, that all persons who visit the country once, will do so a second time.

The face of the country around Colina is overgrown by several kinds of thorn trees, amongst which the algarrobo or carrob stands conspicuous. It bears a bean, which, when used medicinally in an infusion, is said to be a very powerful aphrodisiac. The tree grows to the size of a common peach; the fruit is used for feeding animals, and the wood for fuel. The "espinos" or thorn bushes overgrow wheat fields and pasture grounds, and are always cut even with the soil at the time of ploughing and sowing, which take place after the first rain in the month of June. On a large hacienda, this operation presents an interesting and animated scene. I saw a hundred and sixteen pairs of oxen and as many ploughs* working at the same time. They were marched and countermarched like troops of soldiers. Each ox had its name, and each ploughman was shouting and goading at the same time, presenting a spectacle not easily described. Like every thing in Chile, the operation of sowing wheat is performed on horseback. The sower carries before him, on the pommel of his saddle, a quantity of

* The plough is a simple spike, not differing materially from that of the ancient Romans.

seed in his poncho, which he holds with one hand, while with the other he scatters it over the ground as the horse walks along.

As the rains are not always sufficiently copious, the fields are irrigated by "acéquias" or shallow gutters, running in every direction through them. Every estate requiring water, which is scarce, pays a rent or tax to have it at stated periods after the grain is sown, until it becomes ripe enough to harvest. The water is derived solely from mountain streams.

The scenery around Colina is of the grandest character. The Cordilleras, ever robed in snow, stand close at hand, and send off spurs two or three thousand feet in height in every direction. In the winter the atmosphere is clear, the sky is of the purest azure, and the stars cannot be more brilliant in any part of the world. When the moon shines on the cold mountain snows, and all is hushed in silence, except the occasional wild shriek of the quitrégui,* the scene is truly sublime, requiring all the warmth of poetic description to portray it to the imagination of those who have not seen it.

Colina is celebrated in Chile for the thermal springs in the neighborhood, which are visited by invalids and valetudinarians from all points, to drink and bathe in their waters. No accurate analysis has yet been made of them; they are said to contain both antimony and sulphur.

One morning while at breakfast, a friar from San Felipe, a small town to the northward, called at our house, and desired permission to visit a mill on the premises. When we saw him at the door, I thought he might be a true copy of the renowned friar Tuck, for, besides a short rotund figure, he had a swaggering air, wore a gay poncho, botas, a straw hat, secured by a black cord knotted on one side of the face, having tassels five or six inches long swinging below the chin. His countenance was calm, but it was the calmness of determined courage,

* The quitrégui is a species of horned plover, which frequents near habitations; at night it shrieks in the most melancholy manner at the approach of any one, or on hearing any unusual sound. For this reason, they are cherished by the farmers, who value them as if they were so many dogs.

and not that of the meekness of religion. He rode a stout black horse, with a valise on his back, and at the saddle bow a long double barrelled Spanish fowling piece with brass mountings, the whole so highly polished, even to the barrels, that it would have done credit to a marine serjeant, and pleased the eye of the most rigid martinet. Like his prototype, our friar Tuck was fond of "creature comforts," and occasionally indulged his "inward man;" for, after telling us of the fatigue of riding over bad roads, feeble health from vigils and fasting, he begged, as a particular favor, that we would replenish his bottle with gin, which somehow or other had been emptied on the way. His bottle was filled, after he had tasted of the quality of the liquor, of which he said, "viene bien al paladar"—it falls well on the palate—as he smacked his lips. Having lighted a cigar, he threw himself agilely into the saddle, saying as he cantered off, "Dios le pague!"—may God reward you.

Amongst our visitors was an "old" Spaniard named Don José, who was noted for story telling and amiability. He frequently lamented the change in times and civilization. "In my memory," he was wont to say, "ladies required a long training before they were admitted into society; but now, they catch a young girl who is frisking and playing with her doll, wash and dress her clean, send her to school, where she is taught to read and write, and repeat the multiplication table, and at the end of three weeks she is broken into an accomplished miss, ('Doña graciósa'), capable of getting through a tune on the piano, and *au fait* in all the small talk of the day!" Female perception is wonderfully quick in Chile!

In spite of the diversion of killing pigeons, hunting condors, witnessing the making of "tapias" or mud walls, examining the dry and the green hedges, and observing men in retirement, a month saw me dying with *ennui*, and consequently on my way to Valdivia's city; and in a few days, I set out on my return to Valparaiso.

My *compagnon de voyage* was an elderly Chileno, who amused me the whole way by telling stories, and pointing out spots where murder had been committed, marked by rude wooden crosses, some of them of lath:—

“ And here and there, as up the crag you spring,
 Mark many rude carved crosses near the path ;
 Yet deem not these Devotion’s offering—
 These are frail mémoires of murderous wrath ;
 For wheresoe’er the shrieking victim hath
 Poured forth his blood beneath the assassin’s knife,
 Some hand erects a cross of mouldering lath ;
 And grove and glen with thousand such are rife,
 Throughout this purple land, where law secures not life.”

At present, however, murders are rare, and the road may be travelled at all hours without molestation.

We left the city at one o’clock P. M., and were unfortunate in being overtaken by rain before we reached the Cajón de Zapáta, where we bivouacked for the night. The rain poured in torrents, and the miserable inn did not possess a single sleeping room that was not permeated by water. Yet we contrived to make the best of it. Our host was a merry son of Spain, with slender legs, cased in green corduroy unmentionables, secured at the knee with silver buttons, and his wife was a stirring, gay Chiléna, of about twenty years old. She soon procured us a fine hot supper, of roasted lamb and eggs, with a casuélo and tea. After it was discussed, we were invited to the private apartment of our landlady, where we found three or four young women of the neighborhood, and as many young countrymen in their ponchos, chatting, and smoking “hojas.” The guitar was brought from its corner, a bottle of “aguardiénte,” and glasses, with a large gourd of “chicha,” were placed on a chair ; and we were amused with singing, dancing fandangos, and drinking, till past midnight, when we retired, but not to sleep, for scarcely could we get into a doze, before a malicious stream of water would find its way through the thatch, and trickle into the bed, or a wanton flea, in pursuit of blood, would rouse us from our slumber. About two in the morning, a carréta, with a family of ladies, arrived from Valparaiso, completely drenched in the storm. The house was all in a bustle, and we forgot our own miseries in listening to the expressions of commiseration for the plight of the newly arrived, by our kind hearted hostess—“Pobrecitas mojudas hasta el pelléjo estan !”—“poor things, they are wet

to the skin." By the time the party was arrayed in dry clothes, and seated at a hot meal, savory of garlic, to prevent taking cold, day broke, and the rain had abated so much, that we set forward in hopes of crossing the *cuésta* before the storm should again commence. Scarcely had we reached the plain, in the midst of which stands Casablanca, when the rain fell in such torrents that the road was flooded, and objects could not be distinguished two hundred yards ahead. Yet we kept on. The *capatáz* and the "peones" urging on the animals, and cheering themselves with the anticipations of a hot breakfast, a gourd of "chicha," and a quiet nap at Casablanca, before again setting off. And they were not disappointed, for *Feroni* outdid himself; not only was the excellent breakfast quickly provided, but our rooms were warmed with well burned charcoal, which is a luxury in Chile, after riding twenty miles on a cold July morning!

About two-o'clock, being refreshed with sleep, though it still rained, we again mounted our gig, and lashed away for the Port. The plains near Peñuelas were drowned in water, and we were obliged to navigate in our vehicle very carefully, lest we should get off the road into some hole or water course formed during the storm. To prevent all accident, a "peon" went ahead to sound, for we were riding through a vast lake of muddy water, about a foot deep. By care we arrived safely at the post house, and after baiting, kept on. By this time the rain had ceased, the clouds began to clear, and when we descended the Alto de Valparaiso into the town, the moon beams were glittering on the placid surface of the bay, and the sky presented its characteristic azure expanse, studded with myriads of meteor-like stars.

CHAPTER VII.

Coquimbo bay—La Serena—Salute—Balsas—The Port—Commerce—Condors—The City—Distress by drought—Society—Trade.

WE anchored about four o'clock P. M., on the 1st of September, in the bay of Coquimbo, after twenty-eight hours run from Valparaiso. During the passage, the wind blew very fresh, and the sea was short and irregular, rendering the vessel's motion extremely uncomfortable. At this season the strong south winds are not so frequent as at other times of the year; calms and light northwardly airs are much more common.

Coquimbo bay, like that of Valparaiso, is an indentation of the coast, better protected, however, from the prevailing winds; like that bay too, it opens to the northward, and the southern cape extends so far seaward, that vessels may lie completely land-locked, and out of all danger, even during the severest weather. Its beach, which bounds a most beautiful sheet of water, sweeps round for about twenty-five miles. Vessels may securely careen and repair in this spot, at every season of the year. The greatest objection to this port is the difficulty of obtaining fresh water; even that for the use of the inhabitants is brought a league in kegs and skins. Water for domestic purposes forms a considerable item in the expenses of a household.

The bay is surrounded by high ranges of mountains, which increase in height as they recede from the coast, till the view is closed by the snowy peaks of the main Cordillera, which appear through the valleys and quebrádas running to the sea. At present they are naked and inhospitable to appearance, but in rainy years, they are clothed in verdure. In the vicinity, there is a great quantity of shell formation, and I am told by an intelligent friend, that the hills are covered with shells, many of which are not found in the bays of the coast.

Don Pedro Valdivia founded this place in 1544, thinking that it might be a good retreat, in the passage from Chile to Peru, and called it after his native place, La Serena—The Serene.

Formerly this port was a common resort for whale ships, but they have lately abandoned it, in consequence of being too closely watched by the revenue officers, and from being forbid to boil out their oil in the bay, and cast the carcass of the fish upon the shore, as they were in the habit of doing. It requires no stretch of imagination to fancy the offensiveness of the air in the vicinity of such huge masses of animal matter in a state of putrefaction. But they did not remain long; buzzards, condors, and other carrion birds soon stript the bones and left them to bleach upon the shore; and from the great number of them strewed along the road, and employed in the structure of small bridges, we may form some idea of the many whales which have been killed here. Besides the whales, which it is by no means uncommon to see, the bay affords a variety of fine fish, clams, and scallops, which last are not found at Valparaiso, only one hundred and eighty miles to the south.

Immediately after our arrival, as is customary, the captain of the port paid his visit; and declined the compliment of a salute, on the score that the guns of the forts had been thrown down in the revolution of 1829, and had not been restored. "In fact," said he, "we are now without defence; the smallest force would take the place; there is not even a bayonet, much less a soldier, in the garrison."

Some years since, the commander of one of our ships of war offered to salute the town, on the usual condition that it should be returned gun for gun. The authorities replied, they would be extremely happy to do so, but were entirely without powder. The commander sent on shore a present of a barrel of cartridges. The ship saluted. The fort commenced firing, and continued till sunset; then a message was sent on board to say, "as it was late, they would fire the remainder in the morning!"

Several of the "balsas" of the bay came round us soon after

anchoring. A "balsa" consists of two seal skins (or the skins of any other large animals) sewed up into bags, inflated with air, and lashed side by side at one end, while at the other they expand like a pair of compasses. At the small end or prow of this primitive vessel sits a man astride, with his legs in the water, who propels the balsa by means of a double paddle, formed at each extremity like an oar blade, which he industriously plys, first on one side and then on the other. It would be no very monstrous conceit to compare him to some mythological being riding an inhabitant of the deep. A near approach, however, would at once undeceive you as to any pretensions the rider might have in your imagination to godship, and particularly if you should require his services in the line of his business. He carries messages, catches fish, and smuggles silver and gold, which he secures in a leather bag under his seat, and conveys them very safely on board, free of export duty. This class of amphibia on the whole coast is famed for its honesty; no instance of fraud being on record, except where custom house officers are concerned, though millions in gold and silver have been intrusted to their conveyance. Their mutual quarrels sometimes give rise to amusing scenes. It is always an object, when they meet, to cut holes in each other's "balsas;" when successful, which they often are after much manœuvring on both sides, the air escapes, and the discomfited wight, left with only a flaccid hide for his support, is reduced to the necessity of swimming for his life. Not unfrequently the contest ends in the loss of both vessels; but the anger of the parties is completely washed away, by a cold bath and protracted swim, by the time they reach the shore!

The Port, as it is called to distinguish it from the City, is an assemblage of about a dozen ranchos, (small huts), as many "ramadas," the custom house, and a two story building, erected by one of those enthusiastic, ill directed, and long since bankrupt, mining associations formed in England, which is now occupied by the captain of the port. A "ramada" is a bivouac (frequently for life) made by throwing together branches of trees and bushes; families not unfrequently pass their whole lives without any other protection from the noonday sun, the night

dews, and winter rains, than is incompletely afforded by a "ramada" and a scanty apparel. A convenient place for landing and embarking is formed in front of the "Company's house" by a pier of stones, put together without any kind of cement. The custom house is a long, low rancho, which stands between the town and pier.

Not a single English merchant vessel has visited the bay for the last two years; American ships only come for copper, which is carried as a remittance to the United States or to China. When they cannot obtain sufficient at Valparaiso, they take in hides, and touch at Coquimbo, and fill up with copper. It frequently happens that even here the demand of China-bound vessels cannot be supplied; in which case, to complete their cargoes, they go to Huasco and Copiapo, two copper ports to leeward. Some ships carry away from six to eight thousand quintals,* which are bought at from thirteen to seventeen dollars each. The export duty is one dollar per quintal, and some municipal charges, amounting to seventeen or eighteen cents. From seventy to eighty thousand quintals are annually shipped from this port.

Besides copper, from seventy to eighty thousand marks† of silver, in the form called "plata piña," (worth at the present price, from \$490,000 to \$560,000,) are annually carried to Europe in British men-of-war, one of which sails every four months for Rio Janeiro and England. The amount in gold cannot be estimated, because it is all smuggled. Silver is taxed with a duty of four reales (fifty cents,) the mark.

The road from the port to the city, runs along the beach for two or three miles, then striking to the right over some sand hills, passes among cultivated fields and vegetable gardens, which are irrigated by acéquias from a mountain stream, dignified by the name of Coquimbo river, laving the northern side of the town. This part of the road is called La Pampa; wherever a water course traverses it, a foot bridge (used by man and beast) is formed by laying two ribs of a whale side by side!

* A Spanish quintal is 100 pounds Avoirdupois.

† A mark is eight ounces Avoirdupois.

Just before turning off from the beach, we came to the recent carcass of a mule, upon which, seven large, black winged, rufle throated condors, and a crowd of buzzards, were feasting. They allowed us to approach so near, that had we been provided with arms, we might have shot them, as they arose slowly on the wing. These mammoths of the air frequently destroy small animals. They sometimes form a circle around a sheep or goat, and spreading out their wings, approach till they strike their prey. The first stroke of the beak is aimed at the eyes; if the animal cry, they seize the tongue with their talons, and then falling upon him, devour the body, even to the bones. In the country they are caught in the following manner. A pen is formed of high palisades driven into the ground, and a fresh carcass put into the centre. It is left alone. In a short time the condors, who scent their food for miles, descend into it, and while feasting, the peones, armed with clubs, and the body and limbs well protected with hide, enter the enclosure, and commence the work of destruction. This bird cannot rise without running thirty or forty yards, which the limits of the pen will not allow, and they are clubbed to death, not however without making resistance, and occasionally inflicting very severe wounds upon their pursuers.

The entrance to Coquimbo, or La Serena, as it is known and spoken of in all public documents, is through an "adobe" gate, which indicates that it was once surrounded by a wall. The appearance is unpromising. The streets, which intersect each other at right angles, are of moderate width, and far from being clean. On one corner of the plaza is the government house, occupied by the Intendente of the province. There is a public hospital lately established, and six or seven churches, all with cupolas or belfries. The dwellings are in the same style as those of Santiago, presenting a white front wall, with a large gate studded with brass or copper bolt heads. Very few houses are of two stories; some of them have observatories on the top. A small flower garden is attached to each, and from this cause the city occupies more ground than many places of three times its population, which does not exceed ten thousand.

Several of the fruits which grow here are much esteemed. The Lucúma is considered a great delicacy both at Valparaiso and Santiago; scarcely a vessel leaves this port without bearing presents of this fruit to both of those cities. The next best in the opinion of Chilians, is the Cherimoya. It does not attain the same perfection as in Lima; in fact its flavor is entirely different. The oranges are not so good as those of Valparaiso. Lemons and citrons flourish. The apples are tasteless. The gardens are filled with a variety of flowers, which are nursed and cherished by the ladies. Bulbs enjoy a large share of attention; among them is the beautiful Añanuca, which is indige-
nous.

On the northern side of the town is a high hill, and upon it is erected a large wooden cross. From this spot one may enjoy a fine view of the city and its vicinity. La Serena stands a little off from the beach, and about nine miles from the port, surrounded by hills that separate it from an extensive plain, through which Coquimbo river wanders, giving fertility wherever it approaches. This vega extends to the very base of the Andes, and is roamed over by numerous herds of grazing cattle. The town is dotted with green gardens, and surrounded by cultivated chácras (small farms,) and white dwellings, peeping from amidst green foliage. Three whole years have rolled away without a fertilizing shower. The province is parched, and on every hand the rich landholder and poor muleteer meet you with a tale of distress. The produce of the earth is withheld, and the pastures are burned. The flocks and herds are perishing every where throughout the province, and their owners are forced to see them die without being able to prevent their fate. The miner in vain brings to the surface the rich ores from the bowels of the earth. There is no water to assist him in the extraction of the metal; and where there is, the fuel necessary to melt it into bars, is scarce; it is with difficulty that mules can be procured to transport the fruit of his toil from the mines to the coast. Unless the skies relent in showers, La Serena, and its gardens, and its chácras, must soon be blighted, and bare as the surrounding mountains!

La Serena is always hushed; the most death-like stillness

every where prevails, and it is seldom broken, except by the bell of the leading mule of the troops that occasionally file through the streets, to deposite their loads of copper from the mines. Each of these laborious animals brings into town from four to six quintals, a distance of ten or twelve leagues. We saw one troop deposite a thousand quintals. The peones who accompanied the mules were remarkably muscular and well proportioned, and handled two hundred pounds of copper without apparent exertion. In addition to the dress worn by the same class at Valparaiso, these men had red caps cut into a long point hanging rakishly in front, and pieces of sheep skin over the chest, right arm, and shoulder, and the sitting part of their ample breeches was defended by a broad disk of leather.

At present there is no society among the natives; even the natural vivacity and buoyancy of youth seem oppressed by the stillness and quiet of the city. There are no *tertúlias*, no *reuniones*, no amusement, no hotels. The ladies occupy their time in domestic affairs, and in the cultivation of flowers. Reading is not among their pleasures. They possess but little beauty; those whom I saw have dark, rough skins; but they bear evidence, in many particulars, of the healthiness of the climate.

The males, when free from their avocations, spend what time they have left from the *siesta*, in playing cards, billiards, or dice. Smoking is universal, but is entirely confined to "*hojas*."

The province of Coquimbo abounds in mines of copper, silver, gold, and iron, which last is not worked on account of the scarcity of fuel. There is no coal in the province. The wood used is that of the "*espinos*" (thorns), and a species of acacia, called *algarovilla*, which is considered to be the best. It bears a fruit, the infusion of which is said to possess the rare virtue of restoring lost paternity and maternity—a frequent source of complaint in many parts of Chile.

Cabinet specimens of minerals are obtained with difficulty. Miners seldom make collections, and it is only through their orders that they can be procured, because none but proprietors

are allowed to sell the ores, in order to guard against speculation by the laborers. Silver specimens are worth from ten to twelve dollars the pound, and gold in proportion.

Not long since, a very rich silver mine was discovered near Copíapo, from which "papas" of native silver are sold at a price very little below that of the native metal. A single specimen was purchased the other day in La Serena, at \$207!

I am told that the dross and slag formed when the copper is cast into pigs, contain sufficient metal to yield a profit by smelting it a second time.

Nothing is imported direct from abroad to Coquimbo, but to supply the demand for goods used in the province, among which are large quantities of American domestics, the shopkeepers resort once or twice a year to Santiago or Valparaiso. The distance from the former city is travelled by the mail in from seven to eight days, but laden mules seldom get through the journey in less than twenty.

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NOTICES OF BOLIVIA.

NOTES ON THE

NOTICES OF BOLIVIA.

CHAPTER I.

Bay of Mexillones—Cobija—Soil—Landing—Balsa—Town—Old trees—
Scarcity of water—Commerce—Visit to the copper mines—Catíca.

WE sailed on the 5th of September from Coquimbo, with a northerly breeze, which lasted about twenty-four hours, when the usual trade commenced, but it was so light that we did not reach the bay of Mexillones till late in the evening of the ninth. This is a beautiful, extensive, and deep bay; the anchorage is close in to the shore, and so smooth that it offers some advantages to ships of war to careen and paint, as their crews may be put on shore without any danger from desertion. The nearest town or habitation is the port of Cobija, more than half a degree to the north. The bay opens to the northward, and is surrounded by high land, as barren as can well be imagined. There is not a blade of grass, nor even a cactus to be seen on it. Nor is there a drop of fresh water to be found within many leagues. The bay has been frequently examined, with a view of making it the port of Bolivia, but the idea has been as frequently abandoned, from the want of water. There is a small stream about twenty leagues from it, which, it is said, might be brought here. At present, the only inhabitants are the varieties of sea birds, pelicans, gulls, cormorants, and condors, and the only regular visitors are whales. Occasionally

a vessel anchors here, in order to avoid running past Cobija in the night, when they gain this latitude (23° S.) too late to reach the port on the same day. This was our own case.

On the morning of the tenth it was calm, and though we fanned out of Mexillones, we lay off Cobija all night, and did not anchor till near three o'clock on the afternoon of the eleventh. The Port of Cobija is difficult to be found by strangers. About five miles to the southward, are two low white rocks, which are the only land marks at this season of the year, when the profile of the mountains of the coast is almost constantly shrouded in fogs or clouds. So soon as a vessel is descried from the fort, a white flag is hoisted on the point as a mark, which may be seen ten or twelve miles at sea.

The roadstead of Cobija is formed by a short low point of rough jagged rocks, on which stand the flag-staff, and a fortress mounting six long guns. The anchorage, though secure, and at a short distance from the shore, is not good. Vessels, in "heaving up," frequently part their cables, or break their anchors. About six miles to the northward is another rocky point, behind which, vessels that load with copper ore from the neighboring mine, lie, though not very comfortably. This spot is called *Catúa*.

Near the first point is the town, built upon the *falda* or lap of the hills, or, we would say, mountains, which rise abruptly to a height of between three and four thousand feet, barren, cheerless, and naked, except in the region of the clouds, where a few blades of grass have struggled through the soil, nourished by the dews of winter. The trees of cactus grow larger than any I have before seen. Even these patches of green fade and are burnt up in the summer under a tropical sun. The color of the mountains is variegated in spots of reddish, greenish, and whitish earth, with *striæ* running down the sides, looking like the beds of little cascades, or streams formed by heavy rains: the captain of the port informs me, however, that showers are unknown, and the only rain is a heavy mist like the "llovisna," or drizzle of Lima—and even this is absent during the greater part of the year. The lap of the hills, which extends from their base to the sea, not exceeding half a mile

in breadth, appears to be formed by the accumulation of earth and stones, washed and rolled down in the course of time; and a walk on shore corroborated this opinion. Along the street we saw several shelving strata, formed of large pebbles of a greenish color, bedded in a cement of dry earth, resembling a mammoth puddingstone formation. The rocks about the place are hard, dark, green-stone, and every where bear marks of having been worn smooth on their angles by the sea. In fact, towards Catíca, there is a kind of natural wall, some two hundred feet high, that has evidently been under water at some remote period. Fancy a stiff mud or ooze, worked up with shells and pebbles of every size, and then left to dry, and you will get an idea of this bank or wall. Another curious formation in the neighborhood, is of very small shells, which when carelessly examined presents a texture similar to a coarse flag stone, but a nearer inspection shows you the minute shells, some of which are sufficiently perfect to be very readily classed. The metallurgist at Catíca stated that this formation was a phosphate of lime, and that square slabs of it were used for the flooring of their furnaces, and also ground fine, and mixed with mud or clay, to form fire bricks.

The landing is effected by pulling through a belt of kelp, which lines the shore of the bay, and through a narrow channel, between some low black rocks, into a smooth little basin, where the boat is drawn up on the sand beach. So soon as we stepped ashore, our attention was drawn to a fisherman, who was filling his balsa with air. He was a short, square built Indian, pretty well advanced in life, with long locks of black and gray hair hanging straight from under a low-crowned narrow-rimmed straw hat, rather worse for wear. He wore a short jacket and still shorter trowsers of old blue cloth, and the particolored remains of a poncho girded his loins. A dark copper colored skin covered his face and neck, and though far from being *embonpoint*, as Bolivians generally are, he might be called muscular. His nose was flattened and pinched in, just as it joined the *os frontis*, but it did not present the African flatness; and the angle of his face was that common to the Caucasian or European race. His eyes were

small, black, and widely separated from each other, and though he did not squint, their axes seemed to incline very much towards each other. Add high cheek bones and a regular turn to the figure, and you may form some idea of a Bolivian—at least such is the general appearance of those I have met. There is, however, nothing fierce about them; but on the contrary, there is a pleasant, good humored convivial expression which speaks in their favor. This worthy fisherman was resting on one knee beside his half flaccid balsa, with a small tube of intestine, which is attached to its end, in his mouth, blowing and puffing, and occasionally tapping the vessel to ascertain how the inflation proceeded. At length he finished, and twisted the tube round the nozzle which attached it to the balsa. The balsa used here is similar to that of Coquimbo, but larger, and decked over between the two bags of wind by a dry ox hide or seal skin. On this they carry freight or passengers perfectly dry. To prevent the water from penetrating, the balsa is coated over with a pigment resembling new tanned leather in color. Another fisherman drew his balsa ashore, and threw three fine large fish upon the sand, which he had caught amongst the rocks off the point, with a harpoon. He told us that was the only way of taking them.

The bay affords a variety of excellent fish, and the rocks are full of shell fish, much esteemed by the natives, but not eaten by foreigners. Amongst them are a variety of limpets of a large size, as well as many smaller shells. Our stay here, however, did not afford us time to collect any except a few dead ones;—but I am inclined to think, that an amateur would be rewarded by a few days' labor at this place.

We walked towards the governor's house, which fronts the landing, and turning to the left, found ourselves in the main and only street of Cobija. It is perhaps a quarter of a mile long, but not closely built. The houses are all one story high, and constructed of wood and of adobes in the simplest style, and very few of them have patios. The plastering is mixed with salt water, and very soon blisters and peels off, from the effects of the sun, and therefore a constant repair is necessary. Wood, all of which is brought from Chiloe and Concepcion, is

a cheaper material for building than adobes, both on account of repairs and the original cost. A great proportion of the houses are occupied as stores, where a great variety of foreign goods, both European and American, are exposed for sale. About the middle of the street, there are two ancient palms, and an old dried up fig tree, (described by Frezier, in 1713,) on the bark of which foreigners have been in the habit of cutting their names. Some of these bear date as early as 1809. Amongst other names is that of the U. S. S. Vincennes, 1828, and P. White, N. Carolina, 1832.

The oldest building here is a church, said to have been erected a hundred and fifty years ago. It is built of adobes of a small size, and the cement is said to have been made of the shell formation mentioned above, and is now harder than stone. This temple is very small and mean in appearance; and opens to the sea by the only door in the building, which is double, and secured by a common padlock; in fact, unless attention were called to it, it would be overlooked as some stable.

Amongst the inconveniences of this port, perhaps the greatest is the scarcity of water, which is barely sufficient for the daily consumption of the present small population, and even this is so brackish, that strangers are unable to drink it without a pretty free admixture of wine or spirits. Coffee and tea made from it are far from being very palatable. In former years, however, it was not so scarce. The springs from which it is obtained are in front of the trees in the side of the hill, and secured by lock and key, except a small tube of the size of a gun barrel, from which a stream as large as a swan quill issues; and this is carefully stopped when not running into the bottles or other vessels of those who come for water. At the end of the street, and within ten yards of the surf, is a well, said to contain the best water in the place: this the governor has appropriated to his own use, and that of the garrison, not exceeding, in all, servants included, fifty persons. About a half a mile from the town is a spring, which is used for washing and watering the cattle. A barrel of sweet water from Valparaiso or Peru is esteemed no small present, and the favor is frequently asked of vessels arriving in the port. There is

now an American ship at Catíca, loading with copper ore ; the captain fearing that he should be short of water for his voyage, went in his boat twelve miles to leeward, and was absent two days, and obtained only two barrels of water, which he declares "is so salt and hard, that it will not even boil beans !" The saltness of the springs is owing to the beds of nitre and salt in the neighborhood, through which the water percolates to the place of its exit. Although there is a very complete apparatus here for boring, and with a reasonable prospect of success, it has never been tried.

In the United States, a tavern and a blacksmith's shop will always form the nucleus for a village. In South America, a church and a billiard table answer the same purpose, and poor is that place indeed, where, during some part of the day, the balls are not heard rolling about. Here there is a tolerable table, but very illy supplied with cues ; and as in all Spanish towns, the pin-game is the only one played by the natives. This game is played with three balls. Five pins of hard wood, called "palillos," each five inches long, and a half inch in diameter, are set up in the centre of the table, with sufficient space between them to allow a ball to pass easily through. If the centre pin be knocked down without disturbing either of the others, placed on the corners of a square, it counts five, provided the player's ball first strike the spot ball or that of his antagonist ; if not, he loses as much. The fall of either of the other pins, or all of them together, counts two each.

There is a tavern here, where all the foreign residents eat, finding it much less trouble, and more economical, than maintaining a private table. Though rather scanty in furniture even for the table, a very good fare is served up in the Spanish style. Some idea of the trouble of house keeping, may be had from a knowledge of the fact, that every thing, except butcher's meat, is brought from Chile and Peru. Every vessel, particularly the coasters, from both those countries, brings large quantities of vegetables and live stock for this market, and a part of that is sent off to the interior ! Meat and fodder for the cattle, used in the mining and commercial operations, are brought from Calama, a town forty leagues to the eastward of the coast ;

and between it and the coast, I am told, there is not a habitation, a tree, nor a blade of grass, nor a spring of wholesome water!

The latitude of Cobija is $22^{\circ} 30'$ south. It is the only port of the Republic of Bolivia; whose limited coast, extending from $21^{\circ} 30'$ S. to 25° south, does not afford any site so convenient as this. It is placed in the desert of Atacama, one hundred and fifty leagues from Chuquisaca, the present capital; three hundred from La Paz, the former capital, and a hundred and fifty from the far famed Potosi, and not less than seventy leagues from any well cultivated lands. It was declared to be the Port of Bolivia in 1827, but from the scarcity of water and provisions, and from the interruption which the trade received from the war with Peru, very few vessels entered it before 1829, since which time the place has increased to a population of between six and seven hundred persons, including the miners in the immediate vicinity—and from the number of new buildings going up, we should draw very favorable conclusions relative to its prosperity. Though so recently declared the port of entry for Bolivia, Cobija was resorted to as early as 1700, by French merchant vessels, when a very rich commerce was driven between it and the mining district of Potosi. At that period water was in greater abundance, and of a better quality than at present. Previous to 1827, the Republic received all its supplies of foreign goods through the port of Arica, in Peru, by way of the interior town Tacna.

A half million of dollars, in foreign productions, is estimated to pass through this place annually for the interior. Packages are almost all unpacked, and again put up in smaller parcels, and of a certain weight, to accommodate them to the means of transportation, which is entirely by mules and jackasses. They are generally carried on jackasses as far as Calama, and from thence on mules to the different points of destination.

The imports consist of European dry goods, cottons, silks, quicksilver, tobacco, teas, wines, American domestics, flour, &c. These are frequently purchased on board at Valparaiso, deliverable at this port. The duties are low now on every thing, and the question of making it an entirely free port,

is agitated in the present congress. All kinds of provisions, except luxuries, as wine, &c., are admitted free. Manufactured goods, as furniture, and American cottons, pay an *ad valorem* duty of ten per cent., which is the highest levied; silks and similar goods pay five.

The exports are confined to coined gold and silver, which pay a duty of two per cent., (in bullion they are prohibited,) and copper and copper ores. The following table, the information for which was obtained from the captain of the port, exhibits a view of the number of vessels which have visited this port from the 1st of November 1831, to September 14 1832, being ten and a half months.

Nation.	Ships.	Brigs.	Schooners.
Peru,	—	4	13
United States,	7	3	8
Chile,	—	2	13
England,	3	3	—
France,	6	3	—
Holland,	—	1	—
Mexico,	—	—	1
Colombia,	—	1	—
Buenos Ayres,	—	—	1
Russia,	1	—	—
Sardinia,	—	1	—
Hamburg,	—	2	2

From the 9th of March 1831, to the 14th September 1832, being seventeen months, ten ships, ten brigs, and three schooners, under American colors, have visited this port, and some of them several times.

During our stay here, a day was devoted to a visit to the mines. Having prepared a basket with some cold meats, wine, water, &c., we left the ship in the gig, and pulled to Catíca, which is about two leagues from the anchorage. At this place the landing is bad, and generally effected through the surf on balsas. The captain of the American ship before mentioned, loading copper ore for Swansea, Wales, joined our party. We examined the bellows furnace here, and a heap of ore, which

they were weighing and embarking. It consisted of a brown oxide, with a hard clear fracture, and a red oxide, a sulphuret, and some green carbonate.* Smelting is not carried on to any great extent, from the scarcity of fuel. There is no mineral coal in the country, and the charcoal is brought from Chile and Peru. For the purposes of cooking, the wood of the cactus is used. It is very light, and affords but little heat.

We proceeded to the foot of the hill, upon which the mines are situated, distant a mile and a half from Catíca. The road is quite rough, and crosses a gap or mouth of a valley, through which passes the road to Calama and Potosi. When arrived at a shed, which is built at the foot of the hill, we found we had ascended perhaps three hundred feet above the level of the sea, and had a view of the highway till it winds out of sight amongst the hills. From the nature of the soil, from the great quantity of pebbles strewed over it, and other features of this road, we came generally to the conclusion that it had once been the bed of a river, or a mighty mountain torrent. After a short rest, we began to mount the side of the hill by a zigzag pathway, which ascends at an angle, from the base, of at least thirty-six degrees. From the starting place, we could just perceive, a thousand feet above us, and not half way to the top of the hill, a small white tent, amidst some large trees of cactus, which was the goal of our labors. Many paths are formed by the miners and mules on every part of the hill, and some of them are much more steep than others; that which we followed, is perhaps the least difficult of ascent. We were forced to stop for breath very frequently on our way up, and at such times we observed the mouths or entrances of several mines, which had been opened, but not now worked. Some of them are not more than fifteen or twenty feet deep. After considerable toil we reached the tent. A half dozen little hovels, just large enough for two or three persons to crawl into,

* The gentlemen engaged in the business permitted us to select some specimens, and presented us with others which had been laid aside. We obtained some fine crystals of the oxides, and a half dozen pieces containing very minute portions of native gold. These ores are supposed to yield about 25 per cent. of copper, and to contain gold enough to pay the expense of reducing it.

were built about it, with loose stones and branches of the cactus. Amongst these were perhaps twenty women and children, seated upon stones, surrounded with small heaps of ore, which they were breaking up, and sorting and throwing away the stone which adhered to it. They used double flat faced hammers, of about three pounds weight. Three or four "boca minas," or entrances to mines, opened near each other, and before them were piles of ore, thrown by those employed in bringing it up. The whole scene was one of wretchedness. The women and children were coarsely dressed in woollen, and without the slightest shelter from the hot sun.

We descended to the bottom of one of the mines. A miner carried a small, dirty, smoking lamp, and led the way. About forty feet from the entrance, it turned to the left, and we found ourselves in a spot where the sides of the mine were lined with thin plates of quartz crystal, which dip into the joints or cracks between the pieces of ore, and our lamp seemed suddenly to multiply its light a hundred fold. If the walls had been hung with cut glass drops, it could not have been more beautifully iridescent. When I arrived near the bottom, the guide suddenly left me to return for some one of the party, who had not progressed so fast. He was absent a half minute, and I was in total darkness. Close to me I heard a man snoring, and almost under my feet, the blows of a hammer, accompanied by that subdued short breathed sound of "ha!" at every blow. To one unused to such circumstances, there was something appalling and unpleasant to the feelings. The light soon returned, and another turn through a hole just large enough to pass, brought us to a miner lying with his side against the earth, in a bent position, breaking out large pieces of ore from above his head, with an iron chisel, and heavy hammer. It was he whom I heard when alone in the dark. He handed us a piece of the ore, which he had just broken out, for examination, and broke us a neat specimen of what he termed the best. This was the dark heavy oxide, with a thin laminum of quartz spread over one side.

The course of this mine falls very little below a horizontal line, and is about ten feet in diameter in some places, and in

others much narrower. From the surface to the bottom, does not exceed a hundred and fifty feet. The gangue of these mines is either granite or carburet of iron.

After indulging our curiosity, and selecting some pieces of ore to carry with us, we entered one of the little huts where the servant had deposited the basket of provisions. Five in all got inside, including our host, who was polite, and answered readily the questions proposed to him. Exercise had given us an appetite, and it was not long before the contents of our basket (of which also the host partook) disappeared. The hovel contained a small chest, a dirty bed, and a small barrel, and this was all the furniture.

The ore is brought from the bottom of the mines upon men's backs, in small sacks of hide, and the weight they thus carry up rough ascents, difficult for us to climb unladen, is really surprising. The athletic forms of these men, and their apparent cheerfulness, caused my admiration as much as the severe nature of their toil. There are forty men at work, who are paid each a dollar a day, and considering the life they lead, and the high price of provisions, it is not much. After being culled, the ore is carried on mules and asses to Catíca, to be smelted or exported. On taking a view of the whole, I would not give a few fertile acres in our happy country, for all the mines of this province.

As we descended the hill, we saw several small yellow birds hopping amongst the stones, and picked up a few land shells. About half past three we got back to Catíca, all very tired, and quite ready for a cool glass of wine and water, which was kindly given us at the smelting house. Here one of the party was requested to see a female afflicted with a dropsy, which is the prevalent disease of the place, which is otherwise healthy. As there is no medical man in Cobija, they are glad to avail themselves of advice from any physicians who may chance to visit the port. The only leech is the Sangradór, or bleeder attached to the garrison, and possibly the curate may have some smattering of the healing art.

After resting an hour, and in vain endeavoring to procure a mule, or horse, or ass, we set forward on foot for the town.

The road is rough, up hills and over gullies, without anything to relieve the eye from its barrenness. Scarcely a bird is to be seen ; in fact, since our being here, I have seen only three or four buzzards, a half dozen gulls, and a lone pelican. Instinct or experience teaches, that there is nothing to invite either man or animal—but what will not man undergo for gold !

The two leagues were passed, and, well wearied with our excursion, we returned on board at sunset.

CHAPTER II.

Historical sketch of Bolivia—Its productions—Coca.

ON the 5th of August 1825, Potosi, Charcas, Cochabamba, and Santa Cruz, formerly constituting Upper Peru, declared themselves independent of Ferdinand VII., and on the 11th of August, the Assembly decreed that the Republic should bear the title of BOLIVIA. They date the birth day of the nation from the 6th of August 1825, the day on which was gained the victory of Junin.

On the 25th of May, 1826, a Congress was installed at Chuquisaca, and a committee appointed to examine the Constitution proposed by Bolívar. They reported favorably, and in conformity to its principles, a President was chosen for life. The choice fell on General Sucre, who accepted the office for only two years, on the condition that two thousand Colombian troops should be permitted to remain with him. Sucre declined holding the presidency for a longer period than two years, on the grounds of having been educated a soldier ; and having spent the greater part of his life in the field, he was unfit to be the civic chief of their government.*

* Memoirs of General Miller. Vol. II.

During his administration, schools were established, and plenipotentiaries were sent to Buenos Ayres, to obtain the acknowledgment of the independence of the Republic, which was withheld by that government, alleging that Bolivia could not be free while General Sucre and two thousand Colombians were permitted to remain within her territories. This act gave umbrage to the Bolivians, and evoked some spirited articles on the subject from them, which appeared in "El Peruano."

On the 15th of October 1826, Peru acknowledged Bolivia to be an independent state. At present, an agent from Brazil, and a Chargé d'Affaires and Consul General from France, are residing at Chuquisaca. The government of the United States has not yet sent a diplomatic agent of any class to that country.

Notwithstanding that Peru acknowledged the independence of Bolivia, she was anxious to obtain the cession of certain territories, adjoining to her southern boundary. On the 9th of April 1827, the Peruvian plenipotentiary left La Paz, and soon after, a Peruvian army, under the command of General Gamarra, appeared on the Bolivian frontier. On the 18th of April 1828, the garrison at Chuquisaca, the capital of Bolivia, revolted, through the intrigue and machinations of the Peruvian general. This garrison consisted only of fifty men, yet it was sufficient to overthrow the then existing government. General Sucre, in attempting to quell the disturbance, was severely wounded in the arm. Gamarra, under pretence of fear for the personal safety of the President, and anxiety to restore tranquillity to the state, marched from the Desagadero, where he was encamped, and took possession of La Paz, and of the Capital. Sucre at once resigned, and sailing from Cobija, arrived at Callao on the 13th of December, where he remained twenty-four hours, but was not permitted to land. While there his wounds were dressed by one of the medical officers of the United States Frigate Brandywine; and he offered his services to intercede between the governments of Peru and Colombia, then at war, with the hope of restoring peace without having recourse to arms. On the fourteenth he sailed in the Porcia (an American ship) for Guayaquil.

Bolivia was soon plunged in a most dreadful state of anarchy.

General Santa Cruz was called by the constituent Congress to be President, but a party, or rather a faction, forcibly elevated General Don Pedro Blanco to the chief magistracy. On the 25th of December he made his public entry into Chuquisaca, and the next day took the oath of office. On the thirty-first a revolution took place, he was made prisoner, and on the morning of the 1st of January 1829, he was shot, after having been President four days!

On the 14th of December 1828, Gamarra was received at Lima, amidst the rejoicings of the people, who styled him the Liberator of La Paz, and entertained him at the theatre, and at the Plaza del Acho with a bull-bait.

On the 15th of February 1829, (six weeks after the death of General Blanco,) the Vice President dissolved the Conventional Assembly, and declared all their acts to be void, leaving the laws the same as at the adjournment of the constituent Congress, and named again General Santa Cruz as the provisional President.

Since that period, Santa Cruz has been at the head of the government, which for prosperity ranks amongst the foremost of the South American republics. He has established schools, increased commerce by relieving it of many heavy taxes, and he has concluded a treaty of peace and commerce with Peru.

The extensive territory of Bolivia is rich in mines of copper and the precious metals; the vine and olive flourish; in many places sugar cane grows wild, and rice and flax are produced in abundance. Peruvian bark and indigo are successfully cultivated; and the coca, which is so essential to the Indian's comfortable existence, is a staple of this climate. The *erithroxylon peruvianus* or coca, at the time of the conquest, was only used by the Incas and those of the royal or rather solar blood. The plant was looked upon as an image of divinity, and no one entered the enclosures where it was cultivated without bending the knee in adoration. The divine sacrifices made at that period were thought not to be acceptable to heaven, unless the victims were crowned with branches of this tree. The oracles made no reply, and auguries were terrible, if the priest did not chew coca at the time of consult-

ing them. It was an unheard of sacrilege to invoke the shades of the departed great, without wearing this plant in token of respect, and the Coyas and Mamas, who were supposed to preside over gold and silver, rendered the mines impenetrable, if the laborers failed to chew the leaves of coca while engaged in the toil. To this plant the Indian recurred for relief in his greatest distress; no matter whether want or disease oppressed him, or whether he sought the favors of Fortune or Cupid, he found consolation in this divine plant.

In the course of time, its use extended to the whole Indian population, and its cultivation became an important branch of trade. It produced at one period no less than \$2,641,487 yearly, and we are told that its leaves were once the representative of money, and circulated as coin.

It is sown in the months of December and January, its growth being forwarded by the heavy rains which fall in the mountainous regions from that time till the month of April. It flowers but once a year, but yields four crops of leaves, which are not however equally abundant; the least so is gathered at the time of inflorescence. It requires to be sown once in five years. When the leaves attain an emerald green on one side, and a straw color on the other, they are carefully pulled, one by one, and dried in the sun.

The virtues of the coca are of the most astonishing character. The Indians who are addicted to its use are enabled to withstand the toil of the mines, amidst noxious metallic exhalations, without rest, food, or protection from the climate. They run hundreds of leagues over deserts, arid plains, and craggy mountains, sustained only by the coca and a little parched corn, and often too, acting as mules in bearing loads through passes where animals cannot go. Many have attributed this frightful frugality and power of endurance to the effects of habit, and not to the use of the coca, but it must be remembered, that the Indian is naturally voracious, and it is known that many Spaniards were unable to perform the Herculean tasks of the Peruvians, until they habitually used the coca. Moreover, the Indians, without it, lose both their vigor and powers of endurance. It is stated, that during the siege of

La Paz, in 1781, when the Spaniards were constantly on the watch, and destitute of provisions in the inclemencies of winter, they were saved from disease and death by resorting to this plant.

The coca possesses a slightly aromatic and agreeable odor, and when chewed, dispenses a grateful fragrance; its taste is moderately bitter and astringent, and it tinges the saliva of a greenish hue. Its effects on the system are stomachic and tonic, and beneficial in preventing intermittents, which have always prevailed in the country.*

The mode of employing coca is to mix with it in the mouth a small quantity of lime, prepared from shells, much after the manner that the betel is used in the East. With this, a handful of parched corn, and a ball of arrow root, an Indian will travel on foot a hundred leagues, trotting on ahead of a horse. On the frequented roads, I am informed, that the Indian guides have certain spots where they throw out their quids, which have accumulated into little heaps, that now serve as marks of distance; so that instead of saying one place is so many leagues from another, it is common to call it so many quids!

The Indians sometimes have tertúlias for taking the infusion of the leaves, as well as for chewing it. In the former mode, the effects are agreeably exhilarating. It is usual to say, on such occasions, “*vamos à coquear y acullicar*”—let us indulge in coca.

* *Disertacion sobre el aspecto, cultivo, comercio, y virtudes de la famosa planta del Peru, nombrada Coca. Por el Doctor Don Hipólito Unanue. Mercurio Peruano. July, 1794. Lima.*

NOTICES OF PERU.



NOTICES OF PERU.

CHAPTER I.

Callao Bay—Island of San Lorenzo—Entering Callao—Castles—Ancient defence of Callao—Town of Callao—Market—Water—The mole—Remains of “Old Callao.”

By reference to any map of Peru, it may be seen that Callao lies in about twelve degrees of south latitude, and that Lima is a little to the northward and eastward of it.

From the mild, and almost constantly prevailing southerly breezes, the bay is always smooth, affording one of the best places on the coast for vessels to careen, after their long passage round Cape Horn. From its geographical relations, this could not be expected, since it is a mere open roadstead, protected from the southerly breezes by an island called San Lorenzo, which extends from south-west to north-east, nearly two leagues. It is about a mile wide, and its highest point is nearly five hundred feet above the level of the sea. Towards the southern end it is separated by a narrow, rocky channel, navigable for boats. It bears evidence of having been severed by some violent earthquake, at a period of which there is no record. San Lorenzo is a barren spot, without a vestige of verdure, save on its very summit for a few weeks in the winter season, when it is pretty constantly shrouded in dense clouds. Its rocky shore is inhabited by a variety of molluscous animals,

and great numbers of seals, while its heights are only visited by condors and vultures.

There is a melancholy sentiment conveyed by a sight of this barren spot. When death has removed them from this world, our countrymen, in common with Englishmen, are allowed no other resting place, for "the cursed ungodliness of zeal" has

" Denied the charity of dust, to spread
O'er dust !"

Even the humble monument, raised by weeping friendship, has been defaced or torn away by bigots ! Many noble hearts, stilled by the silent inroads of this deceitful climate, now moulder here, far away from the land that gave them birth.

Not long since, the government granted foreigners permission (not yet taken advantage of) to purchase a spot near Lima, to be consecrated as a burying ground ; but nothing can gain a Protestant corpse admittance into the Peruvian Pantheon. They refused burial even to the remains of Admiral Guise, the commander in chief of their navy, killed in 1828, before Guayaquil, on board of the Frigate Prueba, till his widow, a native lady, stated most solemnly that he was a Roman Catholic.

When we approached Callao, the zenith was clear. The Morro Solar and San Lorenzo lay silent before us. The breeze was mild. The clouds floated round the mighty Cordilleras, but their snowy peaks looked over them. The narrow strip of plain between the coast and the mountains was green. The spires and fanes of Pizarro's city "of a thousand towers and an hundred gates," were descried, nestling at the foot of San Cristoval. As we neared the island, the sea broke sullenly along its southern shore, and over the insulated rocks near it. We were so near them, that we plainly saw, basking in the sun, hundreds of drowsy seals and sea lions, with sleek skins and shaggy manes.

We passed close to the northern end of San Lorenzo, and about four o'clock anchored a mile from the mole, and outside of the merchant vessels. Before coming to, the captain of the port and the port physician boarded us, and received all the letters we had brought. The captain of the port told us that a

fine of five hundred dollars was imposed on any person who should be detected in carrying a sealed letter to Lima. Letters for the consignees of merchant vessels are excepted.

Besides the entrance by the northern end of the island, there is another, called the Boquerón passage, between the main and the southern portion, called Frontón.

To the north-east of the anchorage, the river Rimac, which passes the City of Lima, insensibly debouches, and leaves many lagoons in that direction. Two miles to the north, there is a shoal near the shore, and a stream of water falling into the sea, called Bocanegra.

About three leagues to the south of Callao, is a promontory called the Morro Solar. On its northern side is the village of Chorillos, inhabited by Indians; which, during the summer, is the resort of the fashion of Lima, for the purpose of sea bathing. To the south of it are two landing places; one, EL SALTO DEL FRAILE—the Friar's Leap, and the other, CHINA, which was much frequented, in the early part of the last century, by French merchantmen and smugglers.

Previous to the great earthquake of 1746, (28th October,) which ruined Lima and submerged Callao, this place was defended by a simple wall, and irregular bastions; but, from the loose nature of the soil, without a fosse. The guns were of brass, but so entirely worn, that a great part of the charge of powder burnt out at the touch hole. The gun carriages were quite as defective as the artillery; some had but one wheel, and others were worn almost square. What is remarkable, there was no one in Lima who was professionally capable of repairing these guns, which were at last bushed by a silversmith named Francisco de Villachica, who had never been out of Lima, but, from the urgency of the case, undertook the work. At that time, the shot used were either of pure copper or mixed with lead, and we are told that the officers sold large quantities of them for their private advantage.*

The site of Callao of the present day, is some hundred toises to the north of the old, and possesses a very different soil. The

* Noticias Secretas de America, p. 138.

site of old Callao is at present, and probably was when Ulloa left Peru (1744), a loose shingle filled in with light sand.*

At present there are three castles which completely command the anchorage and the road to Lima ; one on the point that stretches towards San Lorenzo, called generally the south battery, one on the north of the town, called the north battery, and a third between the two, La Independencia, formerly named San Felipe. The last is large, and well calculated, even with a large garrison, to withstand a long siege, as was demonstrated by the protracted resistance of Rodil in the late war. The castles were begun in 1747, just after the earthquake ; in the same year Bellavista was built, about a quarter of a league from Callao, as the port, in order to be beyond the ingress of the sea in the event of another earthquake, for Callao was literally swept from its foundation by the rolling in of the ocean, rather than by the shaking of the earth. The castles have prevented the augmentation and improvement of the town ; proprietors of the land always are at the risk of having the houses torn down, in case the place should be attacked or even threatened by an enemy, and that too by their own guns.

Though these castles, and the arsenal immediately under the walls of San Felipe, also defended by heavy brass guns, have a formidable appearance, they are totally useless in preventing invasion from any maritime foe. They could only serve as a strong hold when driven to extremity, to enable the besieged to gain time, and draw succor from the interior resources of the country. True, they completely protect the immense bay of Callao, and might save all the shipping in it, in the event of an attempt to cut them out. For many leagues to the north and south, landing can be effected without risk, even in small boats and canoes.

Besides the bad repair in which the ancient defence of Callao was kept, the garrison was small and without discipline. Many dishonest persons in Lima, attached themselves to the artillery nominally, in order to escape the prosecution of ere-

* For a description of Callao as it was previous to 1746, see Frezier's Voyage to the South Sea, in 1712—13—14.

ditors. They entered the corps, and appeared at certain times at the fortification, to prove that they were in the service of the king, which exempted them from the grasp of the officers of justice. This nominal enlistment was effected by bribing the officers of the artillery, with a third or two thirds, and sometimes even with the whole of the pay receivable by law.

At the fortress in Valdivia, the viceroy paid the troops, partly in clothing and the necessaries which they required, and which could not be purchased there. The commander or governor was intrusted with the disbursements. He kept all the goods; opened a shop, and, paying the money sent, sold the goods to the soldiery at most exorbitant prices; necessity compelled them to purchase, and thus the chieftain received as his own, what he had held only in trust.*

Ulloa complained loudly of the want of discipline throughout all the garrisons of the whole coast, from Valdivia to Panama, and in order to remedy it, proposed to send yearly to Spain, a proportional number of men from each province, according to its population, there to be drilled, taught, and accustomed to war in the armies of the monarch. He thought that a military education, sufficient for one of these small garrisons, could not be taught in America, even if all the officers, superior and subaltern, had been Spaniards, as he recommended. He suggests, however, the propriety of giving to the newly educated, some subaltern offices, as serjeant-major, &c., to encourage them to make themselves worthy of greater preferment. He represents the Creoles as having been extremely vain of such royal favor and distinction.

During the last two years, Callao has much improved, and the population has increased to probably eight thousand souls. There is a fine wharf or mole, nearly completed, provided with cranes and landing slips for the convenience of vessels in the harbor. Its foundation is the ruined hulk of an old sloop of war, around which piles have been driven; these are filled in with stone, brought from San Lorenzo, where it is quarried and broken by convicts.

* Noticias Secretas de America.

The main street, following the course of the beach, is about a quarter of a mile long, and has been lately paved. The houses are built of "adobes," with a second story made of cane wicker work, plastered with mud, and whitewashed. The roofs are all flat; also of wicker work, and plastered with mud. These are kept clean in some instances as promenades, but more frequently become receptacles for all kinds of family refuse. This light architecture is used, because it is less expensive, and less dangerous during earthquakes. At the northern end of the street are a number of huts, constructed of mats, tenanted by fishermen, who supply the markets of Callao and Lima with fish; this part of the town is called the pescadores.

Along this street are many stores, billiard rooms, pulperías, or tipping shops, which are rendezvous for idle sailors, negroes, and the lowest order of the population. These places are the scenes of all manner of vice; gambling, drunkenness, and the natural consequents, quarrels, and sometimes even murder. At night the sounds of bacchanalian mirth, and drunken uproar, are heard till a very late hour. To the eastward several streets have lately sprung up. The houses are small, but comparatively commodious; at almost every door is tied by a leg, a game cock or two, crowing and scratching all day long;—fighting cocks is a very favorite and general amusement with all the inhabitants.

The market place consists of an open square, in which are erected a few booths for butcher's meat and vegetables. The market women, mostly Indians and mulattoes, spread out their fruits and vegetables on mats or ponchos, on the ground, and separate them into little parcels, worth a real each. Potatoes are sold at from three to eight for a real;* eggs at from three

* Coins of Peru.

Gold.	{	Onza,	equal to	\$17 00
		Media Onza,	do.	8 50
		Doblon,	do.	4 25
		Escudo,	do.	2 12½
		Escudillo,	do.	1

to six ; tomatoes and beans are measured in gourd dishes of an arbitrary size, according to the views of the venders. For once the scene is amusing ; frequently the market women have their young children slung in the shawl or poncho, on the back, while seated flat on the ground, with one foot resting beneath the ham of the other leg, which is extended, and bare nearly to the knee. The hair is worn in three long braids, hanging down behind. The heaps of fruit of every kind are sometimes so numerous, and disposed so irregularly over the ground, that it requires care in wending the way, not to stumble into a heap of eggs, or a basket of cherimoyas. A constant talking, carried on in long, drawling, nasal tones, seems to indicate an amiable docility, though they are generally alive to their own interests, and not unfrequently sell articles for less than one half of the price first demanded. Several kinds of excellent fish are sold in this market ; the corvina, the flounder, and the pampano, are best ; the latter, caught only at Chorillos, is not always to be obtained, and is so highly esteemed, that one weighing eight or ten pounds, readily commands five or six dollars. The beef possesses more flavor, and is perhaps better than at any other place on the coast. The mutton is excellent. Poultry is dear, and with the exception of ducks, is very inferior in flavor.

The purlieus of the plaza are peopled with dogs and buzzards, that hover round to pick up whatever falls in their way. Bullocks are slaughtered in the open road, just outside of the town, and the meat, after being dressed, is brought to the shambles on jackasses, or in carts.

Along the eastern side of Callao, is a "tapia" (mud wall), formerly used as a defence, but now entirely abandoned. A canal, running along side of the Lima road, supplies the place, as well as the shipping, with water ; for the latter, it is brought to the

	{	Peso,	equal to	\$1 00
	{	Dos reales,	do.	25
Silver.	{	Real,	do.	12½
	{	Medio,	do.	6¼
	{	Cuartillo,	do.	3

There is neither copper nor paper money in the Republic.

mole in wooden conduits, where it is very readily filled into casks, without removing them from the boat. Just outside of the *tapia* is a sort of lock, where, from morning till night, are assembled negro and white women, washing linen by the process (not the most approved) of pounding it with stones, and spreading it out on the neighboring green. Horses are also carried there to drink and to be washed; all of which, it is thought, does not impair the good qualities of the water for most domestic purposes.

On working days and holy-days, Callao presents an active scene. During business hours, the basin, formed by the mole, is covered with launches and boats. The mole is piled up with boxes and bales of merchandise; large heaps of wheat, sometimes containing thousands of bushels; mules and asses, loading and unloading; merchants and clerks; guards and custom house officers—all crowded upon it, each pushing and jostling his way, and overcoming all resistance. Amidst the trampled dust, no very idle part is enacted by the millions of fleas, on the feet and ankles of all who intrude upon them. A sentinel stands at the landing slip, opposite to which is a sort of sentry-box, where the officers of the guard lounge, and smoke paper cigars, through the twenty-four hours. At night the posts are increased, and no person is permitted to land or embark after eight o'clock, without special permission from the captain of the port.

The street presents negroes in dirty, tattered ponchos, slouched straw hats, bragas, or large bottomed breeches, bare legs, and raw hide sandals on the feet. The women ride astride, and display a superior knowledge of horsemanship. The men wear short jackets, and are constantly smoking cigars; officers of the garrison, in gay uniforms, saunter about on foot, or are seen on splendid steeds, handsomely caparisoned, curvetting and caracoling through the streets.

The appearance of Callao is by no means favorable, and no one would ever suspect its being other than a very disagreeable place. Strangers generally dislike it very much, which is not surprising, for there is little or no society to be found, except in the summer, when a few families resort thither for the purpose of sea bathing, of which the Peruvians are passionately

fond. At that time tertúlias are formed, generally ending in gambling parties, in which ladies and gentlemen promiscuously engage. Foreigners amuse themselves in walking, playing billiards, or bowles, for which there are several alleys.

The site of old Callao, which is between Castle Independence and the south battery, is, like Golgotha, a place of skulls and human bones. The vaulted roofs of some of the churches still remain, and are on a level with the surface. Into these all the bodies of those who died during the siege and blockade of 1825, were thrown, without changing the dress in which they expired or were killed. Many of the bodies are shrivelled and dried, but show no sign of putrefaction having taken place. Here were buried the family of Torre Tagle, Marquis of Truxillo, who perished in the castle, with many others, from famine. Provisions became so scarce towards the close of the siege, that the marquis, it is said, gave a jewel, worth \$30,000, for a single chicken! The bones now seen, are of those who perished at that time, and were not washed out by the sea, as has been suggested, for it rarely reaches where they are.*

About the year 1650, Callao contained six hundred Spanish families, besides Indians, Mestizos, Mulattoes and Negroes; also four convents, viz., Santo Domingo, San Francisco, San Augustin, La Merced, and a house of Jesuits.†

* Morrel's Voyages.

† Albores del Sol del Nuevo Mundo.

CHAPTER II.

Ride to Lima—The Road—Monument—Bellavista—Treasure—Church of Palms—Market women—Sambo de la Legua—Church—Negroes dancing—Mules and asses—Alaméda de la Portada—Meet a pleasure party—Lima gate—Entrance to the city—Animas—First view of “the street of Callao.”

THE road to Lima is nearly a straight line, drawn over an inclined plane, which gradually rises from the sea, till it is lost in the base of the hills of Amancaes and San Cristoval. Though to the eye the road from Callao appears to be perfectly level, the great plaza of Lima stands one hundred and seventy varas (Spanish yards)* above the sea. It was constructed by the viceroy, Don Ambrosio O'Higgins, in 1799, and had the original plan been carried out, would have rivaled any thing of the kind in South America. A low brick wall or curb runs along each side of a centre road, whose surface is two or three feet above carriage roads, which are on either side. This arrangement is not complete through the whole extent, but is interrupted, and a part of the distance is travelled on the lateral roads, which, I believe, were originally designed to be the beds of streams. The greater part of the way is covered with loose pebbles, giving it no very distant resemblance to a shingle beach.

I joined a party on horseback, soon after arriving in the roads—sorry stumbling nags we found—and set off in the morning for the capital, far famed once as “City of Kings,” afterwards as “City of the Free,” but still more widely known by the original name, Lima. We were soon out of Callao, and found the road running in a straight line; and on the right and behind us, when fairly on the way, was the gate and draw-bridge of El Castillo de la Independencia. Curiosity carried our eyes in every direction. To the right, all round the castle to the sea, was an irregular shingle, and to the left, a broad, green meadow, covered with rank grass, spread itself to the view. Just at the skirts of Callao, and at the beginning of the

* Equal to 32 English inches.

road, were planted two or three posts, around which were offal and a number of dogs, with other appearances marking the spot where beef is slaughtered for the market.

After we had passed the women washing at the lock of the canal, the first figures we saw were two soldiers on foot, making their way towards Callao. They wore tall, compressed, blue cloth caps, with red bands and without vizier, coarse gray pantaloons, made full, resembling the dress worn in some of our state prisons, and short blue jackets. Their complexion was dark mulatto. They trudged along the canal, barefoot, with a bundle hanging on a stick over the shoulder, appearing like men fatigued from a long march. The next object that engaged our attention was a cross, erected on a square pedestal, to the right of the road, and about half way between Bellavista and Callao, which is said to mark the spot where the sea reached in the great earthquake of 1746; and some add, that a frigate was thrown there at the time by the force of the waves. A few years since, Bellavista was a flourishing village. It was built in 1747, and intended to be the port, but in the course of time, the terror caused by the great earthquake wore away, and the present Callao grew up. This checked the improvement of Bellavista. Frequent earthquakes, the bombardings from the castle, its alternate possession by the royalist and patriot troops, during the war of the revolution, have left it a heap of ruins, which shelter some few Indian and negro families. Between Bellavista and the cross just mentioned, are the remains of a breast work, thrown up and defended by the patriots when General Rodil was in possession of the castles.

Presently we met a drove of mules, laden with silver, and guarded by a half dozen soldiers—some of African, and others of Indian origin. This treasure, amounting to eighty thousand dollars, was about being shipped to England. Close after them came a troop of asses, almost completely hidden in stacks of green alfalfa*—a species of trefoil highly nutritious to horses—aptly enough compared to the moving of “Birnam wood.”

On the left, we came up to La Iglesia de las Palmas—the

* *Mendicago sativa* of botanists.

church of Palms, or Baquíjano, which, in 1825, served as an ambush for the patriots in a sharp skirmish with a royal party from the castles. On that day, from Lima gates to Callao, the road was strewn with dead. The cruel Rodil would not consent to the bodies being buried—they laid there till the buzzards and vultures removed them!

A party of market people, closely followed by one of pleasure, passed us. The market women were mounted on asses, with saddles made high and square on top, with pillions of sheep skins, tanned with the wool on. The samba women were seated astride, presenting, from the great breadth of the saddle, a most grotesque appearance. The well expanded leg, cased in a silk stocking, was visible to the knee. The foot, set off in a green or particolored slipper, and armed with a great spur, was constantly swung with a careless air against the sides of the patient donkey. A figured calico gown, and a large cotton shawl, with the right corner flung over the left shoulder, and a high crowned Guayaquil hat, tied under the chin with a black ribbon, the rim being left free, completed the costume. Some had large panniers of fruit slung to the sides of their beasts, and others had two sheep ready for the market, tied together by the hind legs, hung over the saddle bow. Some had their infant children with them, suspended over the back in a shawl or poncho. These women were mostly *embonpoint*, or even corpulent, with round, shining faces and placid countenances.

The pleasure party was also of the sambo caste. The women were laughing, and prancing along on spirited horses, accompanied by sambos and negroes. The females were dressed in white gowns, white ponchos, Manila hats, highly glazed and decorated, with a bow and band of black ribbon, secured under the chin, (the rim floating free), silk hose, gay colored slippers and spurs. The hair was frizzed over the shoulders, and thickly sprinkled with jasmine flowers. They sat astride, and managed their horses admirably. The beaux also wore Manila hats, white ponchos, and white jean pantaloons. Their heavy spurs, with rowels not less than two inches in diameter, were supported by a leathern heel piece. At a distance it was difficult to distinguish the women from the men, and when near,

nothing but the bare leg of the female pointed out the difference of sex!

We had scarcely passed this party, when an officer and two soldiers shot by us in full gallop for Lima. We learned afterwards, that it was a lieutenant, bearing an ordinary despatch from Callao to the government.

We stopped at the half way house, and indeed our horses were so accustomed to halt there, that they trotted up to the shed of their own free will. The "tambo de la Legua" is a pulpería at which most travellers rest for a few minutes. Beside it stands a church, called La Legua, (hence the name of the tambo), at the door of which was an image of the Virgin, standing on a table, with a crucifix and a silver plate before it, half full of "reales" and "medios." A friar, in a coarse tunic, with a long beard and shaven crown, stood near, begging alms for "la santísima Vírgen"—the most holy Virgin, and extending the crucifix to be kissed by all those who bestowed charity in the silver plate.

The tambo is a low, one story building, bearing the marks of great age; the large opening in front, like a huge window, from which liquors and cigars are dispensed at low prices, is worn by the frequent handling of customers. On the counter, which may be compared to a broad window sill, there are always burning two or three knots of wood for the convenience of lighting cigars. The roof extends out in front, affording an ample shade for those who stop to partake of the "good things" provided. On either side of this shed is a low adobe seat, for the accommodation of foot passengers. No customer ever enters the door—a wise precaution against the inebriated, who are not to be trusted amongst bottles and glasses.

The scene at the tambo was curiously contrasted with the religiously grave friar and holy Virgin. Though not twenty yards apart, there was a party of negroes, men and women, with scarcely tatters enough to hide their nakedness, wriggling fandangos under the shed, to the music of a rude harp, played by an old, frosty headed negro, accompanied by the nasal, twanging voices of black wenches, who also beat time with their palms on the body of the instrument. Both men and

women were bare legged to the knee. The former wore large, full bottomed bragas, or breeches, and long woollen ponchos, with tall, sugar-loaf-crowned, Guayaquil hats. Their legs were of the true negro formation ; the calf gathered up close to the knee, and a long, slim shank, attached to a broad, flat foot, with the heels extending almost as far behind as the toes did forward. The women had on ragged woollen petticoats, plaited full round the waist ; the bust was but illy concealed in a dingy chemise ; the arms were bare ; a handkerchief or shawl was girt around the hips, so as to draw the petticoat smooth over the abdomen, and gather it up full behind, and shorten it withal. The hands were sometimes akimbo, sometimes flung in the air, and the figures leaned forward as they advanced and retreated in the dance. The step was an awkward movement of quickly crossing one foot over the other in front, without lifting it high from the ground, only varied by an occasional hop, and accompanied by an indescribable wriggling of the hips. The dance was disgustingly lascivious, and the voices of the females coarse and disagreeable. The whole party were excited by frequent potations of pisco and chicha.

There were two Peruvian officers, of high rank, smoking, and looking on the dance with great gravity. Their gorgeous uniforms, almost hidden in gold embroidery, contrasted strangely with the squalid garments of the merry negroes. Two or three asses, with serious faces, stood gazing quietly on the scene. One water carrier leaned his head on his arms, which were embracing the saddle bow of his donkey, with a leg crossed and resting on the ground. His countenance was distorted by a broad smile of approbation, that seemed to be generating at the very bottom of his heart. The steeds of the officers looked impatient, neighed, pawed the earth, and threw up their heads.

Before we left the tambo, two stage coaches drove up ; one from Lima, the other from Callao. Both were filled with foreigners, and one was completely shrouded in tobacco smoke. Smoking in Peru is universal ; even ladies of the better classes are not exempt from this practice.

After ten minutes' rest, we again mounted, and pushed on

towards the capital. Parties similar to those we had met, passed us, with now and then a "valencin," which is a two wheeled carriage, drawn by two mules abreast, on one of which a postillion rides. When new and in fine order, this vehicle is a calesa; but worn for some time, it degenerates into a "valencin," as private carriages, in the course of time, dwindle into hackney coaches in the United States. We overtook a drove of asses, laden with kegs. Two were too much for a single ass, so that a large stone was slung on one side to balance the keg on the other. This plan is not unfrequently adopted by the "arrieros," or muleteers, when the packages are too large to be carried in pairs by a mule or donkey. Mules generally carry two barrels of flour at a load, from Callao to Lima, a distance of seven miles, over a stony road.

To the right and left of the road are seen large mounds of earth, termed HUACAS, which are the remaining monuments of the ancient Peruvians. Until it approaches within a quarter of a mile of the city gate, the Lima road is an unpleasant one. To the right it is flanked by high mud walls, and on the left is a meadow overgrown in places with cane brakes, which, some years ago, were the ambuscades of highwaymen. Near the metropolis, the country assumes a more smiling aspect. The dusty highway becomes an avenue of double rows of willow trees, with bubbling streams running on either hand. Stone seats are conveniently placed beneath their shade in the side alleys, which are lower than the main road. On each side the garden walls are overhung by orange, lemon, citron, and palta trees;—the air is redolent with the odors of the cherimoya and orange; its stillness, even at noon, is broken by the various notes of the feathered tribes. Large circles are placed equidistant on the road, to the number of four, called "óvalos," designated as first, second, &c., beginning at the gate. The road cuts them diametrically, leaving a semicircle on each side, surrounded by a stone seat. The round base of stone in the centre of each "óvalo," was intended to be a fountain. This avenue is called, "LA ALAMEDA DE LA PORTADA." Here, morning and evening, are seen people enjoying the "paseo;" civilians and military men; churchmen and laymen,

and women of every caste and rank in society. But it is seldom crowded, except on feast days. When we passed, we only saw a Franciscan friar, strolling along, in conversation with a negro woman, carrying a basket of oranges on her head.

Not far from the gate, we met a group of natives on horseback. The gentlemen were in short white jackets, full white pantaloons, the ponchos hanging carelessly over one arm, Manila hats, fastened with black ties under the chin, and the heels armed with long shanked silver spurs. The horses of all were caparisoned strictly after the fashion of the country. The saddle rises high before and behind, and is covered with blue pillows, secured by girths, forming a deep seat, from which it is difficult to be thrown, because the front corners of the saddle curve backwards over the thighs, forming for them a complete case. The stirrups are of pyramidal blocks of dark wood, carved in various figures, and the corners are covered with plates of silver. In one side a hole is scooped out to receive the foot. A broad piece of leather, cut into a sort of filigree figures, extends from the back of the saddle to the tail, and a similar piece passes round the hams and flank, which gives to this furniture the appearance of that of a coach horse. The whole is ornamented with silver buckles and rings, and the head piece with a profusion of studs of the same metal. The ladies, who were of the middle age, sat straight in their saddles, which were in all respects like those of the men, except that the stirrups were silver, and the reins were of a finer texture. They wore full ponchos, which covered the upper part of the figure; that of the youngest, who was perhaps twenty years of age, was striped in a flowered pattern of gay colors. The hair hung in braids down the back from under the Manila hat, which sat square on the head. Fine white pantalets, fringed with lace at the bottom, a white silk sock and satin slipper, set off a beautiful foot, armed with a golden spur. The party consisted of six persons. Their horses were spirited, and the ladies managed them with perfect skill, now checking, and touching them at the same time with the spur, causing the animal to throw up his head proudly and dance off to one side; now, giving rein and spur at the same time, dash off at a full

gallop for a hundred yards, and then check him into a sudden halt. The men played off their steeds in the same manner, wheeling and caracoling about the ladies. The faces of all were animated by smiles and gay conversation. The females were brunettes, and seemed full of enjoyment. The party dashed by us at a full gallop, the long tails of their horses, and the ponchos and hair streaming behind them.*

Such were the groups met with on the road, going in one direction or the other. Sometimes the whole road appeared choked with asses loaded with fresh cut grass. Again, a "re-cua," or drove of unladen mules, were urged on at a full gallop by the "arriero," sitting erect in his saddle, head up, poncho knotted round his waist, the reins of the mule held high over its head with the left hand, while with the right he whirled over his own head a long thong of hide. His legs, at every spring of the animal, struck the huge rowels into the mule's sides. As he sprang forward, wheeling from one side of the road to the other, to keep his mules together, he cried, "arre mula—grandisima * * *!" evincing, with the last reproachful epithet, his impatience, by a heavy discharge of his thong on the back of the hindmost mule. Then away they scampered, the dry hide "capachos," or bags, lashed to the pack saddles, clattering at a great rate as they dashed along.

Again, the asses presented a most grotesque appearance, piled up and almost concealed beneath baskets of poultry and fruit, or whole sheep dressed for the market. Then came an old, long backed "rocín," or hack, with three or four long legged, lean looking Indians seated on his back, from his neck to his tail. And certainly, the most ugly old woman I ever saw, was seated cross legged on the back of a donkey, and a little Indian riding behind her.

* Whether it is really more indelicate for a female than for a male to ride astride, I am not called upon to pronounce. At first, it does not square with our notions of propriety; but on a closer examination, I could discover nothing immodest in the appearance of a lady's foot and ankle, cased in a pantalette, nor did it seem more shocking than the tightly covered leg of the booted cavalier. One reason in favor of ladies riding after this fashion, is that they are more secure in the saddle, and need less the assistance of an attendant caballero.

Now and then we saw a most amicable company of dogs and "gallinazos," or buzzards, feasting on the carcass of a mule or ass, that had dropped down and died by the way. I have seen these birds attack the body of a mule before the breath had entirely left it, and in the course of a few hours leave nothing but the skeleton! They are the only scavengers in Peru. The law protects them from molestation; a fine being imposed on any person who may wantonly kill one of the tribe.

The entrance into Lima is through a huge gate. There is a large centre arch, and a smaller one on each side, which are closed at night with massy doors, correspondent to the arches in size. In 1825, some eulogistic sentences on BOLIVAR were written over the great entrance, but in 1827, the tide of popular feeling having turned against him, his name was blotted out, and that of LA MAR substituted; the eulogy, however, remaining unchanged. In 1829, the popularity of this chief dwindled away, and his name and eulogy are now washed over with lime;—*sic transit gloria mundi*.

On the left side of the gate is a small building, occupied by the officers of the RESGUARDO—that department of the custom house which is constantly on the alert to detect and prevent illicit trade. Here, all baggage, and every package of goods, are examined, unless accompanied by a "guia," or permit, from the ADUANA, or custom house. Here also a toll is collected for every laden mule or ass that passes to and from Lima.

Two long mud walls stand on the sides of the street, or rather avenue, which leads into the "City of the Free." At about a hundred yards from the gate, it terminates in a street, called "La calle del Callao." The first thing we remarked, was the mean appearance of the houses, and the heavy, closed balconies, jutting out in front. At the corners, are two rude wooden figures, painted red, placed about twelve feet above the ground, with a representation of flames curling round them. These half figures have the hands clasped in the attitude of prayer. They are termed "ánimas," or souls, and are intended as mementos of the torments of purgatory. Similar figures are common in all parts of the city. On the dead wall of a

house, not far from the commencement of this street, is a rough picture of the Devil carrying off the Saviour to the Mount.

In spite of the "ánimas," the corner houses are occupied as grog shops, where there were a dozen negroes, men and women, dancing fandangos, under the influence of pisco or Peruvian brandy. And, as if to aid the ánimas in their pious intention of rescuing the living from the pains of the damned, there was a friar, of the Order of Descalzos (Barefooted), in a sackcloth tunic and leather girdle, holding in one hand a tin box surmounted by a cross, having a slit in the top to receive any alms that might be bestowed, while in the other he held a long staff. He was smiling on the scene before him; the staff involuntarily kept time to the music. "The spirit *seemed* willing, but the flesh *was* weak."

As we proceeded along the street, for several cuádras, or squares, we saw many figures and customs which to us were entirely new. The flat roofs, the abrupt termination of the walls above, the faded green balconies, the great doorways and grated windows, and the dingy white, scaly walls, gave an impression of poverty and seclusion. The windows are large, and secured on the outside with vertical iron bars, placed about four inches asunder; the lower part is shut on the inside with a close trellis, generally painted green. From the window projecting a few inches on the street, and the walls being very thick, the sill is broad. Behind the trellis, which hides the interior of the house from passers-by, we saw females seated on the broad sill, with their feet drawn up, and dresses loose, smoking cigars, and peeping into the street. The balconies were occupied by females similarly engaged. As we rode along, we met water carriers riding on donkeys, officers in gay uniforms, friars of several orders, women in saya y manto—in short, so many sights, new and strange to us, that the attention could not rest long enough on any one to register its peculiarities in the mind.

We found comfortable lodgings, not far from the plaza, at a hotel kept by an obliging French woman.

CHAPTER III.

History of the founding of Lima.

EVERY circumstance connected with the founding of a new empire is more or less interesting. It is curious to see the anticipations of greatness, displayed by the founders, in the care and exactness observed in the planting of great cities. FRANCISCO PIZARRO, the conqueror of Peru, looked forward, no doubt, with feelings of exalted interest, to the day when "the City of Kings" should be as magnificent as its name portended. And when he traced the streets and squares of the metropolis of the empire he had won, he felt that his name would pass to future ages with that of the city he planned.

Where the capital should be placed was a question not hastily decided upon. Several situations were tried and abandoned, for want of those conveniences and resources required by the inhabitants of a great city.

In the year 1533, the site of an Indian village called JAUJA—anciently XAUXA, which is about forty leagues east of Lima, was selected as the capital of conquered Peru. In the first few months, an university and several public institutions were founded. In order to have a sea port for this city, Pizarro despatched Don Nicolas de Ribera, as captain and lieutenant general, to take possession of PACHACAMAC in the name of the king, and to leave population enough on the coast to form a town. The execution of this order gave birth to the town of Sangallan, thirty-five leagues to the south of Lima, and near Cañete. On the 29th of November 1534, the situation of Jauja having been found not adapted for the metropolis, an order was obtained, in consequence of a petition from the Cabildo and the Alcaldes, to move the city to Sangallan. At the expiration of ten or twelve days, they became dissatisfied with this change, and leaving thirty men in Sangallan, marched to the village of Pachacamac. Here they found some advantages

and many inconveniences for the location of their city, and while discussing the matter amongst themselves, the valley of Rimac was suggested as being an advantageous position for the projected capital. Pizarro then appointed three commissioners, Rui Diaz, Juan Tello, and Alonso Martin de Don Benito, to go, with a cacique of Rimac, and examine the valley. The order to the commissioners is dated Pachacamac, January 8th, 1535. At the end of six days, having considered the several points, of the vicinity of the sea, the proximity of the river, the fertility of the soil, and the amenity of the skies, they returned, and reported that they had selected an advantageous position for the founding of a capital.

On the eighteenth day of January 1535, the city of Lima was founded, under the name of "La ciudad de los Reyes," suggested, as many suppose, from the foundation being laid on the day of the Epiphany.* As the Spaniards in all cases paid a profound and even solemn respect to the forms at least of the Christian religion, Pizarro having marked out the plaza and general plan of the city, laid with his own hands the corner stone of a church, which he dedicated to Our Lady of the Assumption. This church is now the cathedral of Lima. But Pope Paul III., having given the same title to the church in Cuzco, dedicated this to St. John the Evangelist.

The word Rimac was changed to Lima by the Spaniards, from the then prevailing habit of confounding, in pronunciation, the R and the L.

Having founded the city, Pizarro petitioned the Emperor Charles V. to assign to it a coat of arms. He gave the three crowns and the star of the magi, with the two eagles and columns of the Plus Ultra, and the two letters, I. K., the initials of Juana and Carlos.

When the city was founded, only twelve Spaniards were present; but in the course of a few days, thirty came from

* Herrera follows Garcilaso, and says, that Lima was founded on the day of the Epiphany; but Calancha, Montalvo, and other writers, who are generally followed, state, that it was on the eighteenth of January, the anniversary of the festival of St. Peter's chair. *Vide, Frezier's Voyage.*

Sangallan, and others from Jauja, increasing the number to seventy.

The valley of Rimac was inhabited, previous to the conquest, by the subjects of the GRAND CHIMU, who was conquered by the Inca YUPANQUI. In this valley were many large Huacas, of which there are extensive remains to this day. The Huaca of Rimac, or "the God that speaks," was near the garden or orchard of the convent of Santo Domingo, formerly called *La chacra de Rimactanpu*, now *Limatambo*. The term *Rimac* is the opposite of *Pachacamac*, which designates the God who created the world and gave life to the universe, but who was never heard nor seen. The ruins of the temple of Pachacamac still remain, and are visited by all travellers in Peru. It is supposed by some, that the valley Rimac derived its name from the noise made by the river in its brawling course; but the Fray Calancha tells us, that he inquired of an old Indian who was governor of Magdalena, why they called it Rimac. He replied; "Art thou, perchance, one of those who believe that it is so called on account of the river? The God whom my ancestors adored was thus named, because he spoke to them and answered their questions, which was never known of the Huaca of Pachacamac; and, therefore, in honor of their God, they called his valley Rimac." This explanation was never contradicted by any one of the many Indians of whom Calancha asked the meaning of the term.

The above account is given on the authority of Francisco Antonio Montalvo, (*Life of Santo Torribio*, written in 1683, and printed by the procurement of Doctor Don Juan Francisco de Valladolid, under the title of "Albores del Sol del nuevo mundo;") of Fray Antonio de la Calancha, ("Choronica del orden de San Augustin;") of Garcilaso ("Comentarios Reales;") of Antonio de Herrera ("Historia de las Indias;") and of Peralta, ("Lima Fundada, o' Conquista del Peru," an epic poem, printed at Lima, 1732).

CHAPTER IV.

Topography and climate of Lima—Plan and divisions of the city—Walls—
Distribution of property—Population—Religious communities.

LIMA, or as it is now occasionally styled, in the grandiloquence inherited from the "father land," "City of the Free," is built on the southern bank of the river Rimac, which separates it from the suburb of San Lazaro. It is sheltered to the north and east by the hills of Amancaes and San Cristoval, which may be considered as mountain spurs of the Andes, the great chain of which runs, north and south, about twenty leagues east of the city. When the sky is clear, their snowy peaks are seen, not only from Lima, but from a long distance at sea. San Cristoval rises 1170 feet, and Amancaes 2560 feet, above the level of the Ocean.*

The cross erected on the summit of San Cristoval, is to commemorate a signal victory, gained over the Indians by the Spaniards, through the miraculous aid of that saint. About two years after the founding of Lima, there was a general rise of the Indians throughout Peru. Cuzco was besieged, and seventy thousand Indians occupied the northern bank of the Rimac. In order to be free from the action of the Spanish cavalry, the great body of the Peruvian army was stationed on the hill in question. Whenever they poured down the hill to the attack, the river suddenly rose, and many were drowned; but when the Spaniards advanced, commending themselves, as they rushed forward, to the care of San Cristoval and Santiago, the waters remained shallow, to the great dismay of their enemies, "being to them," says Garcilaso, "what the Red Sea was to the Philistines."†

* Unanué. Observaciones sobre el clima de Lima. Madrid. 1815.

† Garcilaso. Comentarios Reales. Lib. 2. cap. 28.

To the south and west, Lima is open to the breezes which blow from that quarter over the bosom of the Pacific, cooling the air of summer, and clearing away the fogs and mists which hang heavy over the city in the winter.

From the stone bridge, built in 1610, over the river, is a beautiful view of the Rimac, which in winter is but a brawling brook, split into streams by a number of pebbly islands, which sprinkle its bed; while in summer, when it is swollen by the melting snows of the Cordilleras, it rushes impetuously to the sea. On the left bank, looking to the southward, are seen the *Alaméda del Acho*, and the snowy peaks of the Andes, towering far above the cross of *San Cristoval*; on the right are the Convent of *San Francisco*, with its garden and out buildings, and beyond the precincts of the city, the Pantheon, half hidden amidst gardens and trees. The view is closed by mountains, rising one above the other, till the most distant seem to support the blue vault. To the northward, the eye is lost amongst valleys and hills, and to the west, the immense Pacific expands away till it meets the arching sky.

The climate of Lima is perhaps the most flattering in the world. The soil and skies have been themes of praise both with historians and poets.

“ En su horizonte el Sol todo es Aurora ;
 Eterna el tiempo todo es primavera ;
 Solo es risa del cielo cada hora ;
 Cada mes es cuenta de la esfera :
 Son cada viento un halito de Flora,
 Cada arroyo una Musa lisonjera ;
 Y los vergeles, que el confin le debe,
 Nubes fragantes con que al cielo llueve !”*

This valley may be said to enjoy an eternal spring, for vegetation and fructification are constantly going forward. We see in the same garden, one tree putting forth its tender blossoms, while another is bending beneath its matured fruit; and both phenomena are sometimes seen upon the branches of the same plant. Wherever water reaches it, the soil, though not deep,

* Peralta. *Lima Fundada, o' Conquista del Peru.* tom. 2. p. 289., cant. 8. st. III. Lima 1732.

is abundantly prolific. The atmosphere is cloudy and humid, yet it may be said with propriety, that it never rains! The vapors raised from the Ocean, by the power of the sun, form an awning over the city for the greater part of the day. Day-break is accompanied with a dense fog, which conceals objects that are but a short distance from the eye. As the sun climbs the heavens, the fog rises, discovering the surrounding country, and at midday, the clear blue sky breaks for a short time upon the sight. As the sun declines, the azure becomes gradually obscured by clouds. At night the gentle breezes of the south urge on more vapors to supply those of the preceding day. Such is the successive change, except for a few days in midsummer, when it is cloudless, and a few in the depth of winter, when there is a constant mist. The thermometer (F.) ranges from 51° the coolest, to 81° the warmest day in the year, and rarely travels beyond those limits. The barometer usually stands at twenty-seven inches four lines, varying only from two to four lines, through the year.* This atmosphere is seldom changed or renovated, because thunder, lightning, and tempests are almost unknown on the sea board, yet their place is awfully filled by frequent and sometimes terrible earthquakes! In the mountains, however, amidst the lofty peaks of the Cordilleras, terrific storms, accompanied by thunder and lightning, are not unfrequent; the glow of lightning is occasionally perceived from the coast. From six to twelve, or even more, slight earthquakes are felt annually, but the great concussions seem to observe a periodical return at the end of about a half century. The following table of earthquakes, which have occurred since the conquest, at Quito, Arequipa, and Lima, seems to confirm this statement. It is taken from Dr. Unanué's excellent work on the climate already referred to.

Arequipa.	Lima.	Quito.
1582.	1586.	1587.
1604.	1630.	1645.
1687.	1687.	1698.
1715.	1746.	1757.
1784.	1806.	1797.

* Unanué.

The year is divided into two seasons, summer and winter. Towards the close of April, the fogs become dense, and cover the sky, day and night; the mists commence, and continue, in damp years, without interruption, till the sun approaches the solstice, when the days become clear and warm; the vapors are dissipated, and we have the "veranito de San Juan"—the little summer of St. John, answering to the Indian summer of the autumn in the United States. This passes away, and in the months of July and August, prevail the heavy mists, called, in the native language of the Incas, *gárua*, and by foreigners, ironically, "Peruvian dew." The weather is then cool, but fires are never required to sit by, though the necessity of them is sometimes discussed by strangers.

Why it never rains in Lima, nor along the coast, from Lat. 6° S. to 23° S., may be thus explained. The aqueous vapors constantly raised from the Pacific, immediately after formation, are attracted by the mountains, or forced there by the prevailing winds, but instead of bursting in showers, undergo a sort of leakage, because the clouds float so low, that the minute particles of mist do not fall far enough to form distinct drops. Yet this may be owing rather to the electrical condition and relations of the mountains and valleys, than to an attracting power. However, the phenomenon ceases in the western regions, beyond the influence of the Cordilleras. It has been remarked by Dr. Unanué, that the great rains of the Andes are the result of the vaporization of the Pacific; and that, as a consequence, are formed the great rivers, emptying into the Atlantic; thus, through the air, by the intervention of the mountains, the former becomes a tributary to the latter Ocean. The birth of the Amazon and the La Plata, may have been the ruin of the fabled land of Atlantis.

Notwithstanding that it is so agreeable to the senses, the climate of Lima is enervating; and previous to acclimation, foreigners are very obnoxious to diseases of the liver and digestive organs, for which, in many instances, nothing is effectual but changing it for the more genial skies of Chile.

Lima is laid out in equal squares of four hundred feet, divided by streets thirty-three and a half feet wide, which intersect

each other at right angles. The courses of the streets do not follow the cardinal points, but vary from east to south-east; "a precaution taken by the founder," says the poet Valdes, "that the walls might cast a shade both in the morning and afternoon." Including thirty in the suburb called El Cercado, the city contained, in 1791, no less than two hundred and nine squares, and three hundred and fifty-five streets.* Since that time, little or no improvement has been made; not a single new dwelling having been built within the walls during the last thirty years. Through the centre of nearly all the streets, runs a stream of water, three feet wide, which is a sort of cloax or receptacle for all kinds of filth thrown out from private dwellings. The streets are paved with round pebbles, and the narrow *trottoir* with flat stones, in such bad repair, however, that it is painful for the feet of the stranger who presses them. This plan extends to the suburb of San Lazaro, which is separated from the city proper by the Rimac. It contains the plaza del Acho, or bull ring, the Alameda del Acho, and the Alameda de los Descalzos, which was finished in 1611, during the viceroyship of the Marques de Monte Claros.

The city is divided into four *quarteles*, and each one of these into thirty-five *barrios*. For each *barrio* an *alcalde*, a functionary similar to a Philadelphia magistrate, is selected from amongst its inhabitants. The clerical division is into eight parishes.

The houses are generally of one story, yet there are many dwellings of two, which, for extent and magnificence, are comparable to palaces. The walls are of mud and cut straw, worked up together, moulded into large sized bricks, dried in the sun. That the walls may be more capable of resisting the frequent earthquakes, stout pieces of timber are worked in them, and when a second story is raised, it is constructed of stout, split reeds, wattled together, and then plastered over with mud. The roofs are flat, made of mats, covered over with an inch or two of earth—enough to absorb the *gárua* which falls during the winter. From a height the city resem-

* Mercurio Peruano. vol. 1. p. 90.

bles a vast ruin ; the tops of the houses look as if they were covered with ashes, and the number of buzzards, stalking solemnly over every building, serves to enhance the impression.

The whitewashed fronts of the houses present a puertacalle or great doorway, opening into a patio, across which are seen the windows and entrance to the drawing-room, or sometimes to the sala. The windows are without shutters, and until of late years, without glass or sash ; in their place are substituted "rejas," which are fancifully formed gratings of iron, sometimes beautifully gilt. Very few houses have windows opening from the lower story into the street. Heavy, close balconies, resembling great boxes, jut out over the great door-way ; they are generally green, but so seldom painted, that they look sad and dingy. The walls terminate abruptly on top, without cornice or finish of any kind, except in some of the best houses and public buildings. When the puertacalle opens on a dead wall, as is the case in many parts of the city, a landscape or some perspective view is painted on it to relieve the eye. Nevertheless, the appearance of the streets is dull and mean.

The interior structure is light and airy, and well adapted to the climate. The various rooms are distributed round courts, which are surrounded by corridors when there are two stories, accessible from the patio by a broad stair. All the rooms are lofty. For the admission of light and air, they have square windows near the ceiling, closed by rough inside shutters, controlled by cords, terminated with tassels, which hang from spring-latches into the room. The joists or rafters which support the roof or ceiling, as it may be, are carved and varnished. The floors are generally made of square earthen tiles, and in the best houses of Dutch tiles, ornamented with drawings. The walls are whitewashed ; within a few years, however, some are papered, and in the dwellings of the wealthy, tapestried with damask. Some houses have two or three courts, with corridors communicating one with the other.

Almost every house has a stream of water running through it, which is used for domestic purposes. Gardens are rare. Though the Limanians are passionately fond of flowers, they seldom attempt any thing further in this way than the cultiva-

tion of a few choice plants—mostly bulbs—which are displayed in pots around the corridors.

The city is surrounded by a parapet wall, about seven miles in circuit, and pierced by six gates. It is from eighteen to twenty-five feet high, and about nine feet thick. It is defended by thirty-five bastions, each flank being ninety feet, perpendicular to the curtain, and the face about sixty yards, making the angle of the *epaule* one hundred and thirty degrees. Except at some of the bastions, the wall is too narrow for the mounting of artillery, which leads us to suppose, that it was constructed to guard against incursions of the Indians. They are without *fosse* or out works, and their top is a very frequent promenade for foreigners, but natives seldom resort to them. They were built about the year 1685, during the viceroyship of the Duke de la Palata, by Don Juan Ramond, a Flemish priest.

In 1791, the property of Lima was distributed and owned as follows:—

Houses.		
	9 belonged to	The King.
362	“ “	Convents.
216	“ “	Monasteries.
17	“ “	Holy Inquisition.
103	“ “	Hospitals.
24	“ “	Holy places.
157	“ “	Brotherhoods.
29	“ “	Colleges.
137	“ “	Clerigos.
61	“ “	Private religiosos.
29	“ “	Individual nuns.
2797	“ “	Individuals.

Total, 3941

It will be seen, on examination of the above list, that nearly one-third of the property belonged to the church and to charitable institutions.

The first census of the population of Lima was made in 1600,

when it contained 14,262 inhabitants. The following is the census of 1790.

	SINGLE.		MARRIED.		WIDOWED.		TOTAL.
	Men.	Women.	Men.	Women.	Men.	Women.	
Spaniards,	5225	4835	2740	2603	370	1442	17,215
Indians,	1426	929	684	631	80	162	3,912
Mestizos,	1357	1362	737	767	74	334	4,631
Negroes,	3138	2737	1200	1250	153	482	8,960
Mulattoes,	1831	2148	775	735	78	405	5,972
Quarteroons,	728	815	345	290	43	162	2,383
Quinteroons,	76	91	17	16	6	13	219
Zambos,	1139	1308	312	349	102	174	3,384
Chinos,	385	414	135	117	26	43	1,120
Total,	15305	14639	6945	6758	932	3217	47,796

Seculars, { Men, 23,182 }
 { Women, 24,614 } 47,796.

Religious professors, { Men, 991 }
 { Women, 656 } 1,647.

Living in religious communities, { Men, 1,564 }
 { Women, 1,620 } 3,184.

Total, { Men, 25,737 }
 { Women, 26,890 } 52,627.

The population, since 1790, has probably decreased one-fifth; so that the city now contains, by estimate, 40,000 inhabitants. This decrease must be referred to the war of the revolution, which carried off many in the battle fields; others removed to Spain rather than join the patriot cause.

Population of Lima.

In the year	1600,	14,262	Increase.	
“	“ 1614,	25,455	11,193	
“	“ 1700,	37,259	11,804	
“	“ 1746,	60,000	22,741	Decrease.
“	“ 1755,	54,000		6,000
“	“ 1781,	60,000	6,000	
“	“ 1790,	52,627		7,373

The earthquake of 1746, and the epidemic diseases which followed, caused a decrease of 6,000 in the population. From the repugnance of the lower orders to give the true number of their families, supposing that the census is for the purpose of levying new taxes, it is presumed that the above numbers are rather under than beyond the truth.

Religious Communities.

Orders of Friars.	Houses.	Number.
Benitos,	1	12
Geronimos,	1	3
<i>(Mendicants.)</i>		
Dominicans,	4	272
Franciscan,	2	242
Descalzos,	1	60
Missionaries of Ocopa,		4
Augustins,	3	227
Mercedarians,	3	228
Minimos,	1	64
San Juan de Dios,	1	53
<i>(Regular clergy.)</i>		
Agonizantes,	2	88
<i>(Congregation.)</i>		
S. Felipe Neri,	1	94
Total,	<u>20</u>	<u>1347</u>

The above numbers include noviciates, servants, and slaves.

Orders of Nuns.	Houses.	Number.
Bernárdas,	1	157
Domínicas,	2	225
Franciscas Claras,	1	244
Capuchínas,	1	39
Concebidas,	1	260
Do. Descalzas,	1	155
Carried forward,	<u>7</u>	<u>1080</u>

Orders of Nuns.	Houses.	Number.
Brought forward,	7	1080
Augustinas,	2	268
Carmelitas Descalzas,	2	88
Do. Nazarinas Descalzas,	1	47
Trinitárias,	1	53
Mercedárias,	1	49
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	14	1585
	<hr/>	<hr/>

Orders of Nuns.	Houses.	Number.
Beatarias.*		
Domínicas,	1	53
Franciscas,	1	63
Do. Indias,	1	47
Amparadas y Recogidas,	1	147
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	4	310
	<hr/>	<hr/>

The above numbers include novices, nuns, servants, and slaves.

Since this enumeration was made (1791), perhaps the number of nuns and friars has decreased one-fifth. †

CHAPTER V.

Plaza—Portáles—Palace—Cathedral—Archbishop's palace—Fountains—The Plaza by day, and by night—Segarréros—Picántes—Barquillos—Ice.

THE great square of Lima, in ancient times the Plaza Real, now Plaza de la Independencia, suggests a thousand associations. Here Pizarro drew the plan of this Metropolis; here he laid the corner stone of the Cathedral, the first building in the

* Those females who devote their lives to religion and charity, but without binding themselves to seclusion, are termed Beatas.

† Vide, *Mercurio Peruano*, Vol. I.

“City of Kings;” here he saw the town-house and palace rise; within a few yards of this spot he lost his life, and not far off, now rest his bones! Here, too, San Martin proclaimed LIBERTY to the inhabitants, and BOLIVAR was honored and contemned. Here Torre Tagle ordered the national hymn to be sung by young girls, assembled from the several schools, on every Sunday morning! For three hundred years, the plaza has been, by turns, the scene of business, of religious processions, of amatory intrigues, of festivities, and of public executions!—and will probably continue so to be. The customs of Lima are now too old, and too deeply rooted, soon to change!

On the east side of the plaza, are the Cathedral, and Archbishop’s palace, part of which is now occupied by the Peruvian Senate. On the north is what was once Pizarro’s palace; on the west, are the house of the Cabildo, or Municipality, the prison, and the offices of the Escribanos, or Scriveners; on the south, is the Portál de los Botinéros, and in the centre stands a brazen fountain, which was once glittering with gold.

The Portál de los Botinéros, and that of the Escribanos, are covered walks extending along two sides of the plaza, supporting a second story of irregular balconies, on arches and colonnades of brick. Beneath the first are fancy stores, and against the colonnades are placed, in the day time, the tables and apparatus of fringe makers, of lace makers, of button makers (and hence the name of this one,) cases of small wares, &c. Under the Portál de los Escribanos, are drygood shops, and some notaries’ offices. In front of them are the cases and tables of small drygood dealers, or permanent pedlars, with a display of all that a seamstress can want in the way of thread, needles, ribbons and tape. The tables and awnings of these traders, who remove them at sunset, extend over nearly one-third of the plaza. The upper story of the “Button-makers’ Portico,” is occupied by private families. Both portáles are paved with small pebbles, and the ends of leg bones, distributed so as to form various figures.

The Cathedral is a noble edifice of one hundred and eighty-six feet front, by three hundred and twenty deep. The front presents three great doors, which open upon a broad terrace,

and above them, an ecclesiastic coat of arms. These are supported by Corinthian columns and figures of saints. At each corner is a tower rising nearly two hundred feet from its base, which is forty feet. They are octagonal, ornamented with Corinthian columns, cornices, ovals, socles and mouldings; the whole is surmounted by a gilt ball, and an iron cross twelve feet high. The towers were thrown down by the earthquake of 1746, and rebuilt in 1800. During 1832 the pyramids and cupolas on their summits were painted, and the balls gilded. In the belfries there are three large, fine toned bells, besides several smaller ones. The largest, called LA CANTABRIA, weighs 310 quintals; the second, LA PURISIMA, 155 quintals; and the third, LA ANTIGUA, 55 quintals!

On the north side of the Cathedral, corresponding to it in architecture, is a small church, surmounted with a low cupola and cross, termed the Sagrario. Adjoining to it is the Archbishop's palace. It is two stories high, and the front wall is crowned with a balustrade and urns. Like the dwellings of Lima, it is disfigured by a close jutting balcony.

Beneath the terrace of the Cathedral are several small shoemakers' shops, called Los cajones de los cabachuelos.

The palace occupies the whole north side of the plaza. It presents an irregular, mean, half broken down row, of two stories high. The lower one is occupied by shops, in which are sold hardware, twine, sulphur, wax and books, and almost every one has the same assortment. From no very distant resemblance to huge boxes, this row has acquired the name of Los cajones de la ribera. Coarse unbleached awnings are propped out over them to protect their goods from the sun. The second story is a kind of open gallery, called La Galería de Palacio. A side entrance leads from the plaza into one of the great patios, through which, it is supposed, Almagro's party entered when Pizarro was slain.

In the centre of the square, on a level table of masonry, forty feet on each side, and raised three feet, having drains around it for carrying off the superabundant water, is placed the great reservoir of the beautiful fountain of Lima. It is twenty-four feet in diameter, and about three feet deep. It is

crowned by eight lions, with a griffin at the feet of each, and is ornamented exteriorly with mouldings and flowers in semi-relief, and interiorly the sides and bottom are glazed. In the centre of this reservoir is a pedestal eighteen feet high, composed of three parts, which supports a second basin, eight feet in diameter. Around it are eight grotesque masks, from the mouths of which the water is jetted into the reservoir below. A column, two feet in diameter and five feet high, adorned with foliage in relief, rises out of the second basin, and sustains a third, sixteen feet in circumference, and surrounded by seraphs, who jet forth the water collected in it. Again arises another column from its centre, supporting a ball, upon which is poised a statue of Fame, five feet high. In her right hand she once held the armorial bearings of the monarch of Spain, and in her left, a trumpet with which she published his name and magnificence to the world! But they are gone.

The whole height of the fountain is forty feet. At the corners of the table of mason work are small fountains, ornamented like the centre one. The whole is of bell-metal, and all its ornaments conform to the composite order of civic architecture.

From one of the inscriptions on the four sides of the pedestal, we learn that this fountain was erected in 1650. The water is derived from a common reservoir near the college of Santo Tomas, on the eastern side of the city. The reservoir is supplied from the Rimac; the difference of elevation between it and the plaza is thirty-three feet.

There are several other fountains in different parts of the city, which present a brick wall or block of masonry, with water constantly pouring from leaden pipes into a basin and drain.

The plaza of Lima, every hour of the day from dawn till midnight, presents scenes of interest to the idle stranger, where he may observe manners, customs, and costumes, so totally different from all he has before met with, that if his curiosity be not awakened, he must have been disinherited by mother Eve.

Entering the Portál de Botinéros, about ten o'clock in the

morning, and passing to that of the Escribanos, many interesting groups and figures present themselves, and what is remarkable, from one end of the year to the other the picture is always the same. All Sundays and feast days are alike; and all working days strikingly resemble each other; except when there is some popular exhibition or religious procession going forward, and then it is more crowded.

The first figure that called attention was that of a stout negro, in full bottomed, dark green breeches, open at the knee, showing that his linen drawers were embroidered and pointed like a ruffle. Before him stood a table, on which was spread a piece of bayeta—a species of baize—the long furze of which he was combing with a card, such as is used with us for carding wool and cotton.

The shopkeepers were seen, when not occupied by customers, seated on the counters, neatly dressed, swinging their legs and smoking cigars; or sometimes a half dozen were listening to the news from an infant gazette, read in a monotonous tone. When a lady entered to purchase, she uncovered her face, though not always, and the shopman generally served her with a cold indifference that argued a great love for *dolce far niente*. This feeling, I am told, has been known to gain such influence at times, that a shopman, rather than move, has denied having goods which were seen upon his shelves! Strangers generally pay doubly for all they buy in Lima. I have known thirty dollars received for an article, of which the price asked was a hundred. About ten o'clock, the shopmen are seen behind their counters, taking breakfast, which usually consists of some stew, bread, a basin of broth, followed by a cup of chocolate and a glass of water.

The tables along the colonnades present a number of handycraftsmen of every variety of caste, making silk cords, tassels, gold and silver epaulettes, sword knots, buttons, &c.

Presently we met a canónigo. Like all of his class, he wore a long black cloak, black small clothes and silk stockings, with large shoes and buckles. At a distance his hat resembled a great black cylinder. Close at his heels were two or three boys in black suits, relieved by a blue sash worn over the

shoulder, tottering under huge cocked hats trimmed with feathers. They were collegians. Then came two gaily dressed officers, arm and arm, whiskered and moustached—booted and spurred. Nothing kept their vanity from flying away with them, but the weight of their long metal scabbarded sabres, which clattered after them over the pavement. The organ of self-esteem must be even greater than that of combativeness in the Peruvian army! Next was a serrano or Indian from the interior, followed by his wife. He wore a high crowned, broad brimmed straw hat without a band, and a long poncho of bayeta, falling below the knee. His legs and feet were bare, and judging from the spread of the toes, they had never been acquainted with shoes. A pair of alforjas—coarse saddle bags—hung carelessly over his left shoulder, and his right hand grasped a long staff. His black temple locks hung straight down his cheeks, as was the fashion hundreds of years before the conquest. He was of brawny stature, with a broad copper colored face, high cheek bones, and a serene countenance. His wife was clad in a coarse woollen petticoat, plaited full round the waist, and short enough to show her bare feet. A young child was slung over her back in a shawl of blue bayeta. Her hair was combed back from the forehead, and braided in two long tresses hanging almost to the ground. Curiosity kept the Indian looking over his shoulder, and, in consequence, he ran into the corpulency of a staid judge, with a severe countenance and a large cocked hat. His shirt was folded, ruffled, and starched in a prim style, and a star of brilliants was suspended round his neck by a broad tricolored ribbon. The rencontre was equally unexpected, for the judge was in a most sedate and pensive mood. His moody look changed into a scowl of contemptuous anger; the Indian cowered under it, touched his hat, and passed on. The feelings of the Indian and the European Spaniard are still as uncongenial as oil and water, though, like the first of those two fluids, the Spaniard always maintains his superiority.

Half way down the Portál de Botinéros is an alley, about ten feet wide, leading into the street south of the plaza. This is called el Callejón de Petatéros, from being chiefly occupied

by manufacturers of a kind of coarse flag mat, half an inch in thickness, known by the name of *petáte*, and usually interposed between the rough tile floors and carpets. In this same *callejón* are constantly seen a number of Indians and negroes making *segarréros*, and washing and glazing straw hats from Manila and Guayaquil. The *segarréro* is a case for cigars, plaited with the fingers, of a species of grass which grows at Choco, near the Equator. It consists of two symmetrical halves, one being nicely received into the other. Some are as fine as hair, and of various colors, disposed in different figures; the initials, and even the whole name, are occasionally worked into them. Their price varies, according to the quality, from a dollar to a doubloon.

At the corner where the *portáles* join, are generally hung up the placards or bills advertising the play, cock-fight, and bull-bait. They are all done by hand instead of the printing press. The most interesting scene of the play to be represented is caricatured in bright colors, much as we see large wood cuts of the feats to be performed at the equestrian theatres in the United States. The bull-ring is shown, with some one of the different modes of attack to be resorted to on the day of exhibition. Cock-fighting is announced on a scroll, supported from the beaks of two cocks, painted on a large piece of cloth, on which are some eight or ten doggrel rhymes laudatory of the birds, and the amount bet on the pitched fight.

At the same corner there is always a number of boys, with quantities of cheap dry goods, spread upon the ground, constantly crying the qualities and prices at the top of their voices: "*Pañuelos finos, à real y medio*"—fine pocket handkerchiefs, at a real and a half.

At sunset the scene changes. All the shops are shut, business is closed for the day, and the plaza is then devoted to pleasure and promenade. Along the *Portál de Escribanos* are tables, where are sold, by candle light, ices and iced drinks of several kinds. *Orehata*—prepared from almonds—and *chicha*, a species of beer made from maize, are common.

Ice is a monopoly granted to a company. Physicians deem ice so important in the treatment of diseases, that the mono-

polists are bound under a heavy penalty to keep the city supplied with it; if they are found without it for twenty-four hours, their charter becomes null. Malignant persons have at times made a run on the company, and when the stock was exhausted, informed the government, in order to gain one-half of the fine. Therefore it is difficult to obtain a considerable quantity at a time, for they will never sell to any individual more than one or two reals' worth.

In the centre of the plaza, here and there, are glimmering lights and fires. Men and women are seated around the fresco tables, as they are termed, partaking of the various refreshments. The *sayá y manto* has disappeared, but the ladies still hide their faces, by wearing a shawl over the head. Here an old negress, with long bony arms, shining in grease, with scarce tatters enough to conceal her limbs, squats over a copper pan of boiling lard, in which fritters are cooking. A long stick serves her all the purposes of a fork for turning the cakes, and when she cannot see, it is first dipped into the fat, then into the fire, and is at once converted into a torch. There, another sybil of the same deep complexion and garb, sits upon the ground, stretching her neck silently over a pan of frittering, crackling fish, while a half dozen negroes are stretched out about her, resting upon an elbow, eating from a gourd plate. The uncertain glare which dapples these groups, gives to them, at first sight, something of that appearance which the imagination attaches to Hades. In another spot sits a bare headed negro, in big breeches, making *barquillos*. He has three or four irons, like those for waffles, arranged in a bed of hot coals, and a copper pan of batter, by his side. He pours a spoonful on one of the irons, from which he has just removed a *barquillo*, and places it in the fire. Then taking the iron furthest to his left, he opens it, and scrapes round the edges with a knife; he turns the wafer-like cake upon his palm, and rolls it round a stick, which is removed by a slight jerk of the hand, and falls to the ground, leaving the *barquillo* like a sheet of lightly rolled paper. Both hands are now wiped on the full part of his dirty breeches, and the iron is again set in motion. These cakes are made very rapidly. They are eaten with ices and

chocolate, by those who care not for the mode in which they are made. Still another kind of refreshment is found in the picante, which consists of various kinds of butcher's meat, made into a stew, spiced and peppered as hotly as possible. After partaking of it, the throat is flooded with iced chicha, to quench the flame which the morsel excites.

From sunset till eleven and twelve o'clock at night, in the summer season particularly, men and women are strolling from table to table. The women, with their faces hidden under the shawl, perform the part of maskers in the scene. Many curious adventures and anecdotes are related of the feigned *liaisons d'amours* which the Limanians have sustained, in order to be invited to partake of refreshments at the expense of some uninitiated wight. Women have been known to pretend to the acquaintance of a gentleman accidentally met in the plaza, (and masked as they are, it is impossible to recognise them,) till they have succeeded in taking ices at his expense, then throwing off the disguise, express their astonishment that he was "tan inocente"—so simple, as not to have detected them. The history of the intrigues and deceptions practised in this plaza, would form a volume of much interest to a curious reader.

CHAPTER VI.

Saya y Manto—Scenes in the street—Police—Market—Cherimoya—Palta—Granadilla—Cafés.

THE walking dress of the ladies of Lima, presents a very curious and unique appearance to the stranger who beholds it for the first time. Yet after a little use, it is rather pleasing than disgusting to the eye, when prettily worn. For several days after my arrival, my chief amusement in the morning, before breakfast, was to stand in the puertacalle and observe the ladies in saya y manto, as they passed to and from mass. This

dress consists of two parts. The saya, the lower part, is a silken petticoat, made in folds or plaits, extending from bottom to top, and of nearly the same breadth above and below. It sits closely to the figure, and being elastic, from the manner in which it is sewed, manifests the contour of the figure, and the whole muscular play of the body and limbs. The manto is a hood of crimped silk, cut bias or diagonally, to give it elasticity. The bottom part of it is gathered full by a drawing string, and, encircling more than half of the body, sits low enough down to hide the top of the saya. This hood, drawn up from behind, over the shoulders and head, and covering the elbows and arms, is folded over the face in such a manner as to conceal all but one eye. One hand is occupied in holding the fold in its place in front, while the other is carried across the breast, bearing sometimes a reticule or pocket handkerchief, and at others, a rosary or cross. When worn open, leaving the face uncovered, as is often the case, the position of the hands is nearly the same. The fore-finger rests upon the cheek, and the elbow appears supported by the hand of the other side, giving an air of pensiveness to the whole figure. Being drawn tightly under the elbows, the manto is kept tense over the head. With this dress the comb is not always worn. The saya is always short enough to display the foot and ankle, which are set off in white silk stockings, and satin slippers, of every color. Silk shawls, of every dye, beautifully embroidered and fringed, fall from the bust in front; while behind they are concealed in the manto, forming a bunch on the back, rather injurious to the appearance. The sayas are of every color, but the mantos are invariably black.

This costume, though of ancient origin, was not worn in the beginning of the eighteenth century. Then, a dress called the Faldellin was in fashion, and was occasionally seen till about the year 1800. It was a short petticoat, made very full, and trimmed with a profusion of lace.

San Martin was so much opposed to the saya y manto, that he issued a "bando" prohibiting ladies from appearing in the streets in that dress, but to no purpose. It offers too many advantages to the *intrigante*, and too many conveniences for the

slattern, to be soon thrown aside. Slipping into a *saya y manto* at dawn, a lady is dressed to comply with the requisitions of the church, without losing time at her toilet. It was, therefore, a cruel whim in San Martin, to wish them to resign it!

This is strictly the walking dress, and is always worn when "shopping," or as they more emphatically express it, "cheapening." It is not considered a full dress, nor is it ever worn at night—in fact, ladies never promenade at night.

It requires very little tact to distinguish a foreign lady, in *saya y manto*, from a Limanian. The walk of the foreigner is constrained and clumsy, while that of the true Limeña is all grace and ease; she treads with the true *gracia*, which it is difficult to describe. "Gracia" expresses all that is agreeable in the air and presence—all that polish and ease of manner, which distinguish accomplished persons.

The making of *sayas* is a business followed by men; being first lined with calico, white or colored, it is plaited over a straight board, and stitched. The time expended in their construction renders them expensive. A hundred dollars is not an unusual price for a fine *saya*; one lasts, however, a year, which must be some consolation to fathers who, with moderate fortunes, rejoice in many unmarried daughters.

Standing at a door in a fashionable street, is an easy way of observing the costume and characteristics of a large city. At Lima, I found in the course of a day, that all to be seen in this respect passed our hotel.

In the morning, glided by in one direction or another, *sayas y mantos* of every color and age, from the new, lustrous satin of the wealthy young maiden, through the grades of lack-lustre of the middle aged, the frayed of the old, and the ragged and broken of my lady's maid. The colors and ages of the wearers were as various as the *sayas* themselves. In compliance with promises of penance, some wore a girdle of leather, about two inches wide, with a long end hanging almost to the feet. If "*las Suélas de San Augustin*," as this girdle is termed for some unknown reason, be the measure of sins, the old women have more to answer for than the young ones.

Again; there are a few females devoted to religion and the

exercise of charity, who are termed "beatas." They wear dresses of white worsted, with capes and hoods of the same.

Later in the day, pass priests and friars of several orders. The Mercedarian appears in a loose robe of white worsted, with a black cape and hood lined with white. His head is bare, showing the tonsure and mathematical cut of his straightly combed hair, or it is covered with a clerical bonnet of white. The followers of San Augustin and St. Francis wear an entirely blue dress. The Dominican is distinguished from the Mercedarian by the black cape being cut in a long point before and behind. Both carry long rosaries and crosses suspended about the neck. The Descalzos, or barefooted, of the order of St. Francis, wear a sackcloth robe, with pointed capes, girt round the body with a leather belt, a broad brimmed hat, and sandals. They carry a tin box for receiving alms, and a long staff. The brotherhood or order of Buenamuerte are robed in black, with a cross of red cloth stitched upon the breast.

The military, in gay uniforms, are seen walking and riding at all times. The collegians strut in black suits and cocked hats, and judges are decorated with ribbons and medals.

Then come pedlars, crying their goods and low prices, and staggering under a load of calicoes, strung over a stick, which is supported at the side by a strap over the shoulder. The vender of lottery tickets is seen sauntering along, with a book filled with sheets of tickets in one hand, and an ink-horn in the other, bawling out, *su—ér—te*, and pausing at each syllable, and before every gentleman he may find standing, to importune him to purchase a ticket. If disappointed, he turns away, and for consolation, shouts *su—ér—te* as loud as ever.

From one to two o'clock, the streets are alive with venders of the various messes eaten by families of the middling class, who seldom cook in their houses, but purchase their food at the door, ready for mastication. Negro wenches, with trays on the head, crying "tamál," which is a mixture of boiled corn and beans, with a small piece of pork, put up in a plantain leaf, perambulate every street. Others carry various stews, in tin cases, piled one above the other, which they sell by their appropriate names.

Representations of the most striking scenes of the play for the night, painted on canvass, are carried through the streets, accompanied by the music of drum, haut-boy, and marimba,* and followed by a crowd of raggamuffin boys. In the same way, on the morning and day preceding the bull-bait, the figures of various fireworks to be exploded at the exhibition, are carried round.

Walking through the streets, there is nothing met with, perhaps, more unique or characteristic, than the droves of jackasses and mules, encountered at almost every step. The donkey frequently manifests the most stupid indifference in his habits, seldom heeding any person or thing that may come in his way. Some little vigilance is therefore necessary, to avoid being walked over by them, or unpleasantly squeezed between their loads and the wall.

Here, the street is almost choked by asses laden with green grass ; there, by others, laden with stones, sometimes so small, that we ask whether the animal can bear no more ; again, a drove with capachos (small sacks of hide) filled with sand or earth. Then comes the solitary *borrico* of the *aguador*, wending his way in the same unvarying gait, though urged by spur and weighty blows, habitually bestowed, it would seem for pastime, as an idle man drums upon a table for amusement. The *aguadores* are all negroes, and wear a garb like those in Valparaiso.

The cruel treatment of the *borricos* in Lima, is as proverbial as the tyrannical sway exercised by the ladies there ; hence the saying, "Lima is the heaven of women, the purgatory of men, and the hell of jackasses." In order to facilitate the respiration of these poor animals, the nostrils are slit up about six inches ; and those carrying grass are muzzled with a piece of dry hide, having holes cut in it.

Mules share no better fate. They are reserved for the heaviest labors. All the merchandise consumed in the interior, is conveyed thither on the mule's back. The proverbial stubbornness of the mule is rarely manifested here ; a liberal bestowal of dry blows, made efficacious by abusive epithets, has

* The same instrument is used by the negroes in Brazil.

produced so much fear in the beast, that, all restive qualities being radically removed, he has become quite an amiable creature. Drove of them move through the streets in long files, sometimes laden with bars of silver from the mines of Pasco, having their heads tied to the tails of those that precede them. In the morning, the baker's mule, with two great panniers of dry hide, filled with rolls, and the baker mounted high on top, is seen going from door to door.

At the corners of some streets, a little remote from the plaza, are occasionally met with, great heaps of cigar stumps, spread out for sale on white cloths—a cigar is not the worse in Lima for being partly smoked by a friend.

The decay of Lima is but too evident; we see some of the largest houses, or rather their ruins, occupied by pulperías, and before the doors, “ollas” of various stews, frittering over pans of coals. These tipping shops, in the afternoon and at night, become scenes of fandangos, dissipation, and brawls of every kind. Though the streets are perambulated by watchmen who cry the half hour after eight o'clock, they are of but little use. Besides, there is a military police or guard, distributed in various parts of the city, and when passing any of the posts after nine o'clock at night, the sentinel hails you with “Quien vive?”—for whom? you answer “la patria!”—the country; again he inquires, “Que gente?”—what sort of people? you answer, “gente de paz!”—people of peace, and you are permitted to pass on.

After ten o'clock at night the streets are very dark, unless when the moon shines. About that hour the candles in the great lanterns, hung over each door-way by requisition of the law, burn out, and are not replaced; as this is the only means of lighting the streets, they become gloomy after that hour, and hence it is customary for persons walking late at night, to be preceded by a servant with a lantern. Even this precaution is not always sufficient to save the passenger from the uncongenial showers which are occasionally hurled from the balconies, though one should cry, *gardez l'eau!*

The market is near the convent of San Francisco. Along the street, spread upon the ground, there is a display of all

kinds of vegetables and fruits—Lima is never without fruit of one sort or another—shaded by mats propped up by reeds, which is the only accommodation prepared. Here you meet more frequently than in any other part of the city, begging friars, carrying an image of the virgin, whose kisses they sell at a real each; and sometimes an orange or potato will buy one. On the back of the silver case which holds the picture, is inscribed the advertisement of some one indulgence to be obtained by kissing it and bestowing alms.

The country around Lima is beautifully fertile, and by irrigation yields every variety of fruit and vegetable. The broad valley of Luriganecho, which is in sight from the walls, supplies the market with the greatest abundance.

Amongst the vegetables are several varieties of peas and beans; quínoa, a small seed resembling millet; lentils, tomatoes, carrots, cucumbers, yuca (a long fusiform root), cabbages, cauliflowers, egg plants, lettuce, celery (which grows wild in many parts of the country), peppers, camotes or sweet potatoes, and two kinds of potatoes; one known by the term Irish, and another of a similar kind, but yellow as an orange, and far superior to the first. It grows only on the mountains; many trials have been made to transplant it to the valleys and to Chile, but it was found to degenerate in a very short time. The potato grows wild in many parts both of Peru and Chile; numerous roots have been taken from the top of the island of San Lorenzo.

The principal fruits are cherimoyas, limas or *sweet* lemons, *sour* lemons, limes, pine apples, oranges, two kinds of grapes, pomegranates, granadillas, plantains, bananas, a variety of melons, strawberries, which grow very large, lucumas, tunos, figs (two crops), paltas, besides apples, peaches, pears, &c.

The cherimoya (*annona squamosa*) is esteemed among the best of fruits. It grows from two to six inches in diameter, and is of a conoidal shape, with a depression in the centre of its base where the stem is attached. Externally it is dark green, and has a loricæ or scale-like surface; internally it is a cream white. It contains a centre core, with a number of black seeds about five lines long ranged around it. The pulp,

the taste of which has been generally compared to that of strawberries and cream, though not very correctly, is eaten with a spoon. Its exquisitely luscious flavor is enhanced by adding the juice of a sweet orange; commend me to cherimoya and orange juice to enrapture my palate!

The tree, which is very delicate, and will not bear frost, is from sixteen to seventeen years in coming to maturity from the seed. In Bolivia it attains a very large size; but its fruit cannot excel that brought to Payta from the valley of Piura. Ehret writes it, "Cherimolia," and from the frequency of changing the *y* for the *ll*, I am inclined to think that it was originally "Cherimolla." The botanic appellation given by the above named gentleman is, *Guanabanus Perseæ*.

The palta resembles the pear in shape. In its centre there is a large stone, the juice of which being indelible, is used as a dye and for marking linen. This stone or kernel, whose consistence is about the same as that of the chestnut, is surrounded by a greenish white pulp, usually eaten on bread, with pepper and salt, as a substitute for butter, which in Lima is rare, and seldom good. It is preferred by some, dressed with sugar and lemon juice; in either way it is excellent, though not generally liked when first tasted. It is esteemed a wholesome fruit, and Frezier states, I know not on what authority, that it is provocative of love! In the Carribee islands it is called *avocat*; at Panama, and on the island of Taboga, where it grows in great perfection, "Aguacate." The tree, which somewhat resembles the pear tree, is from six to eight years in coming to maturity from the seed.

The granadilla is the fruit of the passion flower, (*passiflora carulea*,) which is indigenous to America, and named by pious Spaniards from the fancied resemblance which its parts bear to the instruments used at the crucifixion. In Chile the plant does not yield fruit. The granadilla is oval in shape, or rather egg-like, and has a smooth yellowish surface, resembling that of the mock-orange. When broken, it is found to be a hard, slightly brittle shell, lined with a soft velvety membrane, which contains a pulp of rather more consistence than the white of an egg, filled with flattened, dark colored

seeds. Without much outraging the propriety generally observed in naming things from resemblance, I have thought that it might be called the egg fruit. The pulp has a pleasant, sub-acid taste, and is esteemed wholesome.

In other particulars, what has been observed of the Callao market is applicable to this.

It is not unusual to see hung up on the shambles parts of a chicken or turkey, as legs, wings, necks, &c., so as to accommodate those who are desirous of eating poultry, but who cannot well afford to pay for an entire fowl.

The first café opened in Lima was in 1771. It is remarkable that in Lima there is not a single hotel kept by a native for the accommodation of strangers. When they come to the metropolis from any part of the country, they either lodge with their friends if they have any, or hire furnished rooms and eat at some of the cafés, or purchase their meals in the streets after the manner of many private families. Except at the French and English hotels, there is no such thing as an ordinary or *table d'hôte* in Lima; at the cafés, two of which are very extensive, a bill of fare is kept, and whatever the visiter calls for is served on small marble tables. In fact, the cafés in Lima are under similar management to those in the great cities in Spain; a regulation issued there at one period, is much called for in this city. An order, put forth at Madrid for the better government of the cafés, directed that the apartments should be kept clean; that every person should be served on a clean plate, because by the spilling of coffee and other drinks on the clothes they were spoiled; and that the servants should appear clean, and without hat or cap, and *if possible* with their heads combed. The enforcing of the latter clause, I fear would be attended with difficulty, at least with the class of persons referred to, for many men of respectable standing in life are singularly neglectful of that part of the person both internally and externally.*

* Mercurio Peruano, vol. i. p. 111.

CHAPTER VII.

Convent of St. Augustin—Monastery of La Incarnacion—Convent of Santo Domingo—Negros Bozales—Convent of San Francisco—Our Lady of Mercies—San Pedro—Library—Churches—Bells—Inquisition—Museum—University of St. Mark—Hall of Deputies—Charities—Hospitals.

THE convent of San Augustin is amongst the oldest in Lima. It occupied a whole square, but in 1825, the minister, Montea-gudo, caused a part of it to be torn down, to widen the street, and form a small plaza before the theatre.* The church is situated on one corner of the vast pile. Its front is a field of carving and statues of saints. Over the great door is San Augustin, trampling three or four of his prostrate enemies under his feet. On his head is a mitre, and in his hand a book with a miniature temple upon it, indicating the foundation of the Christian church.

The interior is similar in its general arrangements to the cathedral. It has its several chapels, sacristy, &c., and glories in a goodly number of holy reliques.

The convent is divided into several large courts, surrounded by corridors, supported on arches and columns, which communicate with each other both above and below. The court adjoining the church is termed the cloister. The principal events of the life of St. Augustin are represented in a series of paintings, which are hung round the walls, and, to protect them from the weather, closed by light shutters, except on certain feast days, amongst which is the anniversary of the saint. Of this vast pile only a few apartments are now tenanted. Its refectory is no longer redolent of the odors of the kitchen; its fountains are choked, and its gardens have ceased to regale the senses with their productions. Of the hundred friars who lived within its walls twenty years ago, scarcely one-third remains. The patriots, in breaking from the yoke

* This act, it is said, led to the assassination of that minister soon afterwards.

and thrall of Spain, defaced the great bulwarks of her strength ; they left most of the convents of Peru in a state of ruin.

The history of the foundation of the order of St. Augustin is given in detail by the Fray Antonio de la Calancha, in a folio volume of a thousand pages, entitled, "Choronica del Orden de San Augustin," in which he dwells upon the difficulties encountered by the founder.

About the year 1547 or 48, as is stated in several convent registers, the Reverend Fray Francisco de Vitoria, a man of apostolic virtues and talents, came to settle in Peru, as the first commissary general of the province, (in the church acceptation of the term), in company with a number of friars and ministers of the Franciscan order. In the same ship with them was the Reverend Padre Fray Augustin de la Santissima Trinidad, who, by the order of Charles V., preceded as a pioneer the legion that was to found the order of St. Augustin in Peru.

Amongst those whom the Fray Francisco brought under his protection, was his niece, the virtuous and noble Lady Doña Juana de Cèpeda. This lady was young and beautiful, and much given to converse about the holy spirit with our Fray Augustin, for whom she entertained a filial regard. It was not because she could not have found his equal, or even superior, if she had sought for such a one in the pious train of her uncle ; but having fallen ill when very young, she had dedicated herself to our Lady of Grace, who is worshipped by all of the Augustin religion, and promised to celebrate her annual feast, if permitted to recover ; and it was this circumstance which inclined her towards the Fray Augustin.

They all arrived safely in Lima, at a period when the country was still distracted by the civil wars which broke out before the death of Pizarro. Then, it appeared that the care of every one was either to avoid death or inflict it ; individuals, seeing the strife of civil war, only thought of providing for their own security and convenience. The Fray Augustin fixed his abode in a small house near the city shambles, which were then where now stands the convent of "La Limpisima Concepcion." There he lived poorly indeed, for in those warlike times, the rich thought not of bestowing alms or of succoring

the religious. A few months passed away, and Doña Juana de Cèpeda was espoused by a gallant cavalier, Don Ernan Gonzalez de la Torre. He had served in many battles against the Indians with Pizarro; he raised the siege of Lima, and contributed greatly to the general pacification of Peru; when the Marquis was assassinated, he had gone to meet the judge, Vaca de Castro. This cavalier was both valiant and wealthy, yet with Doña Juana he received a rich dowry, in her treasure of nobleness and virtue. The nuptials of such a pair were published far and wide, for they were powerful and rich!

So soon as the news reached our Fray Augustin in his humble dwelling, he went to congratulate Doña Juana upon her good fortune, and to manifest his joy on seeing virtue rewarded in the opulence of her house. They conversed about the spirit; and when he found her properly disposed, he lamented his poverty, the inconvenience of his dwelling, and above all, complained that, having neglected to bring with him a part of the cedula of the emperor, he could obtain neither aid, nor even a site whereon to found a chapel. Having impressed upon Doña Juana that God had given her great prosperity and wealth, he told her that it was now her duty to repay heaven in part for the blessings she had received, by assisting him in his deplorable situation.

The pious lady spoke to him consoling words, but, as every prudent wife should do in such a case, withheld an answer to the prayer, till after she had consulted with her husband. The Fray Augustin, confiding more in God, in whose cause he was embarked, than in the promises of the world, as a less devout man might have done, returned to his cell, to await the result of this visit.

The next day, Doña Juana de la Cèpeda sent for the lonely Father, and when he arrived, told him, in great joy, that through the blessing of God, his desires should be fulfilled. Her husband had given her power to afford unlimited aid, and, to contribute the more to his convenience, desired him to build the chapel near his own house, in which he most generously offered all that heart could ask. And in order to accomplish her vow, and to comply with her obligation, she further wished

a chapel to be built and dedicated to our Lady of Grace. Here the worthy Calancha breaks forth in a pious ejaculation; "Oh! providence of God! to inflict disease upon this virtuous lady, while yet young, that she might, when growing old, succor the poor—and when a poor maiden, to incline her to devotion, that she might protect the religious when rich!" She gave him a home, a situation, silver, gold, and a maintenance; she raised up the first Augustin altar in Peru, and placed thereon the image of the blessed Virgin, our Lady of Grace. It is now in a chapel of the convent, and was then in the house of that noble cavalier, Don Ernan Gonzalez de la Torre, one square from the parish of San Marcelo. There the Fray Augustin lived two years, under the protection of his benefactors, awaiting the arrival of the eleven Augustin Friars, required to complete the legion and foundation of their order.

The royal edict for the founding of the convent, bears date Valladolid, March 23, 1550, and provides that the Indians shall assist in its erection, which is to be at the expense of the emperor. The twelve evangelic fathers left Salamanca in the same month, and, embarking at Cadiz, crossed the Isthmus, and after a passage of seven months, reached Lima. The convent was begun almost immediately afterwards, and from that period rejoices in the number of pious laborers in the great work of converting the Indians.

La Incarnacion, a convent of nuns of the order of San Augustin, was founded in 1554. In 1631, it contained two hundred and thirty-three nuns of the black, and thirty-seven of the white veil, together with eighteen novices, who, with seculars, servants, and slaves, increased the number of females in the convent to eight hundred; at present, scarcely one-sixteenth can be found. When they removed from their first dwelling, to the present convent, the streets were hung with silks, and the way strewed with mint and flowers, and the viceroy, the bishop, and the prelates of the church, accompanied them.

The nuns of La Incarnacion profess three vows; poverty, obedience, and chastity; though the cloister is not enjoined, they observe it religiously. Their several officers are elected

from amongst themselves, every three years. The time not devoted to vigils and other religious ceremonies, is employed in making sweetmeats, pastillas, artificial flowers, &c., which are sold at the convent door. Notwithstanding that poverty is professed in many nunneries, several of them are wealthy, and require each novice to bring with her a dower of from one to four thousand dollars, which, on the death of the nun, becomes the property of the convent.

As is generally the case with all institutions of the kind, there is a romantic tale connected with the foundation of this nunnery, which is related by the Fray Calancha.

When the Captain General of Peru, Pablo de Meneses, arrived at Pucara with the royal camp, Francisco Hernandez Giron attempted to surprise it by night, with eight hundred chosen men, armed with arquebuses and lances. This was on Sunday, October 7th 1554. He was betrayed by Francisco Mendez, and Domingo Ollave Vizcaino, who went over to the royal army. A battle took place. Both fought most valiantly, but the arms of the king were triumphant.

The following night, Giron determined to fly; not through fear of the royal army, but because his camp was mutinous, and he was apprehensive of being assassinated. He therefore sent Gonzalo Vasquez, with a religious friar, to urge his lady, Doña Mencia de Sosa, to remain behind, that he might have no impediment in flight. She manifested much affliction at the communication of his desire, and replied: "Ever since Francisco Hernandez Giron took me from the house of my fathers, I have borne him company, and I do not wish to part from him now; but would follow him, and be his partner in toil, as I have been in his honors and prosperity. Though my husband do not concede this through love, he must through necessity, for I will follow him on foot, with a staff in my hand, and never shrink back from difficulties nor distress!"—"Rare example of female fortitude, and of a perfect wife!" piously exclaims the good Fray Calancha.

When Giron heard this, he said; "Lady, God never ordained that I should leave thee against thy will; therefore, prepare thyself at once, and follow me." Doña Mencia hastened her

servants in their preparations for immediate departure. The friends of Giron murmured, and remonstrated against his having the hindrance of a wife in his flight. At last, upon their solicitation, he consented to leave her. He bade her an affectionate adieu, and she swooned away! On her recovery, she inquired for her husband, and ascending a height, looked after him in every direction. He had gone. She dissembled her grief, and, thinking more of his defence than of her own safety, prevailed upon several of the captains to follow her husband. She was left alone, poor, without even a change of dress, or a servant, for all had been sent off when she determined to follow her lord.

Captain Ruibarba carried Doña Mencia to Cuzco, where she was protected by her relation, the Oidor, Saravia. Thence, with every attention to which her high rank entitled her, she was conducted to her father's house in Lima. Giron was taken. She heard the executioner proclaim before her father's door; "By his Majesty, and the magnificent Cavalier Don Pedro Puertocarrero, Maestre de Campo, this doom is ordered to be executed upon this man, as a traitor to the royal crown, and as a disturber of the public peace.—His head to be stricken off, and fixed on the scaffold of the city; his houses to be razed, and the ground sowed with salt, and a marble monument to be erected thereon, to commemorate his crimes."

Upon hearing this proclamation, she turned to a crucifix and said; "Thy will be done; receive the pang which pierces my soul; place it with those which afflicted thy holy body, and grant that my husband died in thy grace, and that I may remain, henceforward, under thy protection; I desire no other husband; my whole life shall be dedicated to thy love!" She bore with Christian fortitude the spectacle of the body of the husband she so tenderly loved, dragged through the streets at the tail of a horse!

After this, Doña Mencia, and her mother, Doña Leonor Puertocarrero, dedicated themselves to penance, and the discharge of charitable acts and religious services. With the aid of the Augustin friars, they soon became the founders of the convent of La Incarnacion.—"Wonderful," says Calancha,

“are the ways of Providence, who disposes of remote means for the accomplishment of convenient ends!”

The convent of Santo Domingo occupies an entire square. It is divided into four great courts or quadrangles, surrounded by corridors, supported on arches of brick. Various rooms and offices open on these corridors. Their walls are hung with paintings, illustrative of sacred history, but none of them can be considered as a very meritorious production. It has a small garden and a fountain. One of its sides overlooks the Rimac, and has a fine view of the bridge, the river, and the country around.

Under one of the flights of broad stairs, leading from a court to a corridor, is a small chapel, dedicated to San Martin. Over its altar is suspended a burning lamp, which is constantly fed. On the door there is a notice, that an illustrious bishop concedes eighty days of indulgence, to any person who will devoutly pray one *salve* before the image. This chapel is illuminated every Friday.

The church is on the corner of the building, and attached to it is the highest steeple in Lima, furnished with several very large, fine toned bells. The church is nearly three hundred feet long, by eighty broad. The ceiling is arched, and covered with many curious mouldings and ornaments. The square columns and pilasters which sustain its lofty arches, are hung with crimson velvet with deep borders of gold. At one end is the great altar, and at the other a gallery for the choir. To the right and left of the “altar mayor” are two smaller ones; the first dedicated to Santa Rosa de Lima, and the other to Our Lady of the Rosary. On the altar of Santa Rosa is a representation of that saint sleeping in a bed, attended by an angel. I took it to be a plaster cast, but a lay brother of the convent assured me that it was marble. Above it is a curiously carved box, containing the saint’s skull. Next to her, on the lateral wall, is the altar of Santo Domingo, the patron of this convent; every Tuesday morning, at seven o’clock, the reliques of that saint, kept in the intervals locked in a casket, are publicly exhibited.

“Sweet sight for vulgar eyes!”

Opposite to the shrine of Santa Rosa is a chapel of "Nuestra Señora del Rosario de los Natales." Between them are several shrines and altars, many of which are beautifully ornamented with miniature figures, representing portions of biblical history. The opposite side of the church is taken up with altars of saints and paintings.

When I first visited this church, the great altar was illuminated, and mass was chanting for the rest of the souls of some departed brothers of the convent. From it I passed to the cloister, around which the history and genealogy of Santo Domingo is presented in a series of paintings. The entire wall, below its corridor, is covered with pictures and Dutch tiles. Several rooms occupy its different sides, the largest of which was the refectory, but now a dusty, unfurnished hall, animated by thousands of fleas, that skip joyfully over every visitor, from whom they seldom depart without leaving marks of their fondness.

I found a knot of friars and lay brothers in the cloister, chatting and smoking cigars. I addressed the cleanest of them, (cleanliness was not a remarkable trait in any of the Dominicans) who, at my request, ordered one of the lay brothers to conduct me through the premises. This cicerone proved to be almost totally ignorant of the history of the convent, except, indeed, touching its former wealth, present poverty, and defacement by the patriot troops quartered in it by San Martin.

Previous to the revolution, this convent possessed three sugar plantations, besides other real estate. Nearly all this property has been taken by the government, and in lieu of it, each friar receives monthly fifteen dollars. In 1820, it contained one hundred and sixty friars; in 1829, ninety-five; and in 1833, only fifty-three. They now depend upon alms, given for masses, and the small monthly salary for their maintenance.

Until within a few years, there was a splendid procession from this convent the day preceeding Good Friday. In it were carried on tables, covered with sheets of silver, the image of Santa Catalina, the crowning with thorns, Jesus the Nazarin, in a robe of purple velvet, under a canopy of the same, fringed with fine gold, bearing the holy cross; "Nuestra Señora de la

Soledád," accompanied by St. John the Evangelist, under a canopy of blue velvet fringed with fine silver; and the holy relique of the *Sanctum Lignum Crucis*, carried in a silver sargario. The whole was followed by the brotherhood of St. Dominique, assisted by all the nobles of the city, bearing wax candles of a pound each, and preceded by the provincial and prior. Both instrumental and vocal music accompanied this procession. It took place at ten o'clock at night, and passed through several streets to the plaza, and back to the convent.*

Connected with the convent of Santo Domingo are the several congregations of the "Negros Bozales," composed of the slaves of Lima and its vicinity. The curious annual feasts of this degraded people are still celebrated in the church, though not with as much eclat as in former years.

In Lima are the descendants of ten different African tribes, viz. the Terranovos, Lucumés, Mandingas, Cambundas, Carabales, Cangaes, Chalas, Huarochiries, Congos, and Misangas. All these names are not derived from the respective countries of the different castes, but some are arbitrary, as the Huarochiries.

All these castes are subject to two corporals, elected for life from amongst themselves. The election is held in the chapel of "Nuestra Señora del Rosario," founded in this convent by the several nations. Those who vote are chief negroes, and twenty-four from each nation forming a brotherhood. The election takes place in the presence of the chaplain; the oldest, and those descended from the original founders are generally nominated, and when elected, have their names recorded in a book kept for the purpose. The same formalities are observed in the election of sub-corporals or members of the brotherhoods of twenty-four. To be admitted, the corporal contributes ten dollars, and the brother twelve, one-half of which is devoted to the worship of Our Lady, and the other for refreshments at the election feast. These offices confer high consideration upon their functionaries in the tribe, but they do not alleviate in any degree the pains of slavery. To show how little their

* Diario de Lima, for April 1791.

rank and titles availed them, it is stated, that a gentleman seeing a negro in the stocks, on a neighboring farm, asked who he was. The other slaves replied, "that is the King of Congo!"

To defray the expenses of the feast of our Lady of the Rosary, each individual pays a half real on the first Sunday after Corpus, at a small table placed in front of the church; and on the death of any one of the corporals or brothers, each brotherhood contributes six reales to defray the expense of masses and responses.

In by-gone days, the several brotherhoods worshipped their respective saints in different convents, but now, those of this convent only remain.

The principal feast is celebrated on the Sunday of the "Infraoctava of Corpus." All the tribes assemble, and form a procession, which moves from the convent of Santo Domingo. Each one carries its standard, under which walks the king or queen, with a sceptre in the right hand, and a stick in the left. They are accompanied by noisy and disagreeably toned instruments, amongst which the hautboy, marimba, and a rude drum, are most conspicuous. In fact, there is scarcely a procession in Lima, whether civic, religious, or military, in which some of these instruments are not seen, and what is worse, heard, following in the rear. The negroes, on this occasion, dress and decorate themselves in a most grotesque manner; some paint their faces with various colors, and others resemble so many fiends from another world. The women ornament the hair with a profusion of jasmine flowers and gilt paper. Some of them carry a long pole, hung with pieces of tin, ribbons, and tinsel-paper, around which a half dozen circulate in a slow dance, as they advance, screeching in most discordant tones, while the pole is stricken on the ground, in time to what they call music, causing a rattling and clattering, not easily described.

These customs were probably brought from the countries whence the slaves were taken, and are still preserved by their descendants, but not so strictly observed now, as when they were first engrafted upon the Roman Church in Peru. At first

it was allowed, as a sort of consolation, which every nation, savage and civilized, seeks in its religion, in times of adversity, and was afterwards maintained as lucrative to the convents and churches to which they resorted.

In 1791, there were sixteen of these brotherhoods, that held meetings, over which a corporal presided as president; and they were extremely jealous of rank on these occasions. They had their dances and their feasts, and when any one of them died, they watched over the body during the night, the relatives sitting round, and frequently breaking forth in apostrophes of grief. When a widow put off mourning, or ceased to mourn for her husband, and was about to marry again, she was carried in a chair to the house of the brotherhood, where she made demonstrations of the deepest sorrow, and if she failed to enact her part satisfactorily, she was castigated without mercy. As she entered the door, a lamb was slain upon one of the seats in the apartment; and she presented, on a tray, all the old shoes she had worn during widowhood. Having made this sacrifice to the manes of her husband, the preliminaries of the marriage were settled, and the ceremony concluded in festivity.

When a negro, however, lost his wife, he made no sacrifice of the kind; "for" said he, "a man is contemptible who shows sorrow for the death of a wife, when, for one thus lost, an hundred may be found!"*

The convent of St. Francis, which stands on the banks of the Rimac, is amongst the oldest, and is the largest in Lima. Its buildings, church, and cloisters, cover two squares of ground. It has its gardens and fountains; its statues and paintings. The church is next in size to the cathedral, and at one time was the richest in Peru. Its interior is divided by three naves, traversed by two aisles, forming a double cross. It contains many chapels, shrines, and altars, which are gorgeously decorated with gold, silver, ebony, marble, precious stones, velvet, and damask, disposed in good taste. On the great altar, in a silver sargario, are deposited the reliques of San Francisco Solano,

* Mercurio Peruano. tom. 2. 1791.

(who was canonized in 1726,) where they rest "embalmed in the aroma of his own virtues."* The splendor of this church impresses the beholder with a religious awe; when lighted with its thousand candles, and the deep toned organs fill its arches with their mellow sounds, it is eminently calculated to impose upon the vulgar, and inspire that devotion, which I fear has been long an obstacle to the advancement of rational liberty in Spanish America.

The convent of Our Lady of Mercy is less extensive, less magnificent, and in a state of greater ruin, from having suffered more during the revolution.

The convent of San Pedro is in better keeping, but was never as rich as those already mentioned. In one of its apartments is a large but coarse picture of purgatory and hell, in which all the torments of the damned are most grotesquely represented. In one part of it, a young devil sits astride the shoulders of a mortal victim, and confronting him, tearing out his tongue; in another, a red hot bolt of iron is driven longitudinally through the head and body with a huge sledge hammer, slung by a hideous demon; here is the death-bed of a Christian, surrounded by angels; there, that of a sinner, attended by fiends; again, the course of Christian life allegorized in a procession of religious of both sexes, contrasted by a mixed company of musicians, lawyers, and bacchanalians, dancing merrily to "the burning gulf." All of which is piously intended to strike terror into the hearts of the ignorant and wicked, and thus frighten them into the love of the beneficent Almighty!

In a large hall of this convent is placed the public Library, consisting of eleven thousand volumes, arranged in chapters. That of the History of America is a valuable collection, both of ancient and modern authors. The collection of Bibles is large, and that of the Holy Fathers extensive and curious. The Library was instituted on the 21st August 1821, by San Martin, who gave a number of valuable works; but the great mass was derived from the convents of the city, by his order. A reading room is attached to the library, furnished with mar-

* Sol y Año Feliz del Peru. 1735.

ble tables, chairs, maps, charts, &c. No person is allowed to read in the library, nor is any one permitted to carry books to his own dwelling. The librarian attends on all working days, from nine o'clock A. M. to two P. M., and from four P. M. till sunset. In these intervals, many resort there to read the daily gazettes, and the periodicals of the country.

This institution, which is under the supervision of the Minister of State, is kept in better order, and is more creditable to its officers and the government, than any other in Peru.

The Convent of Monserat, in the western part of the city, is small and in a state of ruin. I visited it on a Sunday morning, and found the only friar now attached to it, busily at work, stacking grass for his horses, assisted by a negro boy.

Of the nunneries, several in number, I can say nothing, because men are not permitted to enter them. Females, however, are not permitted to visit the cloisters of any convent, without special permission from a prelate, unless they be *enceintes!*

Besides the many convents and monasteries, Lima contains fifty-seven churches, and twenty-five chapels belonging to hospitals, colleges, &c. With the exception of Rio de Janeiro, there is a more continuous ringing and chiming of bells in this, than in any other city I have ever visited. The clocks strike the quarters, and no two in the city agree in time, so that one or another is striking every five minutes. Then the church, convent, and monastery bells, are tolled almost every hour for some ceremony, and at midnight they summon, with iron tongue, the nuns and friars to their vigils. Again, bells are tolled after earthquakes, and rung merrily on the receiving of joyful news. Habit could not accustom the inhabitants to their clamorous din. Therefore, decrees have been issued at different times, to regulate the length of time which bells might be rung on the occasion of funerals, religious ceremonies, and general or partial rejoicings. Nevertheless, they soon became as great an annoyance as ever.

From the number of churches and chapels in Lima, it was a common saying, many years ago, that "Peru and its capital, 'The City of Kings,' would send more souls and saints to Heaven, than the mines would yield dollars to the world!" Yet

it does not follow, for I have seen it remarked, that priests bear about the same relation to religion that lawyers do to law; which I think is illustrated in this city. I fear, as has been said of the "Niobe of Nations," it contains "too many priests to leave any room for religion." Although the whole population may be looked upon as *formal* Catholics, very few of them are strictly or really devout. Their notions of religion are confined to the church ceremonies and the confessional. Nevertheless, that there are very many pious and truly Christian people in Peru, cannot be doubted; this may be inferred from the numerous temples of public worship, and the charitable institutions of the country.

Amidst the civil wars which distracted Peru in the years following the death of Pizarro, commenced the exercise of Christian charity, which rejoices in relieving the sufferings of the destitute. Several of the institutions founded at that time still remain, and form an interesting, if not a very striking contrast with the prevalent licentiousness of the age.

About the year 1597, Luis Pecedor, more pious and philanthropic than his name suggests, began collecting alms for the purpose of instituting a Foundling Hospital. In 1603, the proper licenses being obtained, he commenced receiving the little unfortunates, (the sins of their fathers being visited upon them,) on a dumb wheel, fixed in the wall of the house destined for their reception. Colored children were educated as servants, and were placed, when eighteen years of age, with eligible masters. In 1648, the number of foundlings maintained was so great, that seventy nurses were employed; though the population was not more than half of what it is in the present day, furtive births were more numerous. In 1791, this "Casa de Huerfanos" employed one hundred and five nurses!

The "Colegio de Santa Cruz de las Niñas Expositas," was founded in 1659. It was destined for the reception of all Spanish white female children, whom their parents cruelly abandon, to hide their own shame, and those who are destitute through the indigence of their fathers. They are received from the tenderest infancy, nursed, clothed, educated,

and maintained, until they become capable of gaining their own subsistence, or are married. It was originally endowed with a capital of \$341,626, with some real estate, which yielded, in 1791, 14,932 dollars annually.

The "Casa de Amparadas," or House of Refuge, was founded by the Viceroy, Conde de Lemos, in 1670. It received indigent females who were without homes, and an apartment was destined for the reception of those whose honor and hopes had been blighted by the libertines of the capital; here they were provided for, and every mild means was resorted to, for the regeneration of their morals.

Another institution, perhaps more beneficial than either of the others, is the "Real Monte de Piedad." It was begun in 1777, with a capital of 23,000 dollars, which was increased by donations, by a tax on the lottery of 12,000 dollars, by another on the cock-pit of 400 dollars, and an annual benefit at the bull-bait. Its object was to aid the poor, and in case of their death, to purchase masses for the benefit of their souls. In 1792, the directors distributed from three to four thousand dollars monthly, amongst from one hundred to one hundred and fifty persons.

Lima contains eleven public hospitals, viz; San Andres, for lunatics; Santa Ana, and Santa Maria de la Caridad, for women only; Espiritu Santo, for mariners; San Bartolome, for negroes and the various castes of both sexes, in separate houses; San Juan de Dios; San Pedro; Bethlemitas; the Refuge, for the incurables of both sexes; San Lazero, for lepers of both sexes; and Las Camilas, for women under every circumstance and disease.

All these hospitals are large, and offer a fine field to the medical student for acquiring a practical knowledge of all forms of disease. The number of flesh wounds, inflicted by knives in the personal rencontres, so frequently taking place amongst the lower orders, is astonishingly great. Where Irishmen of a similar rank resort to the shillalah, and Englishmen and Americans to the fists, Peruvians fly to the knife, and end the broil by the death or severe wound of one of the party. It is in hospitals and charitable institutions of large

cities, that the moral character of the plebeian mass may be most correctly estimated, for the reason that misery and penury surely follow quick in the footsteps of vice.

Notwithstanding the number of hospitals and charitable institutions of Lima, there is no city where more alms are bestowed on individual mendicants than in this. There is not a square in which one does not meet squalid wretches, maimed or blind, crying in most piteous tones, "Una limosnita, por el amor de Dios"—"Una limosna por un pobre ciego que quiere pan, por el amor de mi Señora Maria Purisima"—"Alms, for the love of God—Alms for a poor blind man who wants bread, for the love of my Lady Mary the Most Pure." Saturday is beggars' day, and also the day of duns, when merchants' clerks visit debtors to solicit payment. The doors of the rich are beset for charity, but they only give to a certain few whom they patronize. These are professional mendicants. In 1832, one of those wretches died rather than give two "reales" for medicine, and after his death 80,000 dollars in hard cash were found under his bed!

The building which was once occupied by the Inquisition, is now a jail for common felons. The cells formerly used for confining the victims of inquisitorial torments, are so arranged that no two doors open into the same passage, which is between them. They are eight feet square and ten or twelve high, and without light. On one side is an adobe bench, and over it a daub of the Virgin and a Crucifix. In some of them the marks of fire, where the victims were toasted, still remain. The judgment halls, with their secret panels and machinery for moving the head and eyes of the image of our Saviour, are now the offices of the jailors and military guard which protect it.

The Inquisition, with all its horrors, was established at Lima in 1569, and exercised the same functions as in Spain, until it was destroyed in 1821 by San Martin.

One of its halls is occupied by the public museum, which contains several Peruvian mummies, some Indian curiosities, and a valuable collection of minerals. The whole is badly arranged and extremely dirty. It is under the charge of a sci-

entific Peruvian, who receives from the government an annual salary of twelve hundred dollars.

The University of St. Mark was founded in 1571, by Don Francisco de Toledo. Ethics and scholastic learning were attended to more particularly, in the early years of this institution. From a necessity of a knowledge of the Quichua and other Indian languages, in propagating the gospel and converting the aborigines, a professorship of those languages was early established, and continued till 1770, when the Spanish language took their place. Though medicine was taught, the chair of anatomy did not exist until 1752, when it was founded by the late Dr. Unanué.

The professors received low salaries, which were derived from donations of pious institutions, and a repartamiento or division of Indians, bestowed upon the university by one of the viceroys. In the present day, it receives the proceeds of one bull-bait yearly, and is occasionally assisted by congress.*

The medical department of the university is in a languishing state, though, from being attached to extensive hospitals, and no prejudices existing against dissections, it might, in other hands, be made a flourishing school. In 1826, a board of trustees was appointed for the examination of students at the end of each course of lectures. The professorships are, one of anatomy, one of physiology, one of pathology, one of the practice of medicine and clinical practice, one of therapeutics and pharmacy, and one of surgery and obstetrics, with a demonstrator in the anatomical theatre. Besides these, there is one

* The revenues of the college of medicine, exclusive of students' fees, are as follows:—

From the treasury, for educating fourteen students gratuitously,	\$2,100
From the treasury, - - - - -	3,000
Settled revenue, - - - - -	530
From real estate belonging to the college, - - - - -	500
From the order of Buenamuerte, - - - - -	600
From the convent of Santo Domingo, - - - - -	1,394
The proceeds of one bull-bait, estimated at - - - - -	1,300
	<hr/>
Total,	\$9,424

of natural history aided by an artist or painter, and a professor of mathematics and chemistry.

The students generally reside within the walls of the institution. To become a student, the candidate must have attained fourteen years of age, and pass an examination in Spanish and Latin grammar, reading, writing, and the elements of mathematics. Out-students pay a fee of five dollars monthly, or sixty dollars a year. The whole course occupies four years. In 1833, it contained thirty-four students.

The house of representatives occupies an apartment in the university. It is oblong, and lighted from a dome above. Commodious galleries surround three sides of the hall, for the accommodation of spectators; but no one is permitted to enter armed with a sword, or even a cane. A sentinel at the door prevents any one from entering who refuses to deposite his weapons with him. The speaker's chair is at one end, beneath a dosél or canopy, and in the centre stands a table with a crucifix upon it. The members occupy fixed chairs, arranged in two rows along each wall, and are not afforded the means of writing at their seats. They sometimes rise and speak from their places, but when about arguing a question at length, ascend one of the tribunes, premising, "Señores, pido la palabra"—"Gentlemen, I ask leave of speech." The best orators are amongst the clergy—one named Vigil, whom I heard speak against Gamarra the president, was eloquent and bold. It is said, that he has drawn tears from the whole house.

Around an inner patio, which is surrounded by a corridor, and into which several committee rooms open, are painted on the wall, symbolic representations of the several arts and sciences, each with an appropriate motto from the Latin poets.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Cathedral—The Sagrario—Oración—The Bóveda—Death of Pizarro—
His interment.

WITHOUT any claims to the character of a very pious man, I was led into the cathedral on the first morning after my arrival. The magnificence and splendor of the interior—the interest shed over it by being founded by the conqueror, PIZARRO, and its now being the resting place of his bones, caused me to repeat my visits again and again. How little did the Marqués think, when he placed the corner stone of this edifice, that it was the foundation of his own mausoleum!

In order to have an opportunity of examining the building at leisure, and in intervals when no ceremonies were performing, I made acquaintance with the sexton, who is a tall, emaciated old man, with sharp features, and a pair of cunning black eyes. He had been in the service of the church, man and boy, for forty years. I found him always obliging, and full of stories of by-gone days. From habit, he spoke in a subdued tone; and during service, was seen moving about with noiseless step, discharging the various duties of his office. A few "reales" softened his solemn visage into a pleasant smile, and made him always punctual in his appointments.

The cathedral is divided into three naves. A long row of chapels, closed by large doors of turned wooden bars, between which the whole interior may be seen, occupy one side of each of the lateral aisles. They are paved with large earthen tiles, laid down in diamond form, and are perfectly clear, extending from the front to the rear of the building, exceeding three hundred feet; the ceiling being very lofty, and ornamented with architraves, arches, and mouldings, makes the great length appear greater than it is. The centre nave is broader than the others, but not so long; its floor is raised three steps. At one

end of it is the choir, and at the other the "Altar Mayor," or great altar.

The choir, which may be compared to a splendid labyrinth, contains a hundred cedar chairs. The back of each one presents the half figure of a saint, beautifully carved; and the spaces and panels between them are ornamented with angels, saints, animals, birds, and flowers, in relief, executed in the best style. The *fáciistol*, or chorister's desk, which stands in front, corresponds with the rest. The sculpture of this spot cost 30,000 dollars!* Besides two immense organs of surpassing melody, not exceeded, it is said, by any in Spain, on certain occasions there is an accompaniment of violins, violoncellos, harps, and wind instruments.

Between the great altar and the choir, is the pulpit, splendidly carved and gilded, the cost of which exceeded twelve thousand dollars!

The Altar Mayor is a magnificent structure, twenty-two feet wide and forty-five in height. The base is three feet high. Upon it is the altar table, covered with fine cambrie, trimmed with Mechlin lace. At each corner of this basement stands an angel, supporting in the extended hand a silver lamp, and between them three large urns; one contains some relics of Santa Rosa; a second, the head of Santo Toribio; and the middle one, a cross of gold and precious stones.

The tabernacle is supported by twelve columns of the composite order, ten feet high; those in front are of sheet silver, and all the capitals, cornices, and mouldings, are richly gilt. Together, they form a sort of niche, in which is the *sagrário* of silver, surmounted by a figure of our Saviour; it contains the custodium of gold. At the foot of the *sagrário*, is engraved in large gold letters,

ECCE EGO VOBISCUM.

In the lateral angles are the effigies of St. John the Evangelist, and Santa Rosa, the Patroness of the Americas and of Lima, the tutelaries of this church.

* Vide: *Fama Postuma del Señor Doctor Don Juan Domingo Gonzalez de la Reguera*; *Dignísimo XVI. Arzobispo de los Reyes. Lima, MDCCCXV.*

On the cornice of this first story, surrounded by a Grecian varanda, are eight columns, which rest upon the pilasters of the *sagrario*, and support another varanda above; thus forming a sort of throne, for a beautiful image of Our Lady, presented by the Emperor Charles V. Behind it is the apostle Santiago. The whole is canopied with crimson velvet, supported by angels, and ornamented with gold lace. Large candelabra, and candlesticks, are tastefully placed in different parts of the altar, which, when lighted, forms a splendid spectacle.

Until the revolution of 1821, the standard of Pizarro was preserved over the top of the altar. When San Martin left Peru, he carried it with him, and considered it his proudest trophy.

Notwithstanding that the columns and pilasters, which support the vaulted roof, are hung with crimson velvet, bordered with gold lace, and the many pieces of gold and silver on the altars, the church is now poor, compared to its state previous to the Independence. Immense quantities of plate were taken during the war, first by San Martin, and afterwards by Bolivar, under the name of loans to the state. One pair of candlesticks, taken from the great altar, weighed 1500 marks, or 12,000 ounces of silver!

Behind the Altar Mayor, and opening into the communicating passage between the lateral naves, is a chapel dedicated to St. Bartholomew, in which is the kneeling statue of Don Bartolome Lobo Guerrero, the third archbishop of Lima.

In front of the choir, being the anterior end of the middle nave, and fronting the plaza, is the chapel of Nuestra Señora de la Antigua. The altar is of massive silver, and above it is a painting of Our Lady, holding the infant Saviour in her arms. On the left of the altar is a tablet inserted in a pilaster, bearing the following inscription;

“N. S. P. CLEMENTE XIV. *por su breve de 11 de Junio de 1771.*

“*Concede à todos los fieles cristianos que verdaderamente contritos visitáren este altar de N. S. de la Antigua pidiendo por su intencion, por la exaltacion de la Santa Fé, paz y concordia entre los Principes Cristianos, y rezáren la*

Letania de N. S. el Rosario y otras devotas oraciones, todas las gracias, Yndulgencias, y años de perdon que generalmente estan concedidos por los Sumos Pontifices sus antecesores, à los que visitàren los altares de otras Santas Ymagenes, y en especial los que concediò Sixto V. y confirmò Benedicto XIII., paraque pueden aplicarlas por modo de Suffragio à las Benditas Almas del Purgatorio todas las veces que visitàren este Altar, y rezàren la Letania, el Rosario, o' la Salve."

"Y siendo moralmente imposible especificar el numero de estas Yndulgencias, baste decir que esta concesion es de las mas amplias conque la Yglesia puede franquearnos sus tesoros para alivio de las Benditas Almas del Purgatorio."

"Our Lord the Pope Clement XIV., by his *breve* of 11th of June 1771."

"Concedes to all faithful Christians, who, truly contrite, may visit this altar of Our Lady of Antigua, asking from their hearts, for the exaltation of the Holy Faith, peace and concord between Christian Princes; and pray the Litany of Our Lord, the Rosary, and other devout prayers, all the graces, indulgencies, and years of pardon, which are generally conceded by the High Pontiffs, his predecessors, to those who may visit the altars of other holy images, and especially those conceded by Sixtus V., and confirmed by Benedict XIII., that they may apply them as a suffrage to the blessed souls in Purgatory, as often as they may visit this altar, and pray the Litany, the Rosary, or *Salve*."

"And it being morally impossible to specify the number of these indulgencies, let it be sufficient to say, that this concession is of the most ample of those, by which the church can bestow upon us its treasures for the relief of the Blessed Souls in Purgatory!"

The chapels on the sides of the church, are eighteen in number. The first on the left, contains a piece of the *Sanctum Lignum Crucis*, presented at the solicitation of Ugartè, the fifth archbishop, by Pope Urban VII. In this chapel two masses are chanted yearly; one on the day of the Holy Trinity, and the other on that of San Antonio de Padua. Besides, there

are two chaplains maintained, to say continual masses for the rest of Archbishop Ugartè's soul!

Adjoining the door leading into the Sacristy, is the chapel of Nuestra Señora de la Concepcion, in which are preserved memorials of Don Feliciano de Vega, archbishop of Mexico. In it, on the day of San Feliciano, a mass was chanted, and a sermon preached in the church; and in more generous times, two maidens were married, and presented with a dowry of fifteen hundred dollars each!

Near, is a chapel dedicated to Santa Polonia. Her shrine is famous for the cure of toothach. A single candle burned upon her altar, accompanied by a single prayer, and the pain vanishes! In spite of general faith, the barbers of this city are not deprived of much practice in the extraction of teeth, by the intervention of this saint's powers! For this information, I am indebted to some of the boys of the choir, who claimed a real, as a reward, to buy sweetmeats; but, finding it was not to be had, were satisfied with some cigars.

There is one chapel, dedicated to La Purisima Concepcion de la Virgen, which was the burial place of the Oidores, ministers, and officers of the king.

The other chapels are dedicated to the patron saints of Caballeros, founded and decorated by them with jewelry and rich services of plate.

In one of these, which was founded by the brotherhood for the visitation of Our Lady to Santa Isabel, a feast was celebrated to obtain the favorable interference of their patroness, to protect Lima from the ruinous effects of earthquakes. The cabildo of the church now chant grand mass every Tuesday for the same object, and at which great numbers of people attend.

On the door of one of the chapels, is a notice painted on a board, that

“The Illustrious Señor Doctor Don Diego del Corro, Archbishop of Lima, concedes eighty days of Indulgencies to all persons who devoutly pray a *salve* before Nuestra Señora de la Candelária, who is worshipped in this chapel of the Holy Martyrs, Sr. Crispin and Crispiniano.”

“Year, 1760.”

On the side of the pilaster next its entrance, is a tin box with a slit in the top, the meaning of which cannot be mistaken, even though an inscription beneath it did not state, "Here is received the alms for Nuestra Señora de la Candelária, who is worshipped in this chapel of the Holy Martyrs, Sr. Crispin and Crispiniano."

At the sides of the choir are four quite small chapels, very richly furnished. One, which is dedicated to San Pedro, was richly endowed, and received many indulgencies from the Apostolic See. A chaplain is maintained at five hundred dollars yearly, to say annually one hundred and fifty masses, and to extract a soul from Purgatory every Monday and Friday throughout the year!*

The sacristy of the cathedral is ornamented on one side with cedar panels carved in relief, representing our Saviour and the twelve apostles. Above them are paintings of the seasons, and on the opposite wall hang portraits of the archbishops and distinguished officers of the church. This apartment is furnished with presses and wash stands. A plentiful supply of brocades, lamas of gold and silver, cambrics, laces, and altar paraphernalia, are contained in the wardrobes and drawers surrounding the walls.

From the sacristy a door opens into a large room, in which all the temporal affairs of the church are transacted; it is the chapter.

The *sagrário* is a small parochial church, communicating with the cathedral, under the administration of the parish in which the cathedral is. It contains several chapels. The Altar Mayor is a splendid structure of statuary and painting, so nicely blended, that at a short distance, a *coup d'œil* cannot distinguish them. A long form or bench stands on each side of this church, and behind, a row of confessionals or boxes, in which the priests sit and listen to the chronicles of sin. A tin plate perforated with holes is placed in the side, in a convenient position for the ear of the Father, and below is a step on which the person confessing kneels while he whispers the history of

* Fama Postuma del Señor Reguera.

his sins. Neither the confessor nor the confessed see each other. The females are completely hidden in the *saya y manto*, so that the priest knows not whose sins are filtered into his ear!

Before the front door of the *sagrario* is a high wooden screen, which hides the altar and interior of the church from the plaza. On it are pasted various notices and placards, announcing certain feasts, indulgencies, and necessary penances, which are generally addressed, "To the faithful in Christ." Not unfrequently a few lines, written in a crabbed hand, advise "the faithful" that Fray (somebody) is deceased, and that masses are still owing for the benefit of his soul, and for which *alms are required!*

From daylight until about eleven o'clock, there is a constant succession of masses *said* in the several chapels; and about nine o'clock, grand mass is *chanted* at the great altars of the cathedral and *sagrario*. About ten o'clock, at the elevation of the host, one of the great bells is struck two or three times, and in an instant, the hum of business, the clatter of horses' feet, the cries of the town, cease—all Lima is plunged into a most dead silence. The streets present groups of people standing with their hats off; horses, mules, and donkeys look astonished that their labors should cease for an instant; all who happen to be in the plaza, near the church, kneel—all Lima is at devotion, and heaven seems to be assailed with one mighty torrent of *aves* and *pater nosters*. This state of things lasts about a minute, and the whole is again set in motion by a merrier striking of the bell—conversation and business are resumed at the very points where they were interrupted. This is the morning "oración." At sunset it is repeated. It is the most solemn and impressive custom witnessed in Catholic countries.

Every morning, ladies in *saya y manto* are seen passing along the *portál* to and from the cathedral, followed by little slaves carrying small rugs. In the church they are kneeling, either before the great altar or some of the chapels, with their slaves behind them. The beads of the rosary are counted over; and they then return. Old and young, rich

and poor, the maimed and the blind, are found in every part of this great building during every morning.

One day I was accompanied to this church by an American lady, and walked through it, with her arm drawn through mine. Presently we were admonished by a canónigo that we were in the temple of God, and that it was highly indecorous for the lady to take my arm! The canónigo stood with his long clerical hat under his arm, and inquired whether we were American or English. When informed, he made many inquiries relative to our country. He asked how many Roman Catholic churches there were in the United States, and whether there was a bishop there. He was pretty well acquainted with the general history of our country and its great resources, and eulogized our institutions, but argued warmly against religious toleration.

I have yet to describe a very interesting part of the cathedral. I mean the *Bóveda* or great vault beneath the *Altar Mayor*. After several visits and conversations with priests and the worthy *sacristán*, I obtained the key which opens the door. After the sexton had pushed back the bolt, several strong efforts were required to move the hinges, stiffened by long want of use. The sexton, with a long candle in his hand, preceded me down a short flight of steps into a sort of antechamber, in which were several supernumerary saints, savours, pictures, torches, and candlesticks, strewed about in familiar confusion. I followed my leader through a low arched passage, into a room about twenty feet square, and fifteen high. In the centre of the floor is the mouth of a vault or well, covered by loose boards, upon which the worthy sexton was unwilling for either of us to trust our weight. Around the walls are boxes of rough planks, extending from the floor to the roof or ceiling, arranged one above the other. Some of them were broken, and disclosed to view those dead, who, when living, had been illustrious in church and state. The sepulchral vesture was black, but so old and dry, that a touch of the finger turned it to dust! The skin was entire, of a sombre parchment hue, and so hard, that when tapped with a cane, it yielded a hollow, empty sound. It was shrunk close

over the bones of the face, giving sharpness to the features ; the eyelids were closed and sunk deep into the sockets ; the hands were clasped in front below the chest, and the feet were bare. Yet the sight was not awful. I thought that Methuselah, towards the close of his nine hundred years of life, might have looked thus when sleeping.

While gazing on one of these withered corpses, the sacristán, looking closely at the head, said, in his habitually subdued tone, “Este debe ser Virrey, porque no lleva corona”—This must be a vice-king, because he does not wear a crown, (a queer reason,) meaning the clerical tonsure. Could this be the conqueror Pizarro ! It was not the body of a churchman, as the sacristán had shrewdly remarked, yet there were no inscriptions on any of the boxes fixed to the wall. Nevertheless, it is certain that in this bóveda is deposited whatever remains of Pizarro’s body. Whether it be in the well beneath, or in this upper vault, I could not discover.

On one side of the vault lay a long box, with a piece of parchment nailed on one end of it, bearing the following inscription in Roman letters, and without date.

“EL SR. DR. SANTIAGO DE MENDOZA, DEAN QUE FUE DE ESTA SANTA YGLESLA.”

“The Señor Dr. Santiago de Mendoza, who was Dean of this holy church.”

There are three other boxes, containing the bones of a Dean and two Prebendaries of the church, as we are informed by the inscriptions, which bear date 1728, 1766, and 1771. These were the only inscriptions I could discover.

When we ascended into the church, the good sexton, through the intervention of that eloquent mute, whose language is irresistible, and whose possessor always enjoys the respect of the world, was prevailed upon to return the key to the Ecónomo,* without locking the door. Thus I secured for myself access on other occasions.

After Pizarro had founded the “City of Kings,” and his

* The officer appointed to administer the fiscal affairs of the church, and to superintend generally all its property, moveable as well as real.

companion, Almagro, had returned from an unsuccessful expedition to Chile, dissatisfaction and strife arose between the Pizarros and Almagros. Civil war was the result, and a bloody battle was fought at Salinas, and another on the river Amancay. Almagro was taken prisoner in Cuzco, and sentenced to death by Fernando Pizarro, the brother of the marqués, on the charge of having concerted, with Manco Inca, plans of a rebellious nature; of having entered Cuzco under arms; and of having slain several Spaniards. Almagro entreated to be allowed to die in prison, and urged his petition, by reminding his unrelenting judge, that he had never shed the blood of one of Pizarro's friends, though many of them had been in his power; and that he had been the principal instrument in elevating the marqués to the pinnacle of earthly glory and honor. In conclusion, he said; "Behold me, an old, emaciated, gouty man—let me pass in prison the few days of life that may yet remain, to weep for you and for my sins!" His appeal, Garcilaso tells us, "would have moved a heart of steel; but Fernando Pizarro was firm to his purpose, because he feared the vengeance of Almagro, if he escaped, and moreover, he had received instructions from the marqués."

Almagro was hung in prison, and afterwards publicly beheaded in the plaza at Cuzco, in 1538.

Almagro left a son named Don Diégo, begotten of an Indian woman. With a number of his friends, he was sent to Lima, where they held meetings, and brooded over their sorrows, for they were destitute of even the common necessaries of life. They felt themselves entitled to a share of the wealth and splendor which Pizarro was enjoying, because they had shared in the dangers and toils which had gained them. The expedition to Chile had not been crowned with success. Their leader had been sacrificed. They awaited impatiently the decision of the king, on charges which had been forwarded, of the cruelty and oppression of the Pizarros. They heard that Vaca de Castro, who had been appointed to investigate the causes of their complaints, had arrived at Buenaventura, on his way to Lima. It was said that Pizarro had sent a large sum of money to Panama, for the purpose of suborning this judge; and in the event

of not succeeding, it was supposed that he would cause his death, rather than suffer him to reach the city. It was reported too, that Pizarro intended to banish young Almagro and his associates. All these things wrought upon the goaded feelings of "those of Chile," as Almagro's party was contemptuously styled, until, seeing no prospect of redress through the tedious process of Spanish justice, they resolved to right their own wrongs.

Seeing the state of poverty in which the companions of young Almagro were left, from their property having been confiscated by Fernando Pizarro, the marqués proffered to them offices of trust and emolument under his government. But recollecting their cruel treatment after the battle of Salinas, and cherishing the hope of obtaining justice at the hands of Vaca de Castro, when he should arrive, they scorned the offer, preferring to live by mutual assistance, and sharing the table of young Almagro, who inherited a part of his father's estates. There was one mess of seven, who had but a single *cloak amongst them, and when one was out, the rest waited at home for his return.* They sallied forth each in turn, and maintained themselves by gambling. By common consent, Juan de Rada was both treasurer and caterer.

This state of things gave birth to a conspiracy against Pizarro's life, at the head of which was the same Juan de Rada, who appears to have been a man of cunning, effrontery, and desperate courage. Soon after the organization of the conspiracy, several insults were offered to the marqués. To express what the conspirators thought to be merited by Pizarro, Antonio de Picado his secretary, and Doctor Juan Velasquez, a gallows was hung up over night, before each of their doors. The marqués treated this insult with contempt, and remarked, when advised to guard against attempts at his life; "Their heads will be answerable for mine!" The conspiracy became public, yet Pizarro walked about as usual without a guard, and even visited his mills, which were beyond the city, attended only by a single page.

One day, Juan de Rada visited Pizarro, and found him in his garden. When the marqués asked why he was at that time

purchasing arms, the conspirator replied ; “ Is it so strange that we should provide ourselves with cuirasses and coats of mail, when your highness is collecting lances to slay us all ? ” The marqués said, the lances were not bought to be used against “ those of Chile, ” nor had they any thing to fear ; he awaited anxiously the arrival of Vaca de Castro, and hoped that existing difficulties might be adjusted. When about to depart, Pizarro plucked six oranges from a tree, and presented them to him, which was at that time deemed a high compliment, because oranges had been but recently introduced into Peru.

The insults of the Almagro party were retorted by the friends of Pizarro. Antonio de Picado, his secretary, wore on his cap a gold medal with a fig enamelled upon it, bearing the motto, “ Para los de Chile ”—For those of Chile.

St. John’s day was fixed on by the conspirators for the execution of their plan, but Pizarro became suspicious, and absented himself from the church celebration, nor did he attend mass on the following Sunday. This induced many of his friends and officers to visit him on that day, which led the conspirators to suspect that measures would be taken to frustrate their designs.

Pedro de San Millan went directly to Juan de Rada, and with the semblance of truth told him, he had ascertained beyond a doubt, that all would be seized and put to death in less than two hours. This was an invention of San Millan to hasten the completion of the bloody design. Juan de Rada at once joined some of the party, and made them an address, in which he said : “ If we prove ourselves valiant, and succeed in putting the tyrant to death, as we have determined, we shall not only avenge the Adelantado, Almagro, which is as much desired by us now, as if his death had happened only yesterday, but we shall obtain in this land, the rewards to which our services most justly entitle us. And unless we are unanimous on this subject, our heads will soon grace the pillory in the plaza ; therefore, let every one of us look well to the matter ! ”

The conspirators armed themselves on the spot, sallied into the street, and joined others of the party at Almagro’s house. It was Sunday, about mid-day, on the twenty-sixth of June

1541.* They passed through the streets, shouting, “viva el rey—mueran tiranos”—long live the king—perish tyrants—and, says Herrera, “*though the streets and plaza were filled with people, no one offered them resistance.*” They entered from the plaza into the first patio, where they met three servants of Pizarro, one of whom named Hurtado they attacked and severely wounded. This patio communicates with another on its western side, which opens into the palace and the street on which is at present the principal entrance. From it a long sala or hall, about twenty feet wide, leads towards the northern end of the building. On entering the door from the street, a short flight of steps, each one being as long as the breadth of the sala, conducts you to a landing some thirty feet in length. From this, there is another flight of eight or ten steps, at the top of which is the door of the hall. Here a spot is generally pointed out to travellers, on which, it is said, Pizarro expired.

When the conspirators entered the first court, the marqués was in the *sala*, conversing with Diego de Vargas, in company with nineteen others, whom Herrera names, besides several servants, all armed with their swords and bucklers. A page, who perceived the conspirators cross the plaza and enter the palace, and recognising Juan de Rada and Martin de Bilbao, ran in great consternation to the apartments of Pizarro, crying, “Al arma, al arma, que todos los de Chile vienen à matar al marqués mi Señor!”—To arms, to arms, for all of those of Chile are coming to kill my lord, the marqués. At this, Pizarro and those with him descended to the landing on the stairs, to inquire into the cause of alarm. At that instant the conspirators entered the second patio, shouting, “long live the king,

* Robertson, the historian, would lead us to believe that it was a warm, sultry day, and that Pizarro was nearly alone. He seems to have overlooked the fact that June is a winter month in Lima, and that the inhabitants usually wear cloaks when they walk the streets. Don Juan Nuix, in his “*Reflexiones Imparciales*,” translated from the Italian by D. Pedro Varela y Ulloa, (Madrid, 1782), charges Dr. Robertson with wilful inaccuracy on many points. “Robertson, to prove the cruelty of the Spaniards by the testimony of our own writers, alleges, not what these say, but what he thinks they ought to have said about the conquests of Peru and Mexico.”

perish tyrants." Those who had descended the stairs returned to the sala, and in one way or another, sneaked off; Doctor Juan Velasquez and the Inspector jumped through a window into the garden.

The marqués and his maternal brother, Francisco Martinez de Alcantara, with two pages, hastened to a wardrobe to arm themselves. Pizarro divested himself of a long robe of scarlet cloth, and hastily armed himself with a coracina—an ancient kind of cuirass—and a sword or spear, it is doubtful which, for Herrera says the one, and Garcilaso the other. In the mean time, Francisco de Chaves and four others remained in the sala.

The conspirators mounted the stairs, headed by Juan de Rada, who exclaimed, "Happy day! Almagro has friends to avenge his death." The door was closed. Chaves opened it; though he had been ordered to keep it shut, to gain time for the arrival of succor. A blow nearly severed his head from his body, which rolled down the steps. His two servants were killed. "Those of Chile" rushed into the sala, crying, "where is the tyrant, where is the tyrant?" Martin de Bilbao sought Pizarro's chamber. Juan Ortiz de Zarate struck him one or two blows with a halbert, and received a severe wound in return. Francisco de Alcantara defended the door of the ante-chamber with his sword and buckler, but seeing the second door lost, he retreated to the marqués's chamber. Now "those of Chile" cried, "Let the tyrant die; we lose time." The conqueror of Peru, though past sixty years of age, defended the door most valiantly, with his two pages fighting by his side. For some time the conspirators were kept at bay. Finding that they could not force a passage, they pushed one Narvaez with great force upon the marqués, and while he and the two pages dealt their blows upon this victim, the other conspirators rushed into the chamber and engaged Pizarro *en masse*. He wounded several of them, but at last, receiving a thrust in the throat, fell, covered with wounds, calling upon Jesus Christ; and making a cross upon the ground with his finger, kissed it and expired! Juan Rodrigues de Borregan dashed upon his head an alcaráz of water with so much force as to

break it, and thus extinguished the feeble life gleam that yet remained!

Francisco Martinez de Alcantara and the two pages were killed, and the rest of Pizarro's friends were severely wounded.

The conspirators left the body, and sallied through the street into the plaza, crying, "Long live the king, the tyrant is dead." They then returned to the palace, and sacked it of about a hundred thousand dollars' worth of valuables, and were about to cut off Pizarro's head and place it on the pillory, "but," says the worthy Fray Calancha, "the wife of Juan de Barberan bought it with her tears!" She rolled the body in a coarse sack and secured it with a rope. A slave carried it on his shoulders through a secret door which opened on the river, and around the back of the palace, to the church. As the marqués was corpulent, and the distance more than two squares, the slave was compelled by fatigue to drag the body a part of the way along the ground. In a spot where they were making adobes at the time, he put it into a hole and covered it with earth, without sound of bell or ecclesiastic ceremony!

Afterwards the obsequies were hastily celebrated, only by Pedro Lopez, Juan de Barberan and his wife. Time was not allowed them to array the corpse in the style which they deemed befitting its rank. Not a dollar was left in the palace, and they asked alms to defray the expenses of the funeral!*

"For several years," says Calancha, "I saw the bones of the marqués in a small box, deposited in the sacristy of the Iglesia mayor—principal church at Lima, until it should be finished. And they remained there several years afterwards, because the place of their sepulture had not been determined. At last the king, in a royal cedula, ordered his body to be placed, together with that of the Viceroy Don Antonio de Mendoza, in a vault near the Altar Mayor."

* Herrera, Gomara, Zarate, Garcilaso, &c.

CHAPTER IX.

Morning visits—A family—Conversation—Difficult for foreigners to enter society—Female education—Ignorance of Geography—Provincialisms—A tertúlia—Monte al dao—Use of Tobacco—Morale of Lima society—Habits of the ladies—A good trait in the Lima character—Gambling.

SUNDAYS and feast days are appointed for visiting. The officers of the government, civil and military, make calls on the President, and on their friends.

It is the fashion to make morning visits only on holy-days. Calésas are rolling through the streets in every direction. These vehicles present a grotesque appearance at first; the wheels are so large, the mules comparatively so small, and the caleséros have such quaint liveries. The ladies do not wear the saya y manto when riding, but ornament the hair with dahlias and jasmine flowers, and dress in gay silks tastefully trimmed. Though so many colors are assembled together, they are harmonized with much taste. White silk stockings and satin shoes, of every color except black, which stamp a woman as poor, or of the second class, adorn the feet. The extravagance of the ladies in these articles, is great, though comparatively trifling now; thirty years ago, silk stockings were sold at from twenty to forty dollars the pair, and then it was a matter of reproach to wear them after they had been washed! So soon as their lustre was gone, they were thrown aside. It is an invariable rule with all classes, and has been from time almost immemorial, to purchase new shoes every Saturday. Cotton stockings are rarely seen, not even in dishabille. Silk shawls are carelessly worn half off the shoulders, and the hands are employed with a small fan, which is scientifically fluttered and cracked every few minutes.

On Sundays I usually visited a family considered of *haut*

ton. The female part consisted of the mother Doña Panchita and three marriageable daughters. Their house is large. The sala occupies the back of the terraplan, and is furnished with chairs, a rough table, and two long leather backed sofas. A large glass lantern hangs from the centre of the ceiling. This apartment is a common lounge for servants. To the left is a sitting room, the walls of which are covered with crimson damask hangings, supported by gilt cornices, and furnished with tables, a pair of sofas, and chairs. Here the family generally sit when visited by familiar friends. A large glass door with gilded sash opens from the sala into the *cuádra* or parlor, which is perhaps forty by thirty feet, and the ceiling is twenty feet high. Like the sitting room, the walls are tapestried with crimson damask, secured by gilt cornices and moulded surbases. The windows are near the ceiling, and closed by rough inside shutters, which are managed by silk cords terminated by tassels hanging into the room. A Brussels carpet, with a large figure and of gay colors, covers the floor. On the right are two white damask sofas, made of light wood. The chairs correspond. Several small card tables, chairs, and four large mirrors, are placed along the walls. At convenient distances are silver and beautiful China spittoons alternating with each other. A centre table with marble top completes the furniture. Through a glass partition with gilt sash, at the end of the room opposite to the sofas, is seen a dormitory, which is the pride of the family. A high, tented canopy of blue silk with gold fringe, and curtains of the same looped up to the posts, overhang a capacious bed, the counterpane of which is of yellow satin, covered with flowers, embroidered in the appropriate colors. The pillow cases are of fine, tambored cambric over pink satin. *All the utensils* in this magnificent chamber are of solid silver! Beds which cost a thousand dollars are by no means uncommon now, and before the revolution, two thousand were often expended on this piece of furniture!

In the first apartment I have attempted to describe, attired in gay silks and lace, their necks and fingers sparkling with brilliants, sit the mother and her daughters, entertaining a half

dozen female visitors. Such a flirting of fans, (the Spectator could not have instructed his pupils better in this art)—such a mutual scrutiny of dress—such adjusting of shawls, is not easily described. One thrusts forward the point of her foot—and they have pretty feet—and another looks over her shoulder. Every thing is formal and cold; I have never seen such heartless receptions given to friends in any other place, but this gradually wears off in a few minutes; the conversation then becomes sprightly and gay, sprinkled with flashes of wit and humor. The usual subjects discussed, are the theatre, bull-bait, or Alameda, with a sufficient dash of personal scandal and gossip, to render it piquant. The history of some friend's accouchement, with all the details, is a prolific theme, particularly if it happen to be a little out of the common order, for then all the miraculous cases are brought to mind, and related by the elder ladies. In these discussions, the youngest children take part, and speak quite knowingly of things, which in our country are hidden arcana, only revealed to the initiated. That squeamishness complained of by a late notorious traveller in the United States, is unknown; the portrait drawn of Miss Clarissa and Mr. Smith, could have no original in Lima. Whatever is found in nature, or nature's functions, is not an improper topic for a lady's ear, if discreetly managed. If any thing be said which oversteps the bounds of delicacy, a lady generally exclaims, "Gua! que lisúra!" but does not blush, nor veil her face with her fan. Indeed, indelicate allusions give a piquancy to conversation which is agreeable to many. Another all absorbing subject is health. It is doleful to listen to the croakings of the old women, when they chronicle their aches and pains, or recommend to their friends some quack remedy, which has produced miraculous effects in their own cases. As self-interest is sometimes touched, the losings and winnings of friends at gaming tables, are heard of with delighted admiration. Literature is out of the question; books were only intended to supply the place of conversation. I have seldom heard a Peruvian lady say she had read any book whatever. I knew a gentleman who loaned a lady a translation of *Ivanhoe*, and asked her, at the end of three months, how she liked it. She replied; "I have not yet opened it—I

was reserving it for the long winter nights, when we have no tertúlia !”

The visit ended, the ladies embrace in the most cordial manner, and gently chide their visitors for staying away so long; but they never return a visit in less than two weeks, and seldom in less than a month. Foreigners require a long time to become acquainted in Lima society; the Limanians are jealous and suspicious, and entertain strong prejudices against them, which have their origin in jealousies existing between the Spaniards and Creoles from the earliest period—jealousies that led to family quarrels and general dissensions.* The old ladies are wont to say, that previous to the revolution, they did not see young ladies take gentlemen’s arms at night, when walking from the theatre—and indeed they expect the time will come when girls will do so even in broad day light! Ladies in Lima think it highly indecorous to be seen walking the streets in *saya y manto*, attended by gentlemen. Not being aware of this fact, a late traveller has cast a severe slur on the character of several females, whom he saw in the *Alaméda de la Portáda*, which, I am sure, was inadvertently done on his part.

It may be inferred from what I have said of a morning call, that the education of the Lima ladies is very limited. At school they learn to read indifferently well; to write worse; to embroider with floss silk; to use the needle; and to their credit be it spoken, they generally make their own dresses, and not unfrequently their own shoes! Mantua makers, however, are few, and until within a very few years, were entirely unknown. They acquire a slight knowledge of music, and play the piano and guitar passably well. Since the revolution, some few have studied French. Dancing is an hereditary accomplishment, passed down from generation to generation. I have never heard of such a being as a dancing master in the city, yet all are graceful in the waltz and contradance. The beneficial effects of certain public amusements upon society, have been lately shown in Lima. The Italian Opera Company, which left there in 1832, diffused an almost universal taste for Italian

* See *Noticias Secrétas de America*. Londres. 1826.

music; and now every young lady of fashion sings and plays the best pieces of Rossini and Paccini; and many have learned to read Italian.

The Limanians are most wofully ignorant of geography and history. I have been frequently asked, "in what part of Philadelphia is London?" "Even some," says a Spanish traveller in 1826, "who are reputed to be learned and wise, believe that England is a city, and the capital of a country called London!"*

I was acquainted with a beautiful woman, of about twenty years of age, who moved in the second rank, but had been reduced from the first by the reverses of her family. She was remarkable for natural intelligence, the easy flow of her conversation, and the purity of her language. One evening, when the conversation turned on geography, she remarked; "you seem to know every thing—do tell whether it is true that the world turns round every day!"

"Most assuredly."

"How wonderful!" she exclaimed, "and what a miracle that we are not sensible of it!"

I then asked her whether she knew that the world is round, and whether she was aware that vessels sail around it. She replied; "I believe that to be a fact, but I do not see any thing so very astonishing in a voyage of circumnavigation, for I am informed that the world is in the middle of the sea!"

I endeavored to explain to her the solar system, at which she expressed great admiration. After talking an hour, and illustrating the form of the earth with an orange, she sighed, and said, "puede ser!—it may be—but I hear so many different stories about the same thing, that I scarcely know which to believe; I wish that God had told us all about it in the bible, and then nobody could doubt!"

An excuse for the want of education, and ignorance of literature among the females, is found in the late colonial system of Spain, which could not have existed so long as it did, had no precautions been taken to withhold knowledge from the

* Un Transeunte.

people. Yet this is but one of the many commentaries to be found on the cruelty of that system, and the present generation should not be reproached with it. From the conviction of the better classes of men, that the country cannot be tranquil while universal ignorance prevails, and from the exertions which have been lately made to establish schools throughout Peru, it is to be hoped, that the next generation will be better informed.

When a people are deficient in general knowledge, it cannot be expected that they should speak their language with purity. Though it is said that the Spanish is better spoken in Lima, than in any other part of South America bordering the Pacific, there are many palpable errors in pronunciation, and many provincialisms which pass current even in the best society. Both in writing and speaking, the *ll* and *y* are frequently substituted one for the other; as, *yanto* for *llanto*—*llárvì* for *yárvì*—*Taraya* for *Taralla*, &c. The B and V are very generally confounded, and the ultimate D in the participle is almost constantly suppressed, as, *armão* for *armado*, *consulïo* for *consulado*, &c.

The tertúlias of Lima are attended by a certain fashionable set, who have their evenings at home in turn, so that there is one or two *soirées* every week. They vary but little from each other, and seeing one is seeing the whole, for the same company and the same amusements are usually found. It is at these tertúlias, the accomplishments of the ladies may be seen to the greatest advantage.

On a Sunday evening I visited my friend Doña Panchita. The ladies of the party were of several castes, from the Circassian complexion, passing through light and dark brunette, to that in which Africa had claims for several sombre shades. One lady in particular drew my attention, who was evidently of an Ethiopian ancestry, for her hair had an uncontrollable disposition to curling and crimping, which all her combs could not suppress. She was musical, and played and sang some of Rossini's pieces with great energy, to the admiration of every body. Though these parties are attended on a general invitation, and take place on stated nights, the ladies always appear in full dress. They wear two very light combs, cut in various

forms ; some resemble baskets of flowers, some are like feathers, and others are in the guise of wreaths. Besides the combs, the only ornaments worn in the hair, are natural flowers, which they are eminently tasteful in arranging.

The Limeñas possess good figures, serene countenances, rather inclining to pensiveness, vivid black eyes, and are skilled in all the little blandishments of coquettes and belles. Their conversation is sprightly at times, and I think I have never seen any thing in their manners to which the term *mauvaise honte* can be applied—not even when surprised in the most ordinary dishabille.

Among the gentlemen were several generals and colonels, in gorgeous uniforms, glittering in the dim light of tallow candles, and looking as fierce as mustaches and whiskers could make them. The tonsures of the curate, a canónigo, and several priests from a neighboring convent, were conspicuous. About seven o'clock, tea and coffee were served, and immediately afterwards the party grouped off, and the amusements of the evening began.

The young ladies and gentlemen took possession of the drawing room, to amuse themselves with music and dancing, while the elder part of the assemblage formed a party to play at "Monte al dao." The canónigo, and a colonel, sat down at chess ; a general and a priest were soon engaged at backgammon, playing for an onza (\$ 17) a game, and Doña Panchita's husband, who is tolerant of all his wife's ways, with a veteran general and two old ladies, retired into a corner to divert their minds with "malilla."

The "monte al dao," is a game (I believe) only played in Peru. A table was placed in the centre of the room, and covered with a green cloth, having two concentric circles drawn upon it, which were crossed by diametrical lines, and in the quadrants or angles thus formed, were alternately written A and S. Each one of the company seated round the table, had a little heap of gold and silver before him. Opposite to each other, at the sides of the table, stood two gentlemen ; one had a large pile of gold and silver before him, and the other threw a pair of dice from his hand, with a careless ease which long

practice alone can bestow. The bets were placed, some within the angles, and others betwixt the circles.

“*Todo como pinta!*”—All as it appears—cried the banker, thereby announcing that if gold coins were hidden among the silver, they would not be reckoned such.

“*Ya voy!*”—Now I cast—said the thrower of dice, and agitating them in the hollow of his hand, for a single moment, the fatal cubes rolled over the cloth. The eyes of those seated, followed them with interest, while those who stood behind the ladies’ chairs, stretched forward to see how fortune’s favors went. The throw resulted in nothing. The dice again rolled over the table, followed by all eyes. “*Ace and deuce!*” cried a half dozen at the same time. The S lost, and the A won. The ladies who had bet on A, extended their hands, glittering with diamond rings, to gather in their winnings, while those who had risked on S, saw their cash scooped into the banker’s pile. The money between the circles still remained. Bets were again made, and the dice again thrown.

The game is thus: ace and deuce, doublets ace, deuce and four, win for A; five and six, and doublets three, five and six, win for S. The bets between the circles are lost and won, only when doublets are thrown. The advantage possessed by the bank, is a discount of one-fifth, when the bets are decided by the first throw.

The amounts staked, are from a real to one, two, and even three hundred dollars! Sometimes gold alone is admitted on the table. I have seen ten thousand dollars lost and won on a Sunday morning! So strong is the passion for this game, that children of eight or ten years old are seen at *tertúlias*, venturing their pocket money at monte!

As the players became more interested, the bets grew higher, and the betters increased in number, forming a crowd round the table. All was silent. The muscles of those who lost, became rigid, producing a most unpleasant expression of countenance, and the cigars were smoked more rapidly than ever. The winners allowed the smoke to curl from the mouth and nostrils in a quiet cloud, while a smile of satisfaction played over their features. Ladies and gentlemen smoke together. A

frequent compliment paid by the hostess, is to present a cigar, after smoking a few whiffs, to her most distinguished guest.

“Qui vit sans tabac n’est pas digne de vivre !”^{*} seems to be a creed subscribed to in Lima. Within a few years, however, the elder ladies alone smoke in this kind of tertúlia; the younger ones enjoy the cigar only in private, and very many never indulge in this practice. I have never seen a Limanian who chewed tobacco, but snuff taking is quite common. As in Chile, the “pinganillos,” or dandies, carry small gold tweezers to hold the “cigarito,” to avoid staining their fingers.

It is interesting to observe the contrast between the parties in the different rooms. In the one is a scene of gambling enveloped in cigar smoke, while in the other is presented a picture of hilarity and innocent amusement. A few cakes and sweetmeats, with cordial and wine, are the only refreshments served. About half past ten o’clock the party broke up, and the family, after partaking of a hot supper, retired.

The *morale* of Lima society, may be gathered from the fact, that females, married or single, who are known to have yielded to amatory intrigues, are received in the fashionable circles. Few persons who know any thing of Lima, have not heard of the celebrated Josepha Luisa, the heroine of a correspondence between herself and a notorious judge,† which was printed at

- “*Quor qu’en dise Aristote, et sa docte cabale,
Le tabac est divin, il n’est rien qui l’égale ;
Et par les fainéants, pour fuir l’oisiveté,
Jamais amusement ne fut mieux inventé,
Ne sauroit-on que dire ? on prend la tabatiere ;
Soudain à gauche, à droit, par devant, par derriere ;
Gens de toutes façons, connus et non connus,
Pour y demander part sont très bien venus,
Mais c’est peu qu’a donner instruisant la jeunesse,
Le tabac l’accoutume à faire ainsi largesse ;
C’est dans la médecine un remede nouveau :
Il purge, réjouit, conforte le cerveau ;
De toute noire humeur promptement le délivre ;
Et qui vit sans tabac n’est pas digne de vivre,
O tabac, ô tabac, mes plus cheres amours !”*

Le Festin de Pierre.

† Manuel Lorenzo Vidaurre y Encalada.

Philadelphia, in 1823, under the title of *CARTAS AMERICANAS*. He is portrayed in that work as a second St. Preux, and she as another *Nouvelle Heloise*. He now holds a distinguished place under the government, and she, though known to be the mother of some of his children, and sister of his wife, is seen at the theatre, and every where with the *haut ton!* The passion which suggested the correspondence, no longer exists; yet neither of them is ashamed of its publicity. On the contrary, he has attempted to defend his letters, as well as the sentiments contained in them, by assuring us that they were published for the instruction of his countrymen! He even proposed distributing copies, to be left on the tables at the various cafés, as tracts are piously scattered in the United States! If all who are in similar circumstances in the "City of Freemen," were banished from its social world, fashionable society would be obliterated!

It is very generally acknowledged, that the Limañas exercise an almost unlimited sway over the gentlemen, whether husbands or "cortéjos"—*cavaliéri servénti*. Yet there is a most remarkable inconsistency in the habits of the people, where ladies are concerned. An unmarried lady is never permitted to go out, without being attended by the mother, an old aunt, a married sister, or some *chaperone*; nor is she ever left alone with a gentleman, unless he be an admitted suitor. Now, it has often puzzled me to divine how young ladies thus closely watched, can possibly find an opportunity to listen to the secret communications of their lovers. But it is this very watching which makes them such adepts in intrigue; "Love laughs at locksmiths." The *saya y manto* is the talisman which saves them from every difficulty. In that dress neither husbands nor brothers can easily recognise them, and to make the mask still more complete, they sometimes substitute a servant's torn *saya*, which precludes all possibility of discovery; their only danger is in being missed from home.

This strict *surveillance* is at once removed by matrimony. The married lady enjoys perfect liberty, and seldom fails to make use of her privilege. Intrigues are carried on to a great

extent in the fashionable circles; but, I think there is more virtue and morality to be met with in the second ranks.

The ladies in Lima seldom nurse their children, but confide their tender offspring to the care of the females of the various castes. An infant scarcely attains a month old, before they commence feeding it with broth, which is an abundant reason why the adult population have feeble constitutions, and are unable to bear cold. In the months of June, July, and August, though the thermometer does not sink below 55° F., men never think of walking the street in the morning or evening without being enveloped in the Spanish cloak.

Families even of moderate fortunes live in splendid style, and dress as extravagantly as their means and credit will allow. They keep a host of useless servants. There must be a nurse for each child, a porter, a caleséro, a waiter, a dueña or house-keeper, and two or three blacks in the kitchen and stables. The lady must have a calésa, *coute qui coute*. When reverses compel the family to dispose of the calésa, which, being the last article parted with, indicates the near approach of ruin, a part of the bargain always urged is, that the purchaser shall alter the paint that it may not be known!

Considering the little industry among the ladies, and their want of taste for reading, it may be reasonably asked, how they get through the twenty-four hours. A fashionable belle rises at daylight, hastens through her prayers at the nearest church, and returned home, retires again to slumber till about nine or ten o'clock. About eleven she takes her breakfast alone, which is frequently purchased in the street; few families assemble at this meal, each one eating at his own hour, and whatever his appetite may suggest. A gentleman told me, that he did not see his wife before dinner from one end of the year to the other. In some houses, each one receives a certain weekly stipend for his maintenance from his father, which is spent at the cook shops about the city. The family cook seldom prepares any thing, except hot water for making chocolate or maté.

After breakfast the lady smokes a cigar or two, and strolls about the house with her hair hanging over her shoulders, dress

loose, and slip-shod, in silk stockings, occasionally rubbing her teeth with a slender root, the end of which is chewed till its fibres separate and resemble a brush. Notwithstanding that they are fond of bathing in the warm months, ladies seldom think of washing their faces before breakfast in the winter, but substitute the corner of a damp towel. They allege, that washing in the morning is attended with the great risk of causing ague, which prevails more or less throughout the year. A lady once asked her physician, in my presence, whether she might wash her hands and face in a little warm water; "I have not washed either," said she, "for seven days, and they feel extremely greasy and uncomfortable!"

About midday commences the important business of dressing the hair, which occupies an hour. That finished, the shoes are pulled up at the heel, a large shawl is cast over the shoulders, and the lady, (particularly if married), is ready to receive any visitors she can expect on ordinary occasions. The hour before dinner is spent in covering "méchas," or in some trifling needlework, unless there be a new dress to make. Dinner and the *siesta* take up the afternoon till five or six o'clock, when she dresses to walk out or to receive her friends. Such is the usual employment of ladies of great as well as of moderate fortunes. Those of the second class are much more industrious, and are very skilful with the needle.

Notwithstanding, the Limanians of the same family have much more respect, if not affection for each other, than is commonly manifested by Americans. The younger brothers and sisters are always obedient to their elders; men established in life often refuse to perform trifling acts, on the ground that they may be disagreeable to their fathers or mothers, and I have seen widows who had returned to the homes of their parents after their husbands' death, quite as scrupulously obedient as children of three or four years old! "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land," is a precept strictly observed. The ties of consanguinity are stronger, and are more widely extended than with us; cousins are almost as near as brothers—in fact, they are quite as affectionately treated and considered. This habit of feeling may be

entirely owing to the law of primogeniture, which enhances the consideration of the first born; the republican shift-for-yourself principle, is unfavorable to the cherishing those clanish feelings of propinquity which we meet in ancient families.

Gambling is the bane of Lima society. Though many laws have been made against it, "monte al dao" is played, often to a ruinous extent.* Gaming houses are kept secretly in almost every part of the city, which are open throughout the day and night. The very legislators and officers of the police countenance them by their presence. The President's chaplain told me that General La Fuente, the late Vice President, had won \$50,000 during the first year he was in office!

Besides the monte houses, the cafés and hotels are furnished with billiard tables, to which the young men habitually resort to play, and the very poorest of the populace have their peculiar games. A mode of gambling which I have occasionally seen in the plaza and streets, illustrates the universality of this passion. Two fellows purchase two small boxes of sweetmeats, and placing them at a short distance apart, lie down near, to watch; and, betting that a fly will alight on one before it does on the other, agree that whoever the insect favors shall take both boxes!

Should this be deemed an exaggerated sketch of Lima manners and customs, I beg the reader to look at the work of Taralla,† which is admitted by all Limanians to be a true picture, but rather highly colored. I am sorry to differ so much from the high authority of the Edinburgh Encyclopedia, as quoted by Mr. Benjamin Morrell, Jr.; but I must say with Rousseau, "c'est ma part de dire la vérité, mais non pas de la faire croire!"

* The law of 1822, prohibiting gambling, gives one half of the money found on the table to the informer, and the other to the public treasury.

† Lima por Deutro y Fuera. Madrid, 1798.

CHAPTER X.

Sunday in Lima—Books—Machéro—Misturas—Puchero de Flores—Street of peril—Scene on the Alaméda—Cock-pit—Theatre.

SUNDAY, in Lima, is devoted to pleasure and recreation by all classes. In the morning, the plaza is the centre of attraction. About nine o'clock, the tables under the portáles present a most motley display of small wares, old prints, old books, new books—chiefly translations from the French, and French editions, among which are usually seen, Spanish versions of several of Scott's novels, and the *Spy* by our countryman Cooper. Sometimes the plays of Calderon are severed from the binding, and sold singly, to accommodate purchasers. There are cases and tables loaded with the smoker's apparatus;—segarréros, machéros, mechas, flints and steel; and others with German toys, rough hardware, and imitation jewelry.

Every man in Lima carries in his pocket the means of lighting his cigar. The segarréro has been already described. The machéro consists of a tube about three inches and a half long, and a half inch in diameter, made of gold or silver. Through it is strung a match, which is composed of spunk, (*artémesia Chinensis*) brought from Guatamala, put up in long rolls about a half inch thick and one or two feet long. This is cased with calico or silk; sometimes beautifully embroidered, or sometimes braided with various colored ribbons. The ornamenting of "mechas" falls within the province of the belles, who present them, perfumed with sweet smelling roots and gums, in compliment to the beaux. The end of the match which is fired, passes through the tube, and is hooked by a chain to a button or plug, which, excluding the air, extinguishes the fire after it is no longer required. To the other end, is appended a silken cord tastefully knotted at the extremity, or instead, a gold chain terminated with a small figure

of a fish or animal. The machéro costs from one to forty dollars, and even more, according to the material and ornaments, which sometimes consist of a ring of diamonds round the middle ! Without the steel and flint, however, the apparatus is incomplete. The steel is frequently embossed with gold and silver in some fanciful sketch on one side, and on the reverse, the name of its owner. The steel alone is sometimes worth ten dollars, and in "old times" flints sold at from twenty-five cents to a dollar each !

From nine until one o'clock the portáles are thronged with people, moving in opposite directions ; some are buying toys and books, and others are there to see and be seen. The gay uniforms of the officers, the sombre garb of priests and friars, the learned black coats of students and judges, the new and glossy saya and gay black eye peeping from behind the manto, the shrivelled uncovered face of age, no longer stirred by joy, but still arrayed in manto and saya of her younger days, the disguised belle, the blind mendicant in tatters, led by a squalid child, the mulatto wench with hair frizzed and sprinkled with jasmine flowers, the barefoot Indian, the sandalled negro, and liveried black, all figure in the moving mass.

Near the eastern end of the portál sit the "mistréras" or flower venders, selling nosegays both to belles and beaux. A "mistura" consists of flower petals of various kinds, orange blossoms, sweet cherimoya buds, and jasmine, tied in a piece of plantain leaf. Here also are sold a small kind of apple, and an orange, (naranja de Quito), which are wreathed over with small fragments of cinnamon and cloves by the ladies, and sent as complimentary presents to their friends. They are called "manzanítas ambarcadas." One of these apples, with two or three capulies and as many cherries, placed in a piece of plantain leaf about one-quarter of the size of a sheet of foolscap paper, and sprinkled with chamomile flowers, violets, aromas, (a yellow, sweet scented flower), margarítas, (a species of lily), with a sprig of sweet basil, formed what was anciently called a "puchero de flores," which cost from two reales to three dollars, according to the season. Young ladies frequently make "pucheros de flores," sometimes perfuming them with incense

and sweet gums, and distribute them to their visitors. The presentation of "manzanítas ambreadas" and flower petals is quite common, but the "puchero" is somewhat out of date.

Formerly, a row of women sat in front of the cathedral, and sold the materials for the "puchero" at wholesale; and in front of them another row, having small tables on which they compounded the "misturas" and pucheros, in a serious, but at the same time, pleasant mood. From the great price demanded for the puchero, not unfrequently a half doubloon, this alley of florists was called "la calle de pelígro"—street of peril—alluding to the great danger which the pockets of the young beaux ran of being exhausted on nosegays for their sweethearts.* Even in these days of reform and cheapness, I have seen a dollar paid for a single rose, and half that sum for a dahlia, to decorate a lady's head!

In the afternoon, one of the *alamédas* is resorted to by the better part of the population, for the pleasure of the promenade. La *Alaméda de los Descalzos*, a pleasant walk of a quarter of a mile in length, is the most fashionable. On each side there is a double row of trees, with a path between them. The centre avenue is about sixty feet broad, shaded by the almost interlocking branches on each side, having at equidistances the foundations of several unfinished fountains. This *alaméda* derives its name from a convent of Franciscans, standing at one end of it, called *El convento de los padres Descalzos*. These barefoot fathers maintain, by begging, a public table, where the poor are free to dine on wholesome and substantial food every day of the week. Not far from the *alaméda* are the celebrated baths of *Piedra Lisa*, which are much visited during the summer months, both by ladies and gentlemen.

About five o'clock, *calésas* are seen standing beneath the trees. Their fair occupants, in gala attire, sit and behold the passers-by, enjoying at the same time a quiet airing, to say nothing of the gratification of being gazed on and bowed to by their friends. The young cavaliers display their steeds and horsemanship to the eyes of the fair ones. On the side walks,

* *Mercurio Peruano*.

either seated or promenading, are hundreds of sayas y mantos, watching the scene before them, while gentlemen scrutinize the cautious glance of that single eye, and arching black brow contrasting with the forehead, to discover if possible who the mistress may be, but she laughs at their curiosity, and sets it at defiance. He who cannot admire a beautiful woman with all his five senses, cannot estimate the greatest and most perfect work of nature. It is thrilling to your man of sensibility to behold the soft motion of these "tapadas," as those are termed who walk with only one eye discovered. There is an ease and grace in the step not easily portrayed; such sylph-like steps, such figures, such laughing eyes,

" And such sweet girls—I mean such graceful ladies,
 Their very walk would make your bosom swell;
 I can't describe it, though so much it strike,
 Nor liken it—I never saw the like!"

At sunset, the whole crowd streams towards the city. The bridge is lined with gentlemen waiting to catch one more glance from some eye, which they fancy their penetration has discovered. It is vain; the mask is too perfect. The stream pours into the portál, and thence diffuses itself through the several streets leading from the plaza.

Those who do not take an airing in the alaméda, generally resort to the Coliseo de los Gallos, or cock-pit. It was erected in 1762; and in 1790, paid to the government annually for a license, 7,010 dollars, which were distributed among various institutions of charity and education in the city.

The Coliseum is an amphitheatre, with an arena fifty feet in diameter, surrounded by nine benches rising one behind the other, and above, by a tier of twenty-nine galleries or boxes, (including that of the judge,) supported on wooden pillars, and accessible by flights of stairs on the outside of the building, which stands in a large patio. Opposite to each other are doors opening into the arena, by which the fowls are introduced. The price of admission is two reales, but the seat is an extra charge of one real in the pit, and four in the boxes.*

* In 1822, a decree was issued, abolishing the cock-pit, and annulling the contract of its manager with the Spanish government, which was dated 1804.

It is said that public cock-fighting owes its origin to the expedition of Themistocles against the Persians. On that occasion, he exhorted his army to fight for their country with the valor and indomitable spirit displayed by two contending cocks. To commemorate the victory of their great captain, the Athenians devoted one day every year to exhibit the battles of these birds. The custom passed to Rome, and on the days of exhibition, criers went through the streets shouting *Pulli pugnant*.

On Sundays and holy-days, in Lima, though not announced by a town crier, it is generally known that *pulli pugnant*, and a large part of the population attends without a summons. The hour of exhibition is four o'clock, but before that time, the seats are usually crowded by people of all kinds, for all classes delight in this sport. The judge, who is an *alcalde*, takes his place in his box, the guards at the doors are all attention, the "servidór," with a row of gafts before him, takes his seat beneath the judge, and the "corredóres," or criers of bets, enter the arena. For a moment, conversation ceases. Two fowls are brought in, from the opposite doors, and, after holding them up to the spectators, their heads are ceremoniously, but rudely, rubbed together. The silence is broken. One "corredór" cries, "¿ Quien va en el pardo?"—who goes on the gray? Another shouts, "¿ Cuanto en el colorado?"—how much on the red? Then such a Babel-like hum breaks out in the pit and boxes, that it is difficult to understand any thing that is said. The *corredóres* shout still louder. The ladies in the boxes make signs with their fingers; and the gentlemen call aloud to different people at the same time. A *corredór* understands a lady; "Si Señorita! and looking in another direction, and striking his uplifted left arm, with two fingers of his right hand, cries again and again in a rapid voice, "Media onza en el pardo—¿ quien quiere media onza en el pardo?"—A half doubloon on the gray—who wishes a half doubloon on the gray?

Another lady makes a sign. "Bueno"—understood, cries a *corredór*. At the same moment another is crying "two doubloons on the red; who bets two doubloons on the red?" In the meantime the attendants are securing to the birds the gafts, or

rather slashers, which are three inches long, a quarter of an inch wide, and slightly curved.

Sufficient time having elapsed, the judge rings a small bell, and the noise and confusion are succeeded by order and silence. Then each attendant walks to the *servidór*, and turns the back of the fowl towards him. He examines the slasher, and, finding it properly secured, runs his thumb over its edge, to be certain of its keenness. Then it is sheathed in leather, and the birds are allowed to make a few flies at each other, while still retained in the hands of their respective attendants. The sheaths are now removed, and the cocks are set down at opposite sides of the ring. All is silent. The valiant bird scratches the earth, looks proudly round, and, seeing his adversary,

“——treads as if, some solemn music near,
His measured step were governed by his ear :
And seems to say—“ye meaner fowl give place !”

He flies to the conflict. If not decided at the first onset, the hum of assertion and dispute again begins, and increases with the excitement, till it becomes as noisy as before ; both sides, like politicians before an election, certain of coming off victorious, loudly offer to increase the bets, and thus strengthen their opinions. But at last one of the combatants falls dead, and decides the matter beyond dispute. The judge rings, and if not too much wounded, the victorious cock gives a triumphant crow, and flaps his wings.

The *corredóres* are now seen in every part of the pit, and in the boxes, collecting the losings, and paying the winnings, from which they deduct, as the fee of their service, a medio from every dollar. The noise of talk still continues ; some are eulogizing the victorious bird, and others dispute with the *corredóres* about the bets. In the meantime, the fowls are carried to the *servidór*, who removes the slashers, and cleans them of blood, by drawing them between his thumb and finger, before he lays them down. Both fowls are carried out of the arena, and others brought in, and the same scene is repeated.

Sometimes the conflict is decided at the first fly ; I have seen both birds fall dead from the slashers entering the brain

or some other vital part. Again, the fight endures several minutes, and both fall, exhausted by the loss of blood.

The sums bet are almost incredible. I have heard of fifty onzas (§\$50,) being risked on a single battle. Usually, however, the bets run from one to a hundred dollars.

Sunset is the signal for concluding the sport; as the crowd, with pleasure written on their countenances, pours into the street, they are met by the venders of lottery tickets, and the almost ceaseless cry of *su—ér—te*. The neighborhood of the cock-pit is distinguished by the unusual number of cocks tethered by a leg to the door of almost every house.

In the evening the theatre is the grand attraction. It stands in the rear of the convent of St. Augustin. Its exterior is not distinguished from any of the neighboring dwellings. The interior is shabby, and generally filled with fleas, and badly lighted. It has three tiers of boxes, and a large box fronting the stage for the President and the officers of the government. The boxes are separated from each other by board partitions, and rented by the season, the tenant furnishing it with chairs. The pit seats have backs, and are numbered. The entrance to the boxes is by stairs on the outside, which lead to corridors upon which the boxes open.

The ladies appear at the theatre dressed with taste and extravagance, but the arrangement of the boxes is such, that their fine figures and beautiful eyes do not appear to advantage. In the pit, women go disguised, or rather with their faces concealed with a shawl folded over the head in such a way as to hide all but one eye. Between the acts, the pit appears as if it were filled with fire flies, from the scintillations of the *machéros*; all the men commence smoking so soon as the curtain drops. Boys, with trays of sweetmeats, circulate through the pit and the corridors of the boxes, crying, or rather vociferating, “*el dulcéro,*” or “*el carameléro,*” while others, with glasses of water, cry “*un vaso de agua.*” From the earliest times, decrees have been issued, both by the Viceroys and Presidents, against smoking in the theatre, but to no purpose. Even the old ladies retire to the back of the boxes to enjoy a few whiffs during the intervals of the play. A half dozen dirty

soldiers are stationed in different parts of the pit, to enforce order and prevent smoking, but the latter is so difficult a task, that rather than run against the current of public opinion, they join in the practice.

The orchestra is generally very good, and sometimes excellent; during the period that the opera company remained in Lima, it was much improved. The players are rather below mediocrity, with one or two exceptions. Lately, an actress from the Madrid boards, named Samaniego, has been here, and were she not so very large and advanced in years, would certainly be an interesting player, particularly in tragedy. Her children are also considered good. The actresses are generally fat, shapeless, uninteresting creatures, who follow the prompter in a most monotonous tone. The top of the prompter's cap is seen moving, as his head turns to follow the lines of his book, just above a wooden hood placed in the centre of the stage; and his voice is heard above all. There is one of the actresses who sings very well, yet I am assured that she is totally ignorant of music, depending altogether upon the correctness of her ear.

The plays generally represented, have the fault of a too protracted dialogue, with but little action, and are barren in plot. The tragedies are wretched. I do not mean that all Spanish tragedies are so, but allude to those represented in Lima. There is one lately written by a native, founded on the early history of the conquest, which possesses considerable merit. The best part of the entertainment is in the farce or "sainete,"—pieces of one act, in which some ludicrous incident in low life is presented. These are filled with proverbs, in which the language abounds, and with humor, though too frequently of a vulgar and indecent kind. There is one entitled *El Santo*, which is what the Spanish term "mui gracioso." A worthy wife is represented as receiving visits of rather an improper kind, from the sexton of the parish church, and in order to conceal her lover, on the sudden arrival of her husband, he is disguised and mounted on a table, where he assumes the attitude of a saint. The husband enters, and finds his wife very piously kneeling before it. Seeing her devotion, he joins her

in prayer, and then asks how the saint came there, and gets a most miraculous account of its appearance in the house. The husband runs out to assemble the village to carry the pretended image in procession, and in the mean time, the wife and saint discuss the means of getting free from the difficulty ; but the husband returns so suddenly, that the saint has not time to assume his position, but kneels on the table. The village troop assemble, and place candles in the saint's hands, and carry him around in procession. They at last discover the imposition by the entrance of the curate, who recognises in his saintship no other than the sexton. Then all fall to beating and maltreating him, and applying all kinds of epithets, producing most immoderate laughter in the audience.

Though a censor was appointed in 1822, by San Martin, to watch over the morality of the stage, and prevent any representation that might be favorable to royalty or tyranny, the Lima theatre is far from having any claims to perfection in this respect. On particular occasions, fire works are exhibited in front of the theatre, just as the audience leave it.

Such are the amusements in Lima, on Sundays and religious holy-days.

CHAPTER XI.

Bull-bait—Plaza del Acho.

ABOUT half past two o'clock on a Monday afternoon, in December, people of all classes were to be seen pouring from the plaza into the street that leads over the bridge to the suburb of San Lazaro. The tailor left his thimble, the cobbler deserted his awl, the donkey of the water carrier enjoyed rest for a time, the collegian threw aside his book, the workshops were closed, the merchant left his store, the lady gave up the siesta,

and the president of the republic joined in to fill up the living stream, that moved towards the Alaméda del Acho. Towards that point rolled gay calésas, accompanied by gaily dressed equestrians; the street was thronged with mulattoes and negroes, tapádas and priests—all going to see “los toros”—the bulls!

Along the street leading to the Alaméda, armed lancers from the president's guard, were stationed about a hundred yards apart, gazing quietly on the passing crowd, with hands folded over the pommel of the saddle, and lance resting on the foot and reposing against the shoulder. Great earthen jars of chicha were leaning against the trees, here and there, from which negroes and mulattoes, bedizened with jasmine, were pumping through great canes, “the nectar of Peru,” and dispensing it to groups of the lower orders, standing around them. The sounds of harp and guitar, and fandango-footing, streamed from houses in the vicinity. It was a heartfelt holy-day, for all classes delight in the spectacle of bull-baiting.

The Plaza del Acho, which is enclosed in a square, is a large amphitheatre, capable of containing in the boxes, and on the benches which surround it, rising one above the other, not less than twelve thousand persons. The boxes and benches are supported on brick pillars, and are accessible by narrow stairs from the outside. The arena is about four hundred feet in diameter, surrounded by a barrier seven feet high, through which are horizontal slits a foot broad, opening into the pit beneath the benches. In the middle of the arena, just far enough apart to allow a man to pass between them, are several posts planted in the form of three rays diverging from a centre. At one point are a large and a small door, side by side, opening into the pen where the bulls are kept, and over them is the box of the Prefect of Lima, who presides over the exhibition, and bestows the rewards on those who distinguish themselves in the fight. Opposite, but a little to the right, is a large box, occupied by the president and his suite, and to the left is a large door through which the slaughtered bull disappears from the arena.

About a quarter before three, the place seemed full, yet people were still pouring in. The ladies appeared in their usual ex-

travagant style of dress, and the tapádas or cyclop beauties were numerous in every direction. The motley assemblage, which we had seen in the street, now occupied the benches. A busy hum of conversation arose continually from the multitude; and above it bawled the “duléro,” with his tray of sweets, the “almendréro,” with his comfits, the “carameléro,” with his *bons-bons*. Then the “aguadór,” with piteher and glass, cried ever and anon, “un vaso de agua”—a glass of water. The “segarréro,” proclaimed “segarrros de mi amo, que los hace bien”—my master’s cigars, he makes them well. Occasionally this fellow paused in his walk, and holding the fingers of his right hand to his mouth for a moment, smacked his lips as if tasting something delicious, and, bowing as he swept away his hand, ejaculated in a tone horribly nasal, “que cosa tan rica!”—how exquisite! Other negroes, with trays of square packages of boiled corn, resembling homony, done up in plantain leaf, were crying, “maiz blanco, bien caliente!”—white corn, very hot!

In spite of the discordant hum, and out-of-time cries of those fellows who sell trifling sweets and sugar plums to the crowd, to amuse its excitement, (which must be spending itself on something,) those in the arena appear perfectly calm and unconcerned. The matadóres, and capeadóres on foot, with their red cloaks flung carelessly over one shoulder, so as to discover the pink or green silk jacket, and bright yellow breeches, trimmed with jaunty bows of gay ribbon, and with the hat set knowingly on one side of the head, sauntered about the ring smoking cigars. The rejoneadóres and capeadóres on horseback, armed with short spears,

“In costly sheen and gaudy cloak array’d,”

slowly walked their animals over the ground, or awaited patiently the commencement of the sport. The mayors of the plaza, better mounted than the rest, occasionally dashed after a half dozen ragged urchins, who were playing, and chasing each other about the arena.

At last the “despéjo” or clearing of the field commenced. Part of a well dressed regiment entered the arena, headed by

a fine band in a Turkish uniform, playing a quick step. They marched and countermarched, and performed several military evolutions, which ended in a sham fight with a second party, that attacked them from several points at the same time. The orders were given by blast of trumpet and tap of drum. This part of the exhibition was highly interesting, and very creditable to the troops.

Precisely at three, the president and staff entered his box, and were received by the troops with presented arms. The Turkish band took its place in front of the president's box, and the troops separated, and springing over the barrier, mingled with the crowd on the benches.

The rejoneadores and capeadores on horseback, preceded by the mayors of the plaza, and followed by the matadores and capeadores on foot, marched slowly round the whole circle, bending low before the boxes of the president and prefect, and saluting the spectators generally as they passed along. This ceremony ended, the matadores and capeadores on foot distributed themselves in various parts of the arena; the mayors took a position of safety, and the rejoneadores and capeadores on horseback, holding their spears by the end in the right hand, the points down, trotted gallantly up to the prefect's box and halted. In the mean time, a caricature figure of a belle, constructed of paper and reeds, was placed not far from the centre of the ring. The din and buz of the multitude were for a moment hushed. A trumpet sounded a charge, and a rocket whizzed high and exploded in the air. Expectation was mute. The den flew open, and a noble bull, having a cloth ornamented with tinsel and ribbons stitched to his back, sprang forth. He stood for a moment gazing fiercely right and left, lashing his tail in the air, and pawing the earth; he wavered for an instant, then lowering his head, dashed at a rejoneador, who, with admirable skill, flirted a short red mantle in his eyes, and saved himself and horse from the bull's horns. Foiled in this attack, the enraged animal opened his eyes for a second, (bulls always close them to attack), and rushed at a capeador, who received him on the point of his spear; thrusting him three times in the neck, he turned the

bull, and received the applause of the assembled multitude; then galloping to the prefect's box, held out his cap and obtained a rouleau of four dollars, which was tossed into it as his reward. Blood trickled over the bull's broad chest and down his legs, as he stood wavering in which direction to make his next attack. Now the capeadores on foot approached, shaking their red cloaks and stamping and shouting in defiance. He rushed at one of them, and bore off the cloak in triumph on his long, sharp horn, amidst shouts of "que buen lance, que buen lance!"—a good feat, a good feat! Next, his furious attentions were bestowed upon the paper belle, and he met a warm reception, for she was a "fire ship" of rockets and squibs, which burst about his ears in a hundred irregular explosions, enhancing his violence and rage. Shouts, laughter, and clapping resounded from all sides. He turned impetuously upon a rejoneador, who poised his spear and drew up his horse to receive the charge. His aim was true; he struck just behind the skull, and the bull rolled lifeless on the ground, amidst the deafening shouts and plaudits of the spectators!

Besides the public approbation, the rejoneador received a reward of three rouleaus, of four dollars each, from the hands of the prefect.

So soon as the bull fell, the band of hautboys and squeaking clarionets, stationed near the prefect's box, ceased, and that in the Turkish costume struck up the national air called *La Sama cueca*. Four horses that "spurned the rein," bedecked with waving plumes, pranced into the arena under the guidance of two postillions. A mulatto held the traces, and leaned backwards with all his strength, as he was dragged forward. An axle with two low wheels or trucks, was secured under the bull's head, and the horses were attached. Under rapid applications of whip and spur, they sprang forward, and with a great sweep disappeared with the load from the ring.

The pools of blood were carefully swept over with sand, and another paper figure, representing a jackass playing a guitar, was placed on the spot where the belle had been so unceremoniously treated. Again the trumpet sounded, and again a rocket was fired. Another fierce animal bounded forth. The

capeadóres and matadóres shook their red cloaks to invite him to attack; but they danced backwards as he trotted towards them. At last he rushed upon one, and received a slight wound in the shoulder from the sword of a matadór, which served to inflame his fury. He gored the musical jackass, and struck such notes as neither jackass nor guitar ever before produced. Wild with rage, he darted upon a rejoneadór, and received a spear wound in the neck, from which the blood flowed freely. He evidently suffered pain, but did not complain, though he stood at bay. The capeadóres on foot, and the matadóres approached, shook their cloaks, stamped, and shouted, but he heeded not. Small darts loaded with lead were showered upon him, and hung quivering in his hide; this roused him, and with a well directed aim he rushed upon "a light limbed matadór," who received the attack dexterously upon his cloak; the attack was renewed, but the cloak quit the hand, and quick as thought the long blade was sheathed in his broad chest. His career was arrested; he staggered once, but recovered; instinctively he separated his feet to gain a broader and firmer base; his limbs trembled; he hung his head, and making an effort to cough, belched forth a torrent of gore; the next instant he reeled, and his feet kicked in the air! From the moment the wound was given, the multitude was silent; nothing was heard except the discordant and tearing notes of the hautboys, but when he fell, the welkin rang with applauding shouts, "buen lance, buen lance," and the band struck up *El Chocolate*, another of the Peruvian airs. The matadór received his reward, the car was brought, and the carcass whirled swiftly away.

The next feat exhibited, excited deep interest. A large wooden spear, with a broad iron head, was placed near the door of the toril or den, and inclining upwards towards it. A stout mulatto, gaily dressed, laid flat upon the end, which rested against a *point d'appui*, and in that position awaited the bull. The trumpet and rocket signal was given. All was silent. The door opened, and the bull pitched at the prostrate mulatto, who guided his spear so that the point struck him full between the eyes, and passing through his head, entered several feet

into his body, from which it required the force of three men to extract it! The animal fell dead. The spectators were delighted, and even renewed their plaudits when the mulatto held out his cap for the reward.

A fourth bull was received by "matadóres de punta"—matadóres armed with short, broad-bladed dirks, resembling in form a bricklayer's trowel. They played him for a long time; now daring his attack, now avoiding it. Showers of darts were thrown, and his hide bristled with them, like that of a porcupine. The paper image was attacked, and wrought him to the highest pitch of fury; he ploughed the ground with his horns, and bellowed in an agony of rage. He pursued a matadór, and was so near tossing him, that he ripped up the back of his gaudy jacket. He then wheeled upon a rejoneadór, and plunged his horn into the horse's abdomen, and made an effort to toss; but by some means the poor animal was extricated. The rider struck his sides with his spur, and the entrails gushed from the wound! A second blow gave an awfully hollow sound, that might have been heard, at that moment, over the plaza, for it was still as the grave. His bowels poured out upon the ground, and were trampled by his own hoofs, as he sprang forward, and cleared the infuriate bull, whose attention the matadóres had attracted to themselves! The horse was led out of the arena, and I had the satisfaction (poor indeed!) to learn that his pains were ended in a half hour by death! The bull rushed with furious impetuosity upon the matadóres, yet he did not escape unscathed. A matadór, with well turned limbs, threw aside his hat and cloak, and advanced deliberately to receive his attack. The broad blade of the "punta" glittered in the sun for the instant, while the swift arm, with certain aim, struck it to the spinal marrow, just behind the ears. Lightning could not have been more suddenly fatal; the bull dropped dead! "Viva Espinosa"—the name of this famed matadór, was shouted from all sides. Neither the danger he had encountered, the success of his feat, nor the deafening plaudits of the multitude, produced the slightest change in the calm expression of his countenance—it remained the same under every circumstance. He gathered his cloak upon his arm, and with cap in

hand, walked leisurely to the Prefect's box, for the reward he had so dexterously won.

One bull was encountered by six short-legged Indians, who, armed with light spears, extended themselves on the ground, in front of the den, to await his coming. He hurled his huge weight among them, splintered several spears, and overturned five Indians, in pursuit of the sixth. The excitement was very great, for it was doubtful whether he would escape. Now he gained a little, and then he lost; he seemed to be out of breath; all feared that he would fall; the bull's horns appeared to be touching his back! "Corre, corre muchacho!" broke through the silence from a hundred mouths, and thus encouraged, his duck legs moved faster, and in longer strides, till at last, panting and breathless, he dodged between the posts in the centre of the ring. By this time his companions had risen, and, armed again with spears, placed themselves in a new position, to receive another attack. The bull, for an instant, looked wildly at the Indian he had pursued, bellowed in disappointment, and turned upon his expectant enemies. But when he drew near to them, they threw away their arms, and fled, to the great amusement of every body. The animal attacked every one who opposed him, in quick succession, and received a wound from every hand. One matador attempted the feat of Espinosa, but missing his aim, the "punta" was tossed high in the air, and both man and beast escaped unhurt. From long exertion and loss of blood, the animal seemed to be exhausted, yet he could not be approached with impunity. He stood pawing the ground and flirting his tail, but would not, any longer, attack with fury; therefore, he afforded no more sport. The Luna—a crescentic knife fixed at right angles on the end of a long pole—was brought. They tried for a long time to get behind him, before they succeeded in hamstringing his hind legs—when they did, the poor brute still fought, and kept them at bay, and even when the sinews of his fore legs were cut with the luna, he attacked the matadores on his stumps. He at last fell, under the repeated blows of the dirk and sword of the matadores, and was slowly expiring, when one of the many blows reached the spine, and ended his torments.

The next exhibition was rather ludicrous. When the door was opened, a harlequin attired negro, with his face smeared with blue and white, entered the arena mounted on a bull's back. His only means of retaining his seat was by holding fast to a piece of wood lashed across his horns. His task was an arduous one, for the bull reared and plunged in every possible manner, to free himself from his encumbrance; but the rider was encouraged to hold fast, as the bull was his reward, if he succeeded in safely reaching the middle of the ring. This scene afforded a great deal of mirth, and the negro won the bull, after several very narrow escapes from being thrown.

The parting rays of the setting sun had begun to tinge the snowy peaks of the Cordillera, which seemed the signal for leaving. The president and suite left their box, and the fashionables in different parts of the circle followed his example.

A guard of about fifty horsemen, armed with sabres and lances, was formed round the president's carriage, and a number of officers crowded to attend him from the door of the plaza. The carriage was of European manufacture, with silver mountings, and drawn by four splendid black horses. General Gamarra soon made his appearance, hat in hand. He is tall, rather thin, of a swarthy complexion, black eyes, deeply sunk in their sockets, heavy brow, black whiskers and mustaches, and possesses a courteous military air. He wore a general's uniform of blue deeply embroidered in gold, and red pantaloons with broad gold lace down the outer seams. Over his feet were drawn horseman's boots rising above the knee, armed with large gold spurs. His cocked hat was edged with white feathers and crowned with three ostrich plumes, arranged in the succession of the colors in the flag—white between red. When he mounted his seat, the officers threw themselves into their saddles, and the coach flew through the *alaméda* followed by the guard at full gallop, the pennons of their lances fluttering in the air. Their dress is a white jacket and red pantaloons, cut full about the hips and narrow at the bottom. The cap is blue cloth, with a long bag-like top of red terminating in a tassel, that hangs over one side. Every one wore large mustaches.

As the president passed, the calésas that had been standing to view the passing concourse turned, and slowly followed towards the city. Seated along the walls were long files of tapadas,

“ Skilled in the ogle of a roguish eye,
Yet ever well inclined to heal the wound ;
None through their cold disdain are doomed to die,
As moon-struck bards complain, by Love’s sad archery—”

They lingered to see the last of the crowd. When we reached the Independence square or plaza, the fresco tables were already lighted.

The excitement of the scenes at the Plaza del Acho and along the alaméda, produced in me and some of our party most severe headachs. Notwithstanding the cruelty of the sport, there is an agreeable excitement at the bull-bait, from the great concourse of people, and the endless variety of dress and character that present themselves for observation. Indeed the ladies say, that were it not for the “concurrência,” they would not witness a diversion “tan barbara.”

Previous to the revolution, bull-baits were seen in almost every village throughout Peru, at least once every year. For the purpose, the plaza was fitted up for the exhibition. This sport caused the death of many Indians in the interior, who were either killed by the bulls, or died from excesses in Aguardiente and Chicha.

CHAPTER XII.

Nacimiéntos—Christmas Eve—Christmas—Ride to Chorillos—Salteadóres—
Bathing—Harbor of Chorillos—Callao—La Presidenta—Carnival—Mira-
flores—Magdalena.

ABOUT the season of Christmas, those wealthy families in which there are children, form with dolls and toys a representation of the birth of our Saviour, which is placed in some convenient apartment, where it may be visited by their friends. These are termed familiarly, “nacimiéntos” or births. Sometimes mass and prayers are said before them; and one of the common pastimes of the season is to pay visits from one to the other, all over the city. This has at least the merit of being a beautiful method of instructing the youth in that portion of the history of the son of God.

On Christmas eve, or “noche buena,” as on almost all holy-days, the plaza becomes a scene of mirth and amusement. The fresco tables are more numerous, as well as the fires of the women frying fritters and fish; and the irons of those who make barquillos are plied more actively than ever. Stalls are placed along the Portál de Escribanos, loaded with a variety of cooked poultry, picántes, stews, sausages, and pucheros. All classes make merry; the mendicant and miser, the formal lady and woman of light manners, the old and the young, allow their bosoms to expand with joy; yet the pious stand aloof from all that tempts the appetite in the plaza, till past midnight, indulging only in ices and iced drinks. Lights were twinkling in every direction, though the moon and stars shone as bright as day.

The great altar of the cathedral was lighted with hundreds of candles, and the choir was full of instruments and voices. The naves were crowded through the whole night with women sitting or kneeling on the pavement in saya y manto, while the priests celebrated mass decorated in cloaks of gold

and silver Lama. At midnight, *Te Deum laudamus* was chanted, the bells rang a merry peal, and rockets were fired from the church steps. At this signal, numerous parties and groups that had been wandering about the square, anxiously waiting the hour to break their fast, seated themselves at different tables, and fell to work on the good things that had been spread before them during the evening. From that time till daylight, for the saying is, "nadie duerma en noche buena"—nobody may sleep on Christmas eve—the plaza is a scene of feasting; while in the houses of the higher classes, suppers are spread at twelve o'clock, and the remainder of the night is spent in dancing and gambling.

Christmas day is devoted to amusement, and as it is summer, many parties are made for rides to the country, and some spend the whole holy-days at Miraflores or Chorillos. The *alaméda* in the afternoon is thronged with people, and in the morning presents a scene similar to that of a Sunday. At night there is an exhibition of fireworks, provided at the expense of the *cabildo*.

During the summer months, from December to April inclusive, many *paséos* or excursions of pleasure are made to different points in the neighborhood of the city. Most of the wealthy families resort to Chorillos or Callao for the benefit of sea bathing. Those gentlemen who are detained in the city by business during the week, generally leave Lima on Saturday afternoon, and remain with their families until Monday morning.

In the month of January, I accompanied a party of gentlemen to Chorillos, and passed several days in that place. We set off about three o'clock on Saturday afternoon, arrayed in ponchos, and large straw hats to protect us from the sun, and armed with pistols to secure us against the "salteadores," or highwaymen, that at this season generally infest the road. They have been less numerous, however, during the last two years, than formerly. These *salteadores* are a most ungenerous set of thieves; for, not satisfied with horse, purse, and valuables, they generally leave their victims without any other covering for their skins than their shirts! I know, however, of an in-

stance of generosity on the part of one gentleman of the profession. He stopped a wealthy merchant on his way to Lima from Chorillos, and after relieving him of his watch and purse, ordered him to dismount. The merchant remonstrated, and argued that it would be a serious prejudice to his business to be detained from Lima, but offered to deliver the horse the next day, without asking questions, to any person who might be sent for him. The terms were accepted, and the merchant was permitted to continue his journey. The next morning the salteador called for his horse, which was honorably delivered! It must be recollected, that a departure from the terms of the bargain would have been at the peril of life, in case of a second rencontre.

We sallied out at the Chorillos gate, upon a straight road, flanked on either side by high mud walls, which from the powerful reflection render the road excessively hot. The light color of the road, well sprinkled with pebbles, served to increase the oppressiveness of the heat. We found every body going in the same direction with ourselves. Here we overtook troops of borricos, laden with fruit and vegetables for the Chorillos market, there carts laden with beds and household furniture of some migrating family; again, parties of gentlemen dressed like ourselves, and now we came up with two or three jackasses that had trotted on ahead of their companions, lying down by the way under baskets of fruit, waiting with serious and dejected countenances for the rest of the drove. Now and then we passed a party of gallinazos and dogs, feasting amicably on the carcass of a borrico or mule that had expired by the wayside.

The surrounding country was parched and cheerless, with here and there one of those vast earthen mounds called huacas, the remaining monuments of a race even more ancient than the children of the sun.

After a ride of five miles, we came in sight of the fane of Miraflores, and another mile carried us beyond that quiet village. Along the tapias, as the low mud walls are called, were seated rows of ladies with their servants, amusing themselves with observing the passing groups. They wore Manila hats,

tied under the chin with black ribbon, the rim being free, and the hair braided down the back. Amongst them were some acquainted with gentlemen of our party, whom they saluted with, "adios! adios! Caballéros."

We had scarcely cleared Miraflores, when we saw the low houses of Chorillos about two miles off, nestling under the Morro Solar or headland of Chorillos, and the broad Pacific expanding to the view. It was now near sunset; the mild breeze from the ocean kissed our heated foreheads as we galloped into the pueblo. We met parties of ladies and gentlemen, strolling about in every direction, to enjoy the cool air of the expiring day.

After ablution in cold water, we seated ourselves, and like Sancho Panza were felicitating ourselves in not having encountered any perils on the road, when a gentleman came in, with half serious face, and began with, "Malditos sean los de la policía que no limpian el camino de esos bribones de salteadores!"—"Curse those police officers, for not clearing the road of these villainous highwaymen!"

"Que hai! que hai! Don Ignacio?"—"What is the matter, what is the matter, Don Ignacio?" asked two or three of the party.

"Puez, Señores, me pillaron dos de estos caballéros en la mitad del camino, de aquí à Miraflores, y si no fuera por la oscuridad de la noche me hubiéran descubierto la desnudéz à todo el mundo!"—"Yes, Gentlemen, two of those cavaliers caught me on the road, half way between here and Miraflores, and had it not been for the obscurity of the night, would have exposed me naked to the whole world!"

"Que dices?"—"What sayest thou?"

"Puez, Señores, es verdad, me dejaron fresco en cueros— aun sin un hilo de mi camisa!"—"It is true, they left me cool in my skin—without even a thread of my shirt!"

"Caramba!" exclaimed one of the ladies.

"Jesus!" cried another—Peruvian ladies ejaculate!

"Que oigo, por Dios!"—"What do I hear, for God's sake!" said a third.

"Gua! que lisos!"—"What impertinence!" said a fourth.

“Que fresquito vino usted à Chorillos!”—“You came a little fresh to Chorillos!” observed a gay young lady, and the gentlemen laughed outright. Finding so little sympathy among us, Don Ignacio stalked out of the room, muttering, between his teeth, vengeance on all salteadores, wishing that the devil might warm them all, and the police in the bargain.

The evenings in Chorillos are passed at tertúlias, where gambling high at monte-dao, and dancing, are the only amusements. All Sunday is passed in this unhallowed manner!

The ladies bathe twice and three times every day, in the sea; in the morning before breakfast, about one o'clock, and again at sunset. They descend the high and precipitous hill on horseback, or on foot, and dress in little huts made of flag mats, kept on the shore for the purpose by Indians, who charge a real for each bath. They wear long flannel robes, and go into the water with Indians, who are entirely naked, with the exception of a handkerchief tied about the hips. Many of the ladies are quite expert swimmers, and all are passionately fond of sea-bathing.

Chorillos, in one respect at least, is superior to any of the watering places that I am acquainted with, resorted to in our country; all formality is thrown aside, and every body thinks only of comfort and amusement. The ladies stroll about with their hair hanging down the back, with grass hats, and the gentlemen are dressed with short white jackets, and are not encumbered with cravats, but substitute a narrow black ribbon. Nothing but dissipation and gambling occupy the time, except the few moments devoted every morning to counting the rosary. On Sundays, the pueblo is more lively than on any other day, from the great concourse from the city; and it is then only that ladies pay attention to the toilet, to appear at the balls or large tertúlias given at night.

It is a remarkable fact, that even during the winter, when Lima is covered with a dense fog and “gárua,” or fine drizzle, and the streets slippery with mud, the sun is shining warm and clear at Chorillos. It is probably owing to the south-west winds blowing the vapors past the Morro Solar against the high hills, where they collect and form clouds, which undergo a

leakage over the city instead of dissolving in rain. This is probably an electrical phenomenon, which is not yet well understood. The same fact occurs occasionally at Callao, though the distance of either place from Lima does not exceed eight miles.

During the war of the revolution, while Rodil occupied the castles of Callao, Chorillos, though only a small Indian town, with some few indifferently built houses, which are termed ranchos and "barrácas," was the port of Lima. The harbor is a roadstead, only protected by the Morro Solar: a heavy swell is constantly rolling in from the southward, the anchorage is not good, the landing is bad, and vessels ride very uneasily at their moorings.

I spent the month of February at Callao. The place was probably more gay than usual, in consequence of the president and his lady being there to take advantage of the sea-baths. The tertúlias were similar to those at Chorillos, though not so numerously attended, for neither General Gamarra nor his lady is very popular. They were attended, of course, by a set who are more or less dependent on their pleasure for office.

The presidenta, as she is titled, is rather a large and fine looking woman, but of too much *embonpoint* for beauty. She has a high, expanded forehead, and an intelligent face. Her manners are masculine, and far from graceful. Her accomplishments are those of a man. She shoots a pistol with great accuracy of aim, wields the broadsword with much dexterity, and is a bold, undaunted rider on horseback. Her chief amusement at the tertúlias is playing chess. She never dances. She is a native of Cuzco, and daughter of a Patriot general, and it may be said, that she was literally educated in the camp. She is now about thirty years of age, and is said to be rather a shrew in disposition, and pays great attention to politics; indeed, some affirm, that General Gamarra is indebted to her talents for retaining the presidency so long as he has.

Pic-nic parties are sometimes formed on the point beyond the castles, but the place is entirely without the shelter of trees. The chief attraction to that quarter is the fine situation for bathing.

On the seventeenth day of February 1833, commenced the merry season of carnival. The sports consist in dashing scented water on each other, amongst those of the better class, but with the others, whole buckets full are thrown, and when the person is well wet, the face is smeared over with flour, sometimes colored with indigo.

I passed part of the month of April at Miraflores, amusing myself with rides round the country, and feasting on delicious grapes. All the houses have gardens attached to them, where are grown great varieties of beautiful flowers. A geranium grows to a large bush, and is looked upon almost as a weed. Amongst the bulbs, which are numerous, are the margarita, a white flower, the amancaes, which is yellow, and the flor de la pila. This takes its name from its resemblance to a fountain. The flower is beautifully white, and the monopetalous corolla has six long slender digits, which fall in gentle curves from its edge, like so many little streams of water. It springs up on the margins of drains and ditches, all along the Peruvian coast.

The ladies in Miraflores pass two or three hours of Saturday afternoon seated on the tapias along the Chorillos road, observing the passing concourse. One half of "paseua" or lent expired on the 28th of April 1832. This day is celebrated amongst the rabble by feasting and dancing. Parties with guitars and harps pass through the streets at night, visiting the best houses, dancing and singing, till bribed by a gratuity to leave. At midnight, a grotesque mask, representing an old woman, leaves Lima mounted on a borrico, accompanied by a crowd of negroes and boys, shouting and singing and ringing bells. The party or procession stops long enough in Miraflores to waken the population, and then continues on to Chorillos, where the old woman is met and kindly received by an old man, quite as grotesquely dressed as the old lady herself. The two open the dance in a lascivious minuet, and then the frolic is continued till daylight. This feast is termed *La vieja*, or old woman. She is quite as much feared by the children as old Chriskingle himself, for the old people are wont to say, that *La vieja* is coming at four in the morning to carry

off the pascua, and if they are not good boys and girls, she will take them away too. The only explanation of the festival that I could obtain from the curate was, “es solamente para acordarse, de las muchas pascuas que han pasado”—“It is only to call to remembrance the many lents that have passed.”

There is a pleasant road from Miraflores to Callao, passing through a small village called Magdalena. This place, which has many gardens attached to it, is resorted to by some of the better and quieter part of society. The Liberator, Bolivar, occupied a house there for some weeks, while in Peru; it is a more pleasant summer retreat than either Miraflores or Chorillos. The road passes amidst small cultivated farms, and is shaded in the afternoon by the walls that surround them.

Another frequent paseo is to Lurin, in the valley of Pachacamac, where there are extensive remains of the temple of that god.

CHAPTER XIII.

St. John's day—Amancaes.

AMONGST the great holy-days of Lima is the festival in honor of St. John. It falls on the 24th of June, when a beautiful yellow flower, called the amancaes (*Narcissus amancaes*) is in full bloom, which circumstance has given name to the day. About three miles to the northward of the city is a high hill, forming with two others a deep vale or gorge, which, from the number of these flowers growing on its sides, is called the valley of the amancaes.

Early in the afternoon, all the world, in every variety of costume and equipage, began to move over the bridge, through the suburb of San Lazaro and the Alameda de los Descalzos, towards Amancaes. Passing from the alameda, the road is shut

in by high mud walls, enclosing fruit and flower gardens, which fill the soft air with their odors. Here moved *calé-sas*, filled with ladies and children gaily dressed, and their heads decked with *amancaes* and *dahlías*; ladies on horseback, managing their spirited animals in a most masterly style; cavaliers and officers in gay dress and gorgeous uniforms; *negresses* in jaunty calico gowns, mounted on donkeys; negroes on foot, or mounted on sorry asses or mules, all crowding to the scene of festivity. The whole living stream was animated by the mutual smiles and salutations of the dames and cavaliers, the hearty laugh of the less refined, and the coarse joke and noisy hilarity of the plebeian mob. When we reached the vale, we found the soil bare, save where the hill sides were sprinkled with yellow patches of the *amancaes*. Booths were erected of mats in different parts of the vale, and surrounded by various groups, enjoying themselves in dancing and singing to the sound of harps and guitars. Some of the ladies on horseback, moving from *ranchito* to *ranchito*, attracted our attention; they wore the Manila hat, white *pantalets*, and *poncho*, as have already been described. They seemed to delight in their skill in horsemanship, for a practised eye might detect them reining in their animals, while at the same time the spur was pressed quietly into their sides, causing them to prance and curvet over the ground. The cavaliers were no less dexterous in the management of their steeds, as they squired the ladies with "heedful haste," and assisted them to the various refreshments offered at the *ranchos*.

In one *ranchito* were two Africans, dancing the "*sama cueca*" to the music of a rude harp, accompanied by the nasal voices of two *negresses* jauntily dressed, and the hair frizzed out and ornamented with flowers. One was seated on the ground, beating on the body of the instrument in time with her palms. The dancer was dressed in white, flounced to the knee, with a bright colored cotton shawl tied round the hips, so as to shorten the gown very considerably. The arms were bare and shining in pure black; in one hand she held a white handkerchief, which was ever and anon flourished in the air, while the other sustained her dress behind. Her hair, like that of

all the negresses, was frizzed out at each side, and sprinkled with jasmine and amancaes, and a high crowned Guayaquil hat sat square on the head. Her companion in the dance wore full bottomed cinnamon color breeches, open at the knee, with silver buttons, over white stockings and drawers, seen at the opening embroidered in a gay pattern, a white jacket, so short as to show his shirt between its bottom and the waistband of his bragas. He wore also a high crowned Guayaquil hat. He was rather advanced in years, his skin was black as ebony, and his face was rather thin. Both were smoking and shining in the true African gloss. The figure consisted in advancing and retreating from each other, in a short shuffle in time to the music, and occasionally performing some most lascivious movements, to the great gratification of the lookers on.

While these were dancing, those standing round were drinking pisco, and talking and laughing in the gayest manner.

There are two other dances of a similar character, called *el chocolate* and *el zapatéo*, only differing in the accompanying song. Though lascivious and vulgar in the eyes of Europeans, these dances are performed, (with some modification, however,) at the public balls and *tértúlias*. Manners and vulgarity are conventional in every country, and those of one should not be set up as the criteria of those of another; a Frenchman will pick his teeth with his fork, and wipe his lips on the table cloth, which with us is considered a departure from good breeding. We should not, therefore, condemn any customs, however revolting, unless we find them intrinsically immoral, whatever may be our opinion of correct taste in these matters.

Towards sunset, the crowd began to move towards the city. The hilarity was increased, and many were sufficiently inebriated to be thrown from their animals, with great *sang froid* passing all off as a joke. The serious cast of countenance preserved by the ladies and cavaliers, was curiously contrasted with the boisterous mirth of the vulgar mob, as the whole returned towards the city loaded with bouquets of the amancaes.

Amancaes is not only visited on the day of St. John. During the whole season, from St. John's day till the close of September, in which the flowers are in bloom, the valley is resorted

to every Monday by a large number of people, when similar amusements are offered as on the holy festival, though the scene is not so extensive nor so joyous.

The feast of St. John is variously celebrated in various countries. In Northumberland, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, the festival is celebrated with bonfires by the young people. Not many years ago, there was a stone pulpit in the University of Oxford, from which an annual sermon was preached; and to make it resemble the preaching of St. John in the wilderness, it was fenced round with green boughs. Gooze has described the whole custom in the following verses:—

“ Then doth the joyfull feast of John
 the Baptist take his turn,
 When *bonfiers* great, with loftie flame,
 in every towne doe burne;
 And young men round about with maides,
 doe dance in every streete,
With garlands wrought of motherwort,
 or else with vervain sweete,
 And many other flowers faire,
 with violets in their handes,
 Whereas they all do fondly thinke,
 that *whosoever standes,*
And thorow the flowers beholds the flame,
his eyes shall feel no paine.
 When thus till night they danced have,
they through the fire amaine,
With striving mindes doe runne, and all
 their *hearbes they cast therein,*
 And then with words devout and prayers
 they solomnly begin,
 Desiring God that all their ills
 may there consumed bee;
 Whereby they thinke through all that yeare
 from agues to be free.
 Some others get a rotten *Wheele,*
 all worne and cast aside,
 Which *covered round about with strawe*
and tow, they closely hide:
And caryed to some mountaine top,
being all with fire light,
They hurle it downe with violence,
 when dark appears the night:

Resembling much the sunne, that from
 the Heavens downe should fal,
 A strange and monstrous sight it seemes,
 and fearefull to them all :
 But they suppose their mischiefes all
 are likewise throwne to hell,
 And from harmes and daungers now,
 in saftie here they dwell.”*

Young women were in the habit, and still are, of “trying their fortunes,” on mid-summer’s eve, and by superstitious processes summoned to their presence the shades of their future husbands. Gay, in one of his pastorals, alludes to this custom.

“ At eve last mid-summer no sleep I sought,
 But to the field a bag of *hemp-seed* brought ;
 I scattered round the seed on every side,
 And three times in a trembling accent cried :—
 ‘ This *hemp-seed* with my virgin hand I sow,
 Who shall my true love be, the crop shall mow.’
 I straight looked back, and if my eyes speak truth,
 With his keen scythe behind me came the youth.”

The following translation of a ballad, sung by the maidens on the Guadalquivir, when they go forth to gather flowers on the morning of St. John, describes the custom observed in Spain.

Come forth, come forth, my maidens, ’tis the eve of good St. John,
 It is the Baptist’s morning that breaks the hills upon :
 And let us all go forth together, while the blessed day is new,
 To dress with flowers the snow-white wether, ere the sun has dried the dew.
 Come forth, come forth, &c.

Come forth, come forth, my maidens, the hedgerows all are green ;
 And the little birds are singing the opening leaves between ;
 And let us all go forth together, to gather trefoil by the stream,
 E’er the face of Guadalquivir glows beneath the strengthening beam.
 Come forth, come forth, &c.

* Every Day Book, p. 846.

silver, or silk. All the world wore holy-day attire. At twelve o'clock, the procession in honor of the saint formed at the convent of Santo Domingo, and proceeded slowly to the plaza. The saint, dressed in a rich cloak of gold lama, and crowned with flowers, was placed on a high platform or table, called an "anda," which was borne on men's shoulders. In former times, the anda was covered with sheets of silver. Following the standard of the order of Santo Domingo, (of which Santa Rosa is a member), were two lines of priests, each bearing a large wax candle, although it was noonday, chanting *aves* as they advanced. Next followed, in the centre of the street, a negress, crowned with flowers and gaudily attired, carrying in her hand a censer of silver filigree, in the form of a bird, and close after her moved the anda. Then were two or three priests, followed by a canónigo bearing the host in a rich custodium of silver, and shaded by a silken canopy borne by four priests. Next came two files of church dignitaries, in cloaks of gold and silver lama, wearing horned bonnets of black; and after them, the civil and military officers of the government, in gay uniforms. There was the hero Nicochea, and the veteran General Vivero, who has shown himself, during the whole struggle for independence, faithful to the Patriot cause, and unmoved either by bribes or threats. Then followed literary men and collegians, in black, with huge cocked hats and small-swords, bearing wax candles. The whole was closed by companies of infantry with a fine band, and a troop of cavalry.

The procession moved slowly on, and when the anda reached the first altar, at the north-west corner of the plaza, it halted for a short time, while a few *aves* were chanted. A file of infantry extended round the sides of the square, to preserve a free space for the passage of the procession. The centre was crowded with people of all classes on foot, and long lines of calésas were drawn up in the rear of the soldiers. The balconies of the portáles were filled with ladies and children, and the steps of the cathedral were crowded with sayas and tapá-das. When the procession entered the plaza, the bells were

rung merrily, both at the cathedral and the convent of Santo Domingo.

When the anda reached the south-west corner of the portáles, the calésas that were drawn up along the west side of the plaza, drove over, and drew up on the south side, to gain a second view of the saint. After about an hour, the anda arrived at the side of the cathedral, and as it passed along, a shower of roses fell over Santa Rosa from a silken balloon, which had been purposely suspended over the street. At the moment the flowers fell, two or three pigeons, which had been confined in the balloon, flew out, to the great amusement of the crowd, who set up a long shout of admiration. The bells rang merrily, and a hundred rockets and squibs were set off from the steps and towers of the church, and a salute of musketry was fired in the plaza as the saint entered.

After *Te Deum* had been chanted, the procession moved slowly along another street, and returned back to the convent whence it started.

So soon as the saint had entered the church, the venders of lottery tickets were seen wending their way through the crowd, with book and ink-horn; and the venders of confectionary of various kinds also made themselves heard.

All the ladies in Lima named Rosa, are prepared on this day to receive visits from their friends, who call to congratulate them on the anniversary of their birth day. Bouquets are sent as presents, with complimentary notes from the young gentlemen to the young ladies. In every house where there is a Rosita—the kinder term for Rosa—a table is set out loaded with fruits, flowers, and sweets of all kinds, and cordials and wines, to regale the numerous visitors. Those who are unable to call, send their cards. Thus the whole day is passed in gaiety and visiting, and the evening in tertúlia and dancing.

The saint's day is generally the birth day, for when a child is born, it is usual to look into the almanack, and name it after the saint on whose day the event may happen; and when this is not the case, the saint's day is generally kept as the birth day, and is celebrated much after the manner above described.

Santa Rosa was born on the very spot where her altar now

stands, in April 1586. With her birth the miracles of her life began. Her mother did not experience the same pains of travail as she did with her other children. She imbibed devotion and the sweet benedictions of grace from her mother's milk. Until three months old, she was called Isabel; at that period of her life, a rosy blush appeared upon her face, so beautiful, that her mother and nurse, when caressing her, ever after called her Rose. Though christened Isabel, she was confirmed by the archbishop Torribio, (afterwards a saint), at five years of age, under the name of Rosa. Her young mind became scrupulous of the validity of the confirmation, and applied in prayer to the altar of Our Lady of the Rosary, in the convent of Santo Domingo, to have her doubts relieved. That sovereign lady not only approved of the name Rosa, but bestowed her own as a surname; so that she was ever after known under the title of Rosa de Santa Maria.

In her tender infancy, she manifested a most decided aversion to all the usual amusements of her age, avoided conversation, was habitually silent, and much devoted to prayer. When scarcely five years old, she vowed eternal chastity, and consecrated her heart and affections to Jesus! This precious rose could not grow without thorns. The Lord caused great difficulties and obstacles to be thrown in her way, for the mother regarded her as a wayward child. She endeavored first by kindness to convince her of her folly, but finding it vain, she resorted to chastisement, and upbraided her with the epithet of hypocrite. She ordered her to adorn her person, and on one occasion, to wear a garland of flowers on her head, which the infant saint obeyed, but hid within it a number of pins, to mortify the flesh. Constancy triumphed over the importunity of her relatives, and the confessor obtained the mother's permission to allow the child of God to pursue the course of her own inclinations.

From the time she had attained six years of age, till her death, she fasted three days in every week on bread and water; and when forced by her mother to eat, she mixed bitter herbs and gall, or ashes, in her food. She lived one year on bread and water taken once a day; and once existed fifty days on a

single loaf and a glass of water. During passion week, her sole diet was five orange seeds a day!

When four years old, she was wont to pray with heavy weights on her shoulders, and later in life, in imitation of St. Dominique, she prayed in a garden, walking barefoot at midnight, bearing a heavy cross on her back!

For sixteen years, her bed was strewed with sharp stones, and her head rested on a pillow of thorns. Besides, she constantly wore chains, and a crown of tin filled with nails, sticking inwards, concealed in her hair! She prayed twelve hours, and worked ten, every day, leaving only two for repose! To keep off drowsiness during her devotions, she suspended herself by the hair, so as just to allow her toes to touch the ground! In fact, it was wonderful to see the inventions to which she resorted for self mortification and humiliation. She was charitable to the poor, and performed the most menial offices for them when sick.

Notwithstanding her extraordinary piety, she was averse to becoming a nun. At twenty, she yielded to the solicitations of her parents, to enter a monastery, and when on her way, she stopped at the convent of Santo Domingo, to prostrate herself for the last time before her favorite altar of our Lady of the Rosary. On attempting to rise, she found that all her efforts were vain, till she promised to return home, and abandon forever the idea of taking the veil.

At this time she was clothed with the third order of Santo Domingo, and became a beata.

One day, while kneeling before the altar of our Lady of the Rosary, gazing on the image with the infant Saviour in her arms, she saw both smile. The lips of the Saviour moved, and said, "Rosa de mi corazon, sè tu mi Esposa." "Rose of my heart, be thou my spouse." Without any knowledge of this miracle, a brother made her a ring, with those very words engraved upon it!

Holy Mary, the Empress of Heaven, often appeared to her, and frequently waked her, saying, "Levantate hija, levantate à la oración, que ya es hora oportuna."—"Rise daughter, rise to prayer, for now is the proper hour."

Rosa took care of the altar of our Lady of the Rosary, and kept it supplied with the sweetest flowers, cultivated with her own hands. She was careful that it should never be without wax candles, which she begged from her female friends. She also adorned the image of Santa Catalina de Serra, whenever it was carried forth in processions. This saint she had early adopted as her example, and endeavored to imitate through her whole life.

Rosa was favored by the angels, with whom she was on terms of the closest familiarity (“estrechísima familiaridad;”) they were the faithful messengers of her celestial supplications!

In 1615, a Dutch fleet appeared in Callao, and in consequence, the City of Kings was thrown into great consternation. The archbishop ordered the Holy Sacrament to be exposed in all the churches, and prayers to be offered up for the protection of the city. Rosa repaired to her favorite altar, for the same object. It was reported that the heretics were approaching. She placed herself before the altar, resolving to die a martyr in defence of the holy images of our Lady of the Rosary, and the infant Saviour. She rejoiced in the prospect of being soon translated to Heaven, and exhorted the females in the church to emulate her example. She was disappointed, for the Dutch sailed without landing; whether through the measures taken against them, by the archbishop, is not stated.

Rosa wept and prayed for the many she saw around her heedless of the callings of the Lord; and was distressed that the poor ignorant Indians should worship such a thing as the sun!

The power to prophecy was also given to her. She foretold the building of the convent of Santa Catalina, and named her mother as amongst the first who would take the veil, all of which happened as she stated!

Her last illness was revealed to her four months previous to her death. Her disease was most excruciating and painful, but it was borne with Christian fortitude, derived from her life of penance and piety. She died at midnight, on the 24th of August 1617, in the thirty-second year of her age. A

pious lady saw her soul escorted to the regions of glory, by a multitude of angels!

So great was the rush made by the inhabitants of Lima, to obtain parts of her garments for reliques and amulets, that the viceroy set a guard over her body, to keep them off.

She was buried in the chapter of the convent of Santo Domingo, and at the end of two years, the body was exhumed, and placed upon her altar.

After her death, she appeared and spoke to several persons. Her reliques were effectual in curing the incurable, and even in animating the dead!

She was beatified in Rome, April 1688, and canonized in 1671, as the universal patroness of all the Indies.*

Miraculous as the life of Santa Rosa appears, the highest functionaries of the church, at that time, bear testimony to the facts stated; and no less than eleven holy confessors swore, that during her whole life, she never committed sin, or even had a sinful thought! Yet there are not wanting, in the present day, persons malicious enough to doubt her sanctity and miraculous life, and even say that she was the most meretricious saint in the whole calendar!

On the 30th of August, the day on which the procession in honor of Santa Rosa takes place, a compendium of her life, (from which the above is extracted,) is sold in the plaza at a dollar a copy. It is a small duodecimo volume of 123 pages, containing the prayers of the novena, or nine days of devotion, and a rude picture of the saint, under which is engraved, "A true likeness of Santa Rosa de Santa Maria."

* *Vida de la gloriosa Santa Rosa de Santa Maria de Lima.* Lima, 1818.

CHAPTER XV.

Day of All Saints—Pantheon—Responsos—Mode of burial—Obsequies—Collecting alms for masses—Day after All Saints—Funeral expenses—A patriotic curate—Rapacity of curates—Cofradía or burying company—Marriage ceremony—Marriage fees—Difficult for foreigners to marry in Peru—Clandestine marriage.

NOVEMBER 1st—Dia de todos los Santos—Day of all Saints.

The streets were quiet during the morning ; all business was stopped ; the living only directed their thoughts to the mansions of the dead. The churches were all open, and many a beautiful *saya* entered and knelt before the altar of the patron saint, to breathe a *salve* for the rest of some departed friend.

Nevertheless, the plaza, which smiles even when blood stains its stones, wore its holy-day appearance. The *botonéros* were not seen ; their places were occupied by the tables and cases of the mercachifles, and their *étalage* of small wares. Officers in gay and costly uniforms, mustaches combed and head erect, sauntered up and down the portáles. Many a laughing eye glanced from under the manto, and many a heart inquired what eye it was, but in vain ; the silken dressed feet still moved with the light and measured step. The *aguadóres* disputed and laughed, and filled their water at the *pila*. The bells tolled, and *misas* ascended. The *suertéro* still cried in a broken tone *su—ér—te*, and the priests moved along and begged alms for the repose of those departed, and their liberation from purgatory.

About four o'clock in the afternoon, all the world were in motion towards the Pantheon—the common resting place of the dead. Before we reached the gate of the city, we were accosted by two women, sitting at a chapel door, who held out small silver plates, containing a few reales and medios ; with smiling faces they begged “un *mediocito* para mi Señora del Carmen?”—a medio for my Lady Carmen. Near the gate was

a temporary altar, under a silken tent, where women begged for Santa Rosa. As we passed the pulperías at the different corners, we heard the sound of the guitar and song, and beating of the rude drum.

Beyond the city wall the concourse was great. Negroes on *borricos*, and negresses and women of the lower orders sitting astride sorry horses, hurried along and brushed by the more leisurely moving *calésas*, bearing some of the most beautiful women of Lima. The gay officers we saw under the *portáles* were mounted, and their horses pranced and curvetted over the road; their heavily embroidered dresses glanced in the sun, and their gay plumes waved in the air. The new *sayas* (for all put on a new *saya* on the day of All Saints) strolled along the walls, and many a one was seated by the road side, gazing from the mask on the moving multitude.

When we reached the Pantheon, which is about a mile from the city, the concourse became a dense crowd, and the road was blocked up with *calésas*. Very few ladies alighted from them, but remained to view the passing scene.

We entered the resting place of the dead through a hall, in the centre of which is a cast (probably of plaster) of the body of our Saviour, in a sepulchre of glass. The whole is well executed, and the wounds in the hands and feet are distinctly seen. Around this tomb knelt a number of females of all colors, and of all ranks in society, in new *sayas*, muttering *salves* for the dead. The poorest seemed to be the most devout; perhaps poverty is favorable to religion, by removing from us, in a great measure, the temptations and vanities of the world!

We soon reached the open yard, and saw persons moving in every direction, examining the epitaphs and graves. What an admirable appointment is the day of All Saints, to bring us to a retrospection of the past, and remind us of our mortality! But, like many other well intended festivals of the Romish church, it has become a day of rejoicing, instead of mourning for our own and the sins of our deceased friends.

Not far from the front of the building through which we entered, there is a hollow pyramid, made of canes, plastered over with mud, covering a deep and capacious vault, in which

are thrown those bodies, that are found, on exhumation, to be not yet entirely decayed. Around it are eight blocks or tiers of holes, adapted to receive the dead bodies of children; they are connected to each other by a wooden railing, and thus form an octangular enclosure.

About this spot stood several Fathers, in their church habiliments, repeating responses for those who came to purchase. I observed one, and stood near enough to hear. Presently an Indian came up, and very respectfully taking off his Guayaquil hat, requested "un responso." ; Para quien?—for whom? asked the friar. For Francisca, replied the Indian. The priest folded his arms, and muttered the prayer pretty rapidly; towards the close he clasped his hands mechanically, and rolling his eyes towards Heaven, came to the Amen. The Indian followed the holy father to the end, and when he had ceased, handed him a two real piece. The padre fumbled a little while to find the pocket that he wore under his robe, and then returned a real in change; and the poor Indian walked off with the countenance of one who had fulfilled a pious duty—perhaps he felt that Francisca was relieved of a real's worth of purgatorial pains! Several persons followed, and paid their real for responses. The padre discharged his duty towards them with the nonchalance and confident air of one experienced in the business; when alone, he stepped near to one of his order, and whispering into his ear, both burst into a merry laugh. At almost every corner about the grounds, was a padre repeating *requiescats* for some poor mortal.

The Pantheon walls enclose about two acres of ground, which is entirely destitute of trees or any thing green; the surface is parched by the sun, and almost as white as ashes. It is divided into several squares, by low walls or curbs of adobes. In these are dug trenches, and the bodies of the poor,

"Unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown,"

are thrown promiscuously together, and the earth pitched in and pounded down. Almost every morning a half dozen are thus bestowed, for the sexton or undertaker waits till the dead house is filled before he buries; being no more trouble in his

opinion to bury a dozen bodies than one. The wealthy, however, are differently disposed of. On one side of the Pantheon are four tiers or blocks of holes, about five feet high, ranged in the form of a square, each of which is of sufficient capacity to receive a corpse and its coffin. From the roof of these holes being arched, the English term them ovens, though their office more closely resembles that of an ice house. The mouths of these stratified sepulchres are closed with a brass or copper plate, cemented round with mortar; upon them are inscribed the name of the deceased, age, epitaph, &c. At the expiration of five or six years, according to the term for which the grave may have been leased, the bones are removed and burned. Those of the common people are exhumed on the morning of All Saints, and heaped up on the outside of the Pantheon walls, and burned at leisure. This custom renders the Pantheon all sufficient as the burial place of the whole population of Lima, and it will endure for ages.

Funerals are usually celebrated soon after twilight, and are conducted with a good deal of pomp and solemnity. Every person carries a lighted candle, and the hearse is followed by priests chanting the requiem hymn. The corpse is left in the church all night, and interred the following day by the sexton. Several months afterwards, sometimes a year, the relatives of the deceased invite their friends to assist in the celebration of mass for the soul of the departed. The invitation runs thus:

“Jose Maria, Benito, Juan Antonio, sons of the late Don Juan Maria Fernandez (may he rest in peace), supplicate you to commend him to God, and be pleased to assist at the obsequies that are to be celebrated for his soul on the 28th inst., at half past eight A. M., in the church of the cathedral, for which favor they will remain obliged.”

“Al Sōr. Don _____.”

“The mourners will be received and taken leave of at the church.”

Formerly bodies were interred in the churches and convents; though the Pantheon was opened in 1800, it was not generally used till after the following preamble and decree were issued by San Martin.

“Believing that nothing but an excessive prejudice, as ill suited to the lights of the age, as it is prejudicial to the public health, can perpetuate the abuse of interring dead bodies in the temples consecrated to the assembling of the faithful, and to the worship of the Eternal ;

“ I therefore order,

“ 1st. That no body shall be buried outside of the Pantheon, be the defunct's rank in society what it may.

“ 2d. That the bodies of nuns shall also be buried in the Pantheon ; and carried there with all the religious ceremony which ought to be observed towards the remains of any one who has been the spouse (esposa) of Jesus Christ.

“ 3d. That the present decree shall be communicated to the governor of the bishopric, and be inserted in the official gazette, that it may be complied with.

“ Given in the Protectoral Palace of Lima, October 25th, 1821.*

“ SAN MARTIN.”

By a subsequent decree, however, nuns are permitted to be buried in the cemeteries of the monasteries in which they may have died ; and I believe the same privilege is extended to friars belonging to convents.

Towards sunset, the concourse moved in a stream towards the city. Many an officer of gallant bearing, and many a gay cavalier, glanced at the beauty in the passing calésas. Many a negro sang some amusing ditty as he strode along, mocking the solemnity with which the day was intended to be observed. The scene was almost as gay as that presented by a crowd returning from a bull-bait ; there is little respect manifested towards the memory of the dead, after the requisite number of masses have been said to liberate them from the pangs of purgatory.

At the corner of a church by which we passed, stood a table covered with a black cloth, bordered with narrow gold lace. On the centre of it was a naked, wooden, half figure of a female in the attitude of prayer. On one side was a silver crucifix,

* Coleccion de las leyes del Peru.

and on the other a silver plate, containing reales, medios, and quartillos, and on each corner was placed a human skull. Beside the table sat a mulatto priest, under a broad brimmed hat rolled up at the sides, and a black silk habit. Beggary is conducted in a magnificent style in Peru! I asked the priest what it all meant. He told me that the image was an "ánima," or departed spirit, in the flames of purgatory, and that the skulls were to remind us that we must all die—that the next day was to be devoted to saying masses for the dead, and he was collecting alms for that purpose. I asked if the skulls were of Indians. He replied, "No! they are from the Pantheon." And pray, said I, may they not be, nevertheless, Indian skulls—what is the difference? "Puez Señor esos son de Cristianos—los Indios no son!"—These, Sir, are Christians, the Indians are not."

The second day of November (that following All Saints), masses were said in all the churches in the city for the repose of the dead. In the cathedral there was a procession of church dignitaries and priests, all dressed in cloaks of gold and silver lama, trimmed with black velvet; and each wore a black velvet cross over the back. In the church of the convent of San Francisco, I saw a priest leave the choir where he was chanting mass, and step behind a pillar and say a response, for which he received a real from a negro who had beckoned him out!

In Lima, and indeed throughout Peru, funerals are attended with great expense. The curates exacted so much on these occasions, that a law was passed, assigning the amounts that might be charged for each kind of interment. The articles required that curates should bury the poor, and those who had been in any public employment, without any charge whatever. For a burial in the parochial or semi-parochial church, with the corpse present, the curate is entitled to sixteen dollars, including the vigil, mass, and two chanted responses, "cruz alta" or elevated cross, censer and chiming of bells; but no mourner is required to observe this pomp, unless the deceased may have so ordered in his will, or his heirs desire it. If the mourners should require more "posas," or passing bells, the curate may receive two dollars for each, but in no case can

the number exceed eight. If surplices are desired, which may not exceed eight, including two chanting ecclesiastics, he may receive for each two dollars. For a chanted burial without the parish, the charge is one third more. For a chanted mass, in honor of the deceased, at the end of the year, with a vigil also chanted, the curate is entitled to eight dollars. But these honors, and "cabo de año," or end of the year, are not obligatory. If the parties desire a "novena," or nine days of chanted masses, with a vigil, ended with a single response, the curate is entitled to two dollars for each. For the interment of a child, the charge is eight dollars; but more, if accompanied with ringing of bells, and surplices. Natives, or Indians, are to pay nothing, unless they are known to possess property; then they are charged one half. Such are the rates fixed by law, but they are not attended to, and the curates always endeavor to impress upon the minds of the parishioners, how important these masses are to the rest of the defunct's soul!

Not long since the god-child of a lady died; the parents were too much reduced to give it that kind of burial which their former circumstances warranted. The god-mother generously undertook the management and expense of the funeral. To ascertain what were the expenses and proper steps to be taken, she called on the curate of the parish. He told her, that the expense, if a *Spanish* child, would be forty-eight dollars; if a plebeian of the country, twelve dollars; and if belonging to any one of the various castes, six dollars. Now as this was a Spanish child, the expense would be forty-eight dollars, and a mass the next day to deliver its soul from purgatory, would be twelve dollars extra! She told him, that as infants' souls did not stop in purgatory, she supposed the mass would be unnecessary. "Puez bueno"—very well, said he, "if you choose to run the risk of it, the mass may be dispensed with, but the funeral will be not a quartillo less than forty-eight dollars." However patriotic it might be thought, in the time of the revolution, to charge more for the interment of a Spanish subject, we should suppose that Christian charity would have caused this pious clergyman to have equalized the expense, now it is over!

The rapacity of the curates, though less now, is almost incredible. Previous to the revolution, a curacy in Peru was a sure fortune to the possessor* in the course of a very few years. Even now, the only cow of a poor widow is sometimes sold to pay the funeral expenses of her husband! In Pisco, I saw an Indian boy, who had been sold by the curate in one of the interior provinces, to pay for the requisite number of masses for the rest of his father's soul!

The curates supply the wax candles used at funerals, for which they charge an extravagant price. They are weighed previous to leaving the church, and again when returned; the amount of wax consumed is thus ascertained, and the mourners are made to pay for it. The number of candles used at a funeral is limited to twenty-eight, by law. It is usual to place four candles round the corpse in the house before interment, but the curates generally recommend eight, as being more effectual in saving the soul from the torments of purgatory. Indeed, so firmly are the lower classes convinced of the necessity of masses for the eternal rest of the deceased, that there is a *cofradía* or company in Lima, to which every poor family pays a real a week, for which the company engage to defray the funeral expenses, and purchase the requisite number of masses, in case of the death of any of its members.

Besides the fees for funerals, the curates receive others for marriages. The marriage ceremony consists of two parts; one is the simple benediction of the parties on joining hands, after having expressed their mutual consent before witnesses. After the consummation, sometimes the next day, and sometimes a week, the parties go to church, and go through the second part of the ceremony, which is called the "*velación*" or veiling, or nuptial benediction. The bride is covered with a veil, and kneels with the bridegroom before the altar. After mass is said, he puts the ring on the bride's finger, and presents her with thirteen pieces of money, which are termed the "*arras*." These pieces of money may be reales, or two real pieces, or *escudos*, or *onzas* of gold, according to the pecuniary circum-

* See *Noticias Secretas*.

stances of the parties. These thirteen pieces or arras are given by the bride to the curate. The velación cannot take place during lent, except on St. Joseph's day. Besides the arras, the curate is entitled to thirteen dollars and four reales, for wax, proclaiming the marriage, &c.; and for ascertaining the fact of bachelorship, the consent of the contracting parties, and the assent of parents or guardians, he receives twelve dollars!

Great difficulties are thrown in the way of foreigners, who wish to marry Limanian ladies, if they be not of the Roman Catholic faith. To render the nuptials legal, and the children legitimate, a license and a dispensation are required to be obtained from the bishop or archbishop. To enhance the value of this indulgence, the bishop bears long importunity, and at last yields, in consideration of a *douceur* of five or six hundred dollars, which he accepts, only to be given to the poor, or for masses for the benefit of the bridegroom! Persuasion to join the church, or as the phrase is, "hacerse Cristiano"—become a Christian, is always made use of, and if the candidate for hymen's altar will attend mass and confess, all the difficulty is removed! Fortunately for foreigners in this predicament, a half dozen onzas, quietly deposited in the hands of the curate of the parish, will clear all obstructions in the way, without resorting to the bishop, or even "becoming a Christian," and for two dollars more, the necessary certificate may be obtained.

In cases where the parties have been unwilling to pursue this latter course, and dispensation could not be procured from the bishop, the "clandestine marriage" has been resorted to. It is thus effected. At the elevation of the host in the usual mass, when the priest pronounces the benediction, the bridegroom, in the presence of three witnesses (who afterwards sign the marriage contract,) says, taking the hand of the bride, "I am your husband, you are my wife;" and she replies, "I am your wife, you are my husband." This form is all sufficient to make the nuptials legal, and consequently, the children legitimate.

CHAPTER XVI.

Influence of priests over society—Perpetual light—Priests rule families—Confession—Penance—Money paid for expiation of sin—Novénas—Superstition—Preaching—Bulas de Cruzada—Character of the clergy—Notions about religious toleration—Supremacy of the Pope—"Cartas Peruanas."

IN spite of the low state of morals in Lima, the influence of religion, or rather of its priests over society, is very great. Whatever the "sacerdote santo" says, is looked upon with great veneration. They exercise their power, however, with a great deal of lenity, and seldom interdict any of the pleasures or pastimes of the people. Notwithstanding this influence, the number of intrinsically pious Catholics is very limited, though all are very observant of the *forms* of religion. The priests are very careful in giving currency to superstitious notions, particularly in cases where pecuniary profit is to be derived. The importance of endowing chapels and chaplains, is very generally inculcated.

In the eastern part of the city, there is a small crucifix standing in little niche in the wall of a corner house, before which a light has been kept burning for many years. Around the niche are nailed small books, said to contain the history of an individual who was murdered near the spot, and who left a very respectable estate. As he died without the sacrament and confession, a portion of his property was allotted to pay for daily masses, to free his soul from the pangs of purgatory, which is held up by the clergy as a terror to the ignorant, to prevent them from omitting any of the forms of the church. Indeed, it would seem, as that eccentric tyrant of Paraguay, Dr. Francia, once said, "the priests teach the people to be mindful of the devil, and forgetful of God Almighty."*

The priests managed, through the means of the confessional

* Essai Historique sur la Revolution du Paraguay, pour Rengger et Longchamp.

and the dueñas, to make themselves rulers of families of wealth, and even, in some degree, governed their domestic *regime*. If a servant made himself obnoxious to the confessor, he was soon dismissed, and his place filled by a person of the padre's own selection. Though this influence has worn away before the improvement of Lima in knowledge, there are still many powerful families completely ruled by the ministers of the church. It is through the confessional, that powerful engine of mental despotism, that the priests have maintained that sway which has been so fatal to the advancement of civil liberty and true knowledge. Children, who are scarcely able to comprehend the meaning of purgatory, or heaven, are sent to the family confessor to recount their infant sins. A lady, who is in the habit of expressing more independent views than is generally done by the inhabitants of the "City of the Free," told me that her parents sent her to confess, when she was so young that she had no idea of the meaning of sin. Her objections and protestations were in vain. She at last used to tell the confessor a story *inpromptu*, often as extravagant as it was false, and perform the penance to which he condemned her, in order to be free from the chiding of her parents. A young friend of this same lady, committed to memory the catalogue of sins contained in the confessional guide book, and acknowledged herself guilty of the whole! The pious father was curious to see a person of a character so abandoned as the little girl represented herself to be, and looking forth from the confessional, he beheld a child scarcely seven years of age!

The pious confess weekly, and some even daily, but all are compelled, under the peril of excommunication, to lay their sins before the padre, and ask forgiveness at least once a year. Just before, and during the early part of Lent, is the season that all endeavor to remember the sins of the past year, and make a humble and contrite confession, and, under a promise of doing better for the future, obtain absolution.

The penances imposed, consist sometimes in wearing a leather girdle; sometimes pecuniary fines or religious offerings are required. In 1828, an order was issued to the reverend bishops and ecclesiastic governors of the several dioceses in the

republic, to inform against those curates who required money to be paid for penance, or to remove impediments to matrimony, particularly amongst the Indians. To those impediments, prices were affixed, according to their supposed gravity.

The curates are in the habit of imposing certain feasts, which are paid for by their parishioners. This custom was carried to such an excess, that a decree was published against it, limiting the number of feasts to eight yearly; and also limiting the price of each feast to ten dollars. Offerings of every kind were prohibited, which it was customary to exact under the name of *ricuchico y aguinaldos*; also the oblations required by some curates during holy week, under the title of *Preostes, Alferreces, Estandarteros*, &c. The laws of Peru, both religious and civil, are but little heeded, except while they are new; therefore the curates, in the remote provinces particularly, still continue their exactions.

Amongst many other religious feasts, are the “novénas,” or nine days prayer, in honor of particular saints, which are celebrated with a great deal of pomp, at the expense of the parishioners. There are also prayer meetings almost every night in the churches of the convents, which are attended by great numbers of the lower classes, amongst which are found the fanatics in this, as well as in our own happy country. The ignorance and superstition of these classes fill me with pity for them, and disgust for their hypocritical teachers. One evening, in the convent of St. Augustin, I heard an old lady, in *saya y manto*, chide another who was kneeling near her, for wearing her combs in church, telling her that it was a mortal sin, and that she had better remove them. The young woman replied, with some warmth, “*Vnd. es mas pecadora que yo—y no me da la gana quitarmelos—¿pues es mas pecado, el llevar peine de noche qui de dia?*”—You are a greater sinner than I—and I dont choose to take them out—for, is it a greater sin to wear a comb by night than by day?

On these occasions, all the arts of eloquent description of hell and purgatory are made use of by these fanatic and abandoned priests, to maintain the fears of the people, and to pro-

pagate superstitions which are, alas ! but too widely spread over Peru, and indeed over all South America.

A very intelligent Limanian told me, that when a child, her nurse carried her to hear a sermon at one of those night meetings. The priest, after the celebration of mass, ascended the pulpit. He set forth in glowing terms all the horrors of hell—the torments that awaited those who in this world neglected confession and the purchase of indulgencies, and at length, by his eloquence, wrought the whole congregation to tears. He then exclaimed, “Ye are cursed—and your souls will burn and blaze forever, as I do now,” at the same time throwing out his arms; his sleeves, which had been purposely wet with spirits, took fire in one of the candles. While thus in flames, he seized a crucifix, and rushed from the pulpit, crying, “Let me escape the contamination of these vile sinners.”

Besides the feasts imposed and alms begged, the people are burthened with the charge of “Bulas de Cruzada” or Crusade Bulls, and other “indulgencias.”

Las bulas de Cruzada were originally conceded to the kings of Spain by the popes, and the profits resulting from their sale were devoted to aid the holy wars or Crusades, and hence their name. When the age of chivalry faded away before the advancing lights of knowledge, and the necessity that created the vending of the bulas de Cruzada had ceased, they had become a luerative branch of the church revenue. Soon after the conquest of America, the bulas de Cruzada were introduced; and at the commencement of the revolution, there were five different kinds of bulas, each one possessing its respective virtues. These were the bull of the living, the “lacteinio,” or that for food into the composition of which milk entered largely, the dispensation for eating meat on days of abstinence, and the bulls of the dead, and of composition or reconciliation. To each was affixed a price; they were sold from two reales and a half to fifteen dollars, according to their supposed virtues, and the pecuniary circumstances of the purchaser. The bulls were published every two years, at the end of which period their virtues ceased, and a new sale was made; it was therefore necessary to purchase new ones. The bulls were

written in Spanish, and printed on ordinary paper, in semi-gothic characters.*

The bulls were purchased for every member of the family that had attained seven years of age; and so fully persuaded were the poor of their necessity to complete absolution after confession, and also of their efficacy in mitigating the torments of those of their friends who had departed to another world, that they sacrificed any thing in their possession to obtain the bulls of dispensation for eating meat, and those of the living and of the dead.

The revolution interrupted all communication with the Apostolic See, and consequently the bulas de Cruzada, that were on hand, lost their efficacy before a new stock could be supplied. Under these circumstances, on the 12th of December 1825, the dean of the holy metropolitan church of Lima issued an order to continue the sale of the bulas de Cruzada, which had been suspended on the fourth of March preceding. The order states, "as the want of communication renders it impossible to consult the Silla Apostolica, and being necessary in the existing circumstances, the bula de Cruzada will be granted, that meat may be eaten on the days of Lent and on other days of abstinence, excepting only Ash Wednesday; every Friday in Lent; Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday in holy week; the vigils of the nativity of Our Lord and the Pentecost; the assumption of Our Lady, and the days of the blessed apostles, St. Peter and St. Paul; with the understanding, however, that on all excepted days for eating meat, it is obligatory to preserve the form of fast, it not being permitted to mix fish and flesh, agreeable to the constitution of the sovereign pontiff, Benedict XIV., dated 30th of May 1741, beginning, '*Non ambigimus,*' &c."

To obtain this indulgence, some act of charity or penance is required. "All persons in authority, from the first in the republic, all in its employ who enjoy any salary whatever, all 'haciendados' or farmers, whether proprietors or tenants, all who possess any property, or are engaged in commerce, (every

* Restrepo. Historia de Colombia.

individual) shall annually pay one coined silver dollar to the hospitals or other pious institutions. Those who are not enumerated shall pay the fourth part, which is two reales. Those who are poor, and religious mendicants of both sexes, shall only be obliged to pray on each day a *Pater Noster* and an *Ave Maria*, beseeching God in favor of religion and of the state. Thus shall all obtain the benefits of the 'indulgencia.'

"In the same way and by the same means, may be enjoyed all the spiritual privileges and indulgences, contained in the summary of the bulas de Cruzada of the living and of the dead. Not doubting this to be the will and religious intention of the high dispenser of them, we, therefore, on our part, by the powers ordinary and delegate which authorize us, concede them for the relief and felicity of the faithful, and the tranquillity of their consciences.

"Given in Lima, December 12th 1825.

"FRANCISCO J. DE ECHAGUE, *Dean*.

"DR. JORJE DE BENAVENTE, *Secretary*."

The clergy of Peru, like that of all Spanish America, holds in its ranks men of talents, deep scholastic learning and patriotism, but the great mass of priests is composed of men who are plunged in superstitious ignorance, and given to every kind of immorality.

The majority of those wearing the garb of the church, are men of the lowest vices—men who stroll the streets ragged and filthy in their persons—men who, in spite of their vows of celibacy, live in open concubinage, and own themselves, not only fathers of the church, but also of a numerous offspring, doubly illegitimate. I have heard them boast of their successful amours, and say that holy orders do not change human nature! The Peruvian clergy, particularly the lower grades, as curates and sub-curates, have borne this character for the last hundred years. Ulloa, in his "Noticias Secretas," complains of their being addicted to women, gambling, and to imposing upon their parishioners. His account is given in sober lan-

guage, but the description given by Butler of the fanatics of his time, is quite applicable to Peru.

(They) "could turn the cov'nant, and translate
The Gospel into spoons and plate ;
Expound upon all merchants' cashes,
And open the intricatest places ;
Could catechize a money-box,
And prove all pouches orthodox."

They beg every day through the streets, under the pretence of some pious purpose, but devote the greater part of their collections to the support of their mistresses, illegitimate children, and numerous vices.

Unfortunately for the cause of religion in all ages, the faults and vicious habits of its teachers have been charged against the purity of Christianity itself. And, however we may differ in opinion with the Roman Catholic clergy, it is our duty to give their arguments an honest consideration ; for amongst those above alluded to, we meet, even in Lima, men of most exemplary piety and austere virtue, such as the venerable Padre Arrieta and others. One reason for the degraded state of the clergy is, that since the revolution, many priests, by the suppression of the convents and monastic property, have embraced the privilege of the law of secularization, or leaving the cloister. This has cast upon the world men who are destitute of means or professions by which to support themselves in society. These men, too, are not entitled to the privileges of citizenship, and they must beg or starve.

According to the Constitution of 1828, the religion of the Republic is "the Roman Catholic Apostolic. The nation protects it by all the means that conform to the spirit of the Evangelist ; and will not permit the exercise of any other."* A similar article is found in the Chilian Constitution, of May, 1833.

In both countries, the question of religious toleration gave rise to very considerable discussion of an animated character. The arguments against toleration were, that it gives rise to a multiplicity of religious sects ; that these give rise to Deism and

* *Constitucion del Peru.*

irreligion ; and adduce in proof of it, the state of religion in France during the revolution ; the religious persecutions in England, particularly against the Roman Catholics ; and the great prevalence of irreligion and sectarian fanaticism in the United States. That the state of religious opinion in Chile and Peru does not require it, because all their citizens are Catholics ; and though it be not proper to persecute any man for opinion's sake, as God alone is the ruler of the conscience, it is thought proper that any person who endeavors to make proselytes to a new faith, should be banished the territory forever. In the case of only two sects in a state, there is danger of the destruction of the state, or of one of the religious parties ; in proof of which is adduced the bloody wars of the Jews against the Polytheists, and the Moors against the Spaniards. To avoid religious discord and contention, the United States resolved, at the formation of the government, to tolerate all sects, but to protect none more than another. The uniformity of religion tends to the consolidation of states, and toleration is of no advantage to a society where one opinion or sect prevails, &c.

A pamphlet published in Chile thus concludes : " I should not omit to remark, that some of the tolerant party, convinced of the civil and moral dangers occasioned by a diversity of religions in a state, have proposed to follow the example of North America, and declare, constitutionally, that there is no religion of the state ; that is, that the social body has no kind of worship by which to adore the Supreme Being. We admit, that in a federal system, where each sovereign state has its respective religions, it is almost necessary that the general government should not declare itself for any one in particular ; it is certain that this free will cannot prevent convulsions, where the sects are few ; irreligion, if many ; nor the spirit of corporation and religious party from mixing in political movements. But may Heaven never permit, in Chile, the establishment of that political Atheism, and leave this nation united in a society, without forms or worship to adore God. I would rather inhabit Pagan Rome, where I should see the Consul, surrounded with triumphal pomp, humiliate himself before Jupiter, received as the God of the Empire, than a country where the benefits of

Providence are acknowledged in taverns, and where there is no national God to implore in times of public distress!"

They generally look upon the separation of the church from the state as a deplorable mistake, founded in a false spirit of philosophy.

Those in our country, who seem anxious to change the faith of the Catholics in South America, should pause before they make the attempt, and consider the immense evils their efforts may bring on a people, who have already suffered much on account of religion. The learned and pious amongst the clergy, are anxious for religious reformation, and correcting the many abuses that they know to exist in the church; but they are as unwilling to change their *doctrine*, which they distinguish from its *teachers*, as any of the many sects in the United States, to give up theirs for the faith of the Romish church. It must not be forgotten, that the people of South America are Christians, and not heathen, nor idolaters, like the western Indians, or the inhabitants of the South Sea Islands. I fear there is too much truth in the charge of the prevalence of irreligion in the United States. There is a broad field at home for the exercise of missionary laborers. What would we think if the Peruvian church should send tracts and missionaries to our happy country, to make proselytes to the Romish church? "Take the beam from thine own eye, before thou removest the mote from that of thy brother."

Lately, the interesting question of the universal supremacy of the Pope over the Catholic church, has given rise to some learned articles in the newspapers, and an erudite pamphlet, of 216 pages, by the author of "Cartas Peruanas," in defence of the Christian Primate.

The argument against the Pope's supremacy, and consequently, of the independence of the bishops, turns on the question, whether Christ gave "the keys" to Peter *solely*, or whether the disciples also participated in the gift. The articles signed Desengañador, in the papers alluded to, insist upon it, that Christ gave the keys to all the disciples, as well as to Peter, and that consequently, as they received them under the same injunctions, Peter could be in no manner superior to them.

Against this, the author of the "Cartas Peruanas" quotes a host of the holy fathers, and the nineteenth verse of the sixteenth chapter of St. Matthew;—"and I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth, shall be bound in heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth, shall be loosed in heaven;" and several other passages from the New Testament, which I have not time to quote, are adduced and explained, to prove that St. Peter solely was charged with the keys, and was set over the other disciples as their chief. The popes, according to the faith, are the successors of St. Peter, who was left as the representative of Christ upon earth; and the holy bishops are the successors and representatives of the Apostles.

Our author insists that the destruction of the supremacy of the Pope, must be followed by the destruction of Catholicism—that the church is a unity, and its separation must be followed by the springing up of various sects, discord, contention, and irreligion.

The following pages, translated from this well written pamphlet, will give an idea of the manner and spirit in which the Pope is defended, by the author of the "Cartas Peruanas."

Speaking of the vices alleged against the popes, he says, "Amongst these false Catholics, there are some, who, skimming over the annals of the church, instead of imitating the sheep, and extracting the sweetest juices from the flowers, resemble flies that delight in filth and offensiveness. They collect the sweepings of history to cast upon the heads of the popes, without distinguishing between the few bad ones and the multitude of those who have shone in the face of the Universe—when not for their eminent piety, at least for their talents, their integrity, their prudence, their zeal, and upright intention.

"Of more than two hundred and fifty popes, who have occupied the chair since St. Peter, how few are they, who can in reality be qualified as vicious and perverse men! What throne on earth presents us with so long a list of princes, commendable for genius and virtue? Let us hear Bergier. 'The charity, the heroic fortitude, the humble and poor life

of the popes, for the three first ages, are attested by the monuments of history. The knowledge, the talents, the zeal, and laborious vigilance of the fourth and fifth centuries, are incontestable, for their works exist. The labors, and constant endeavors of the sixth and seventh, to diminish and repair the ravages of barbarism, to save the reliques of the sciences, arts, laws, and customs, cannot be called in doubt; of these, their cotemporaries bear testimony. What the popes did in the eighth and ninth, to humanize the people of the north, through the means of religion, is so well known, that the Protestants have not been able to conceal it, even with the varnish of odium, except by poisoning the motives, the intentions, and the means employed. It was necessary not to forget what the popes did in the ninth century, to restrain the devastations of the Mahometans. It has been requisite to scrape through the lees of past ages, to find personages and deeds that could be blackened at discretion. And at what period were the bad popes? It was when Italy was torn by petty tyrants, who disposed of the See of Rome at their will; it was, when, casting out its legitimate possessors, they placed in it either their children or their creatures.*

“But even in the ages of general corruption and darkness, I mean the tenth and the eleventh, how much are the majority of the popes distinguished above the commonalty of men, not only by their knowledge, but by their firm and untiring zeal in opposing the torrent of abuses of the monarchs and people, in extirpating the dominant vices of simony and incontinency, in reducing the clergy everywhere to a common mode of living separate from the age? All the monuments of that epoch, bear testimony to the fact, and amongst them may be reckoned the Roman Councils, celebrated in 1059 and 1063. Of the thirty-three popes who governed the church in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, there is not one who did not do honor to the Holy See—not one whose habits were reprehensible. If their pretensions, and the mode of sustaining them, sometimes caused disturbance in the church, the purity of their lives, and their

* Diccion. Theol. art. Papa.

zeal for discipline, always maintained it. In the order of polity and government, they adopted the received maxims of the times, and which nobody charged as unjust or excessive. Some, as Innocent III., labored in correcting, with just severity, all the vices and abuses, particularly that of venality, of which the Roman court was accused; and if some did not display an equal zeal, their tolerance was drawn from them by the force of circumstances, by the misfortunes of the times, and by the arduous nature of affairs, which it was necessary to commit to certain hands, and which none but the most pure and faithful were capable of safely conducting. Taking the times and circumstances into consideration, in spite of their political errors, let justice be rendered to their personal conduct, and to their practice of those obligations, annexed to the apostolic ministry in general, and better popes could scarcely be desired.

“Benedict XI. was distinguished for his virtues in the beginning of the fourteenth century; and if among the seven popes who succeeded him, and styled ‘de Avignone,’ because they translated their chair to that city in France, there were some chargeable with weakness and irregularities—exaggerated by the Italians, who could not pardon their absence from Rome—an exact and impartial judgment must confess that they were almost all commendable for their sublime qualities, for the superiority of their intellects and talents, and many rendered their names venerable by the sanctity of their lives. It is not strange, that those who figured during the schism, should scandalize the church by their insatiable avarice to possess means to sustain their party, and by their cruel ambition, that made them always perfidious, constantly breaking their promise of renunciation, for the peace of the church. Such intruders do not merit the name of Popes; but that of sanguinary wolves, who, without compassion, scattered the flock of the Lord.

“But from the election of Martin V., the nine Popes that legitimately succeeded him to the Papal throne, until the close of the fifteenth century, if they were not all of eminent virtue and unimpeachable merit, we may be assured, that, with the exception of the two last, they possessed appreciable qualities, which did not render them unworthy of the sublime station

which they filled. Amongst them there is not one who may not be admired for an ardent and generous zeal, manifested in the defence of Christianity, threatened by the Turks, and who, in this respect, did not merit well of all the kings and nations of Europe. Though it was their duty, as well as their desire, they were not always able to cause a reform in the customs and abuses that afflicted the interior of the church. Besides the obstacles met with in their own court, and the difficult and extraordinary state of things that produced in the church the great schism of the west, they found many, in the situation of the whole of Christian Europe, torn by internal dissensions or external wars, that armed nation against nation, and in each, a party against a rival faction, without observing the terms of moderation, or the first maxims of humanity! In the midst of so many difficulties, and all the excesses of ambition, of vengeance, and civil fury, to which the Christian nations of England, France, Germany, Poland, Bohemia, Hungary, Spain, and Italy, had given themselves up, what could the Popes do in favor of good order and canon law, oppressed as they were by affairs, surrounded by cabals, and obliged to defend themselves against their own restless vassals and powerful usurpers? If we were just, we would not censure them so much for not having done good, of the importance of which they were aware, as we should pity them for not having been able to do it.

“From Leo X., that is, during the last three centuries, Rome has counted thirty-six Popes. And is there one among them whose habits are not free from censure? And how few are not remarkable for talent, knowledge, elevated sentiments, or eminent piety? In the eyes of any impartial man, Paul III., Pius V., Sixtus V., Clement VIII., Benedict XIV., Pius VI., Pius VII., cannot be considered either as mediocre or vulgar men.

“The Protestant historian of the Life and Pontificate of Leo X., doubtlessly was not entirely exempt from prejudice; but he possessed too much information and probity to avail himself of that tone of injury and inflammation against the Popes, which has become so common amongst some who call themselves

Catholics. Here is the tribute of homage which he renders them. ‘Few Popes have ascended the Papal throne, who were not endowed with more intellect and talents than are common amongst men. Consequently, the Pontiffs of Rome have very often shown great examples, and have appeared, in the highest degree, protectors of the sciences, of letters, and of arts; having, as ecclesiastics, devoted themselves to those studies which were interdicted to the laity, or despised by them. So that we must consider them in general as superior to the age in which they lived; and the philosopher may justly celebrate the eloquence and force of Leo I., that saved Rome from the fury of the barbarian Atila; and he may admire the candor, the beneficence, the paternal solicitude of Gregory I.; he may wonder at the diversity of the knowledge of Silvestre II.; he may, in fine, praise the ability, penetration, and wisdom of Innocent III., of Gregory IX., of Innocent IV., and of Pius II., as well as the munificence and love of letters that distinguished Nicholas V.’

“Why is it that Villanueva, Pradt, and others, whom the Desengañador follows and imitates, do not weary with accusing the Popes generally, of ambition and avarice; of pride and indolence; of interest and false zeal; of injustice, of usurpation, of violence, &c.; it appears, to listen to them, that from the time they belted on the ‘tiara,’ they laid down every sentiment of morality, to follow no other rule than that of their interests and passions! Why do they spread through their writings the bitterest bile against their persons, and swear against them a hatred so incarnate, a rage so implacable—as if they had received from them a personal injury of the most atrocious and unpardonable nature?*

* “It is true, that there is not wanting a personal motive, sufficient to excite the eternal babble of Pradt, and stir up the black bile of Villanueva against the Pope. The first cannot forget, that by Pius VII. refusing the bulls of confirmation to the tyrant Napoleon, while held captive in Savona, he was deprived of the Bishopric of Malinas, to which he had been named; hence his complaints, and his endeavor to despoil the Pope of the right of installing the bishops; availing himself for this purpose of all the sophisms that he can imagine. (See Concord. de la Amr. con Roma, cap. 12. y nota 23—.) Nor

truth of things, or with the Christian philanthropy, or even with the philosophy of which they boast? *Tantæne animis caelestibus iræ!* Shall we suppose that, irritated like all innovators, at the inflexible rigor of the Apostolic See, in respect to bad or dangerous doctrines, they omit nothing to make it an object of odium and contempt; and that they hope to make the affront with which they charge the Roman Pontificate, recoil upon the Pontiff himself, and upon the church that reverences him as its chief?

“I am unwilling to say it; but I may affirm, that the course they take to accriminate the popes is as perfidious and tortuous, as innovators always select;—to bring their vices in strong relief, and dissimulate their virtues—to be delighted with showing the excesses and abuses of power, and cast a veil over the immense services rendered to civilization, to letters, to science, the arts, and all humanity—to exaggerate the rigor of punishments, without taking into consideration the enormity nor the scandalous nature of the crimes that provoked them—to give right to every body except the Pope—to give an evil interpretation to the most laudable actions and enterprises—to copy all that has been thought or expressed against him and his authority by his enemies or rivals—to refer to the facts, not as they happened in reality, but as they relate them; or to disfigure them, passing over in silence those circumstances that justify them—wilfully to misunderstand the difference of legislation, of customs, of the genius of the ages, and of the people, always to pass sentence against the Pope, by modern ideas entirely unknown in past times—and not only to deplore abuses, (which is allowable), but to make it a crime for the popes to have at all participated in the general spirit of their times, notwithstanding that in the midst of their very abuses, they so frequently showed themselves superior to their cotem-

has the latter been able to pardon the same Pius VII. for refusing to receive him near his person and court as Minister Plenipotentiary from Spain, or what is the same thing, submit to his insolent and seditious discourses against the Apostolic See, or allow himself to be insulted to his face, after having been insulted so often in public, both in writing and *viva voce*. See, *Su vida literaria, escrita por si mismo. tom. i. cap. lxxix. y siguientes.*”

poraries, which ought rather to have excited admiration than bitter and impious censure! Such is the way in which Villanueva, above all, has composed his libels, *infamatory* as regards the person of the Pope, and *seditions* in respect to the authority of the See.

“I would say to them, with Melchor Cano, that, discrediting the Pope, and crying for that reason the vices of the court of Rome, even if they were ascertained, they imitate the insolent Cam, who discovered and turned into jest the shame of his father! Do they think, in this manner, to render honest their perfidy and rebellion against the common father of Christians? Let them remember, (adds the same learned man), that Jesus Christ shut to them this door, saying, ‘The Scribes and Pharisees sit in Moses’s seat; all, therefore, whatsoever they bid you observe, that observe and do; but do not ye after their works.’ (Mat. 23, 2.) The zeal which ye feign, to heal Rome of the *inveterate hectic*, which, according to you, *penetrates to the bones*, ye had better reserve to cure the pestilential gangrene of pride and rebellion that has ulcerated your hearts. While ye are internally infirm, ye cannot hope to see and judge of things as they are. Does Rome scandalize you? Review other courts, all tribunals, the episcopal curacies; in every place that men are found ye will find *incorrigible abuses*, *incurable vices*. For this then will it be necessary to throw off all authority, and have neither pope, nor rectors of the people, nor magistrates, nor bishops?”

Such are the ideas of a large party in South America. Every means to preserve the church and the purity of the faith, were resorted to by the governments at the very commencement of the revolution. Living as we do, in a land where every man is at liberty to follow his own religious inclinations and opinions, we can have but a faint idea of the mightiness of catholicism when united to the political government. Nor can we perhaps justly appreciate the reasons advanced for its support, in countries where but one religion, or rather sect, prevails; at least, not till we take into consideration the mental thralldom in which the people have been held by the edicts and dogmas of the Catholic clergy. The veil of ignorance that so

long has darkened this fair portion of the earth, is breaking away before the rising light of knowledge; its rays have penetrated far and wide, yet there is much still to clear from the darkness of superstition and the influence of clerical imposition; and there is reason to hope, that the Catholic church will in these countries be freed from its abuses, and the faith restored to its pristine purity. The very discussion above alluded to, may possibly result advantageously to Christianity.

By many in the United States, even the name of Catholic is used reproachfully; but when we see men of talents and education yielding to forms and ceremonies that appear idle, let us pause, and be sure that we understand before we condemn them. San Martin, the Liberator of Peru, received instructions from the Chilian congress to hold sacred the temples of religion, and to punish any of those under his command who should forget the duty that Christians owe to their God!

Soon after the commencement of the revolution, the book-makers of Europe prepared hasty translations of the most impious books, such as Volney's Ruins, the writings of Thomas Paine, &c., with a host of lascivious novels, that abound in the French language, and brought them into the South American market. Lima was full of them. Instead of enlightening, they only served to stir up the passions, and fill with doubts a people by no means prepared to think on abstract subjects. To prevent the diffusion of this mental poison, several decrees were published during 1823, prohibiting the publication of any article in the gazettes, "against the Holy Scriptures, the articles and dogmas of faith, morality, religion, or the essential discipline of the church."

It was these circumstances that gave origin to the "Cartas Peruanas," that were commenced in 1822, and continued till 1825, at intervals. In 1829, they were collected and published together, forming a well written work on the evidences of Christianity, in which the author displays a great deal of erudition and industry. He is said to be a canónigo, named Moreno. He has taken up and answered the arguments of all the most distinguished anti-religionists of France, as Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, &c.

CHAPTER XVII.

Arica—Appearance from the anchorage—Mole—Advertisements—Streets—School—Water and provisions—Ancient cemetery—Founding of Arica—Population—Products—Commerce—Guano.

ABOUT two o'clock P. M., on the 19th September 1832, we anchored in the roadstead of Arica. It is situated in 18° 28' south latitude.

The town of Arica is placed under a high sand hill and headland, that shelter it from the southerly winds, which prevail nearly throughout the year. The houses are white; and the churches and belfries, standing on the high ground in the rear of the town, give it a neat and imposing appearance from the anchorage.

The long valley of Azapa, running inland, with clusters of trees in the distance, and the town at the entrance, is seen from far at sea. With the exception of a few gardens and trees to the left of the town, the vale is entirely naked for two or three leagues back, and the hills that rise in a long ridge to the north and south to form it, are sandy and totally barren, not affording even soil enough to nourish a single cactus. The morro or headland of Arica, which is a prominent bluff of rocks and sand, whitened by the deposits of birds, forms a very striking landmark in approaching the port. On its summit is erected a wooden cross, which is said to be eight hundred feet above the level of the sea.* Not far from the base of the morro, is a low, flat island of rocks, also whitened with similar deposits; between this islet and the main are many small rocks, rising even with the surface of the water, amongst which the breakers are

* This headland was sunk by an earthquake, in September 1833! *New York Courier and Enquirer*.

constantly rolling and foaming with great violence. About a quarter of a mile to the north is the anchorage, which is pretty good, though but slightly protected against the prevailing winds.

In the afternoon, we landed at the mole and breakwater, which has been built within the last few years.* It has two or three flights of steps for embarking, and its top is surrounded by a wooden rail and benches, which in the evening are the resort of the inhabitants of the town. At the outer end, is a small box to shelter the custom house officers, who are constantly on the alert to detect and prevent smuggling. On the sides of this watch tower were pasted several written notices; one ordered, that no boat should land or leave the mole before sunrise, nor after eight o'clock at night, and it forbade any person to go afloat at any time without a written permission from the captain of the port, or the head of the custom house; nor are balsas to be afloat either before sunrise or after sunset. Another was the quarantine regulation to be enforced against all vessels from Chile, to prevent the introduction of scarlet fever.

We found the streets intersecting each other at right angles, but narrow and dusty, hot and dirty. In our walk over the whole town, we met now and then a negro, or a half naked child playing in the dirt. In one street we passed a house, in which was a small school. We heard a dozen ragged children, of various castes, color, sex, and age, standing round the mistress, who was seated on the floor, singing at the top of their voices, in a nasal tone, a set of *aves*, which appeared to form the conclusion of the afternoon exercises.

On the 9th November 1831, nearly the whole place was shaken down by an earthquake. The streets seemed desolate, and many of the houses were in ruins or undergoing repair. Most of the buildings are but one story high, and some have flat roofs, and others have them made of adobes and arched.

* The landing is dangerous for those who are not acquainted with the very narrow channel, which is surrounded by sunken rocks and breakers.

Occasionally there falls a passing shower; generally, however, there is nothing but a *gárua* or mist during the winter.

This is the only one of the many towns that I have visited in South America, in which there is no billiard table.

With some labor, vessels may obtain here very good water. There is a narrow stream running along the northern side of the town, planted on either bank with young willows; to obtain water, it is necessary, (on account of rollers and the rocky nature of the shore), to roll the casks for a considerable distance to the watering place. Provisions are found, of the same kinds, and at about the same rates, as at Lima, though not so abundant. Beef, however, is an exception. The only butcher's meat usually to be met with in the market, is mutton. The fruits and vegetables of this valley are the same as those of the capital. The fertility of this part of Peru is much lauded by the Spanish writers. It is stated, on the authority of Garcilaso, that in 1556, there grew a radish so large, that five horses were sheltered under the shade of its leaves!

With the exception of agues, that prevail during one season of the year, the place is healthy, and it is fortunate for the inhabitants that it is so, for the curate is the only man who pretends to any knowledge of the healing art!

About a mile from the town, on the south side of the morro, is a cemetery of the ancient Peruvians. There is one path to it over the hill, which is somewhat laborious, and another round the base of "Arica Head," which is only practicable when the tide is low.

On the side of the hill are found the graves of this injured people, indicated by hillocks of upturned sand, and the numbers of human bones bleaching in the sun, and portions of bodies, as legs and arms, or a hand or foot, with the dry flesh still adhering, scattered over the surface. The graves have been a great deal dug, and many bodies carried to Europe by travellers. Some boys who were playing about the place, told us that an "Inglés" in Taena, had a large collection of them, which he is constantly increasing; for a pair of these mummies, when perfect, he pays a doubloon.

We dug in several places, without being able to find anything. At last we inquired of an Indian, who was fishing with a cast net, where the graves were found, and what were the indications by which we might discover them. He told us that there were none, except to stamp upon the ground, and dig where it sounded hollow. We pursued this plan with considerable success.

The surface is covered over with sand an inch or two deep, which being removed, discovers a stratum of salt, three or four inches in thickness, that spreads all over the hill. Immediately beneath, are found the bodies, in graves or holes, not more than three feet in depth.

The body was placed in a squatting posture, with the knees drawn up, and the hands applied to the sides of the head. The whole was enveloped in a coarse but close fabric, with stripes of red, which has withstood wonderfully the destroying effects of ages, for these interments were made before the conquest, though at what period is not known. A cord was passed about the neck on the outside of the covering, and in one case we found deposited upon the breast a small bag, containing five little sticks about two inches and a half long, tied in a bundle by two strings, which broke in our efforts to open the bag. A native gentleman told me that drinking vessels, and the implements of the occupation pursued by the deceased while living, as balsas, paint brushes, &c., were frequently found in these graves.*

Several of the bodies which we exhumed, were in a perfect state of preservation. We found the brain dwindled to a crumbling mass, about the size of a hen's egg—perhaps adipocire? The cavity of the chest was nearly empty, and the heart contained what seemed to be indurated blood, which cut with as much facility as rich cheese. It was reddish black. The muscles cut like hard smoked beef.

Arica was founded not long after the conquest, though at what period is not recorded. It is 280 leagues from Lima, 80 from Arequipa, and 14 from Tacna. In 1579, when visited by Sir Francis Drake, in the Golden Hind, it contained only

* See Calancha, Herrera, Garcilaso, &c.

twenty houses ; and though two centuries and a half have since elapsed, their number is not more than 300, and the population does not exceed 2,000 souls.

Before the revolution, the valley produced cotton, wine, olive oil, maize, and aji, (a kind of red pepper, extensively used by the Indians,) amounting in all to \$ 602,500, for the year 1791.* It was also rich in mules, employed in the traffic of the interior.

Prior to the birth of the Republic of Bolivia, all the trade with that country, known then as Alto-Peru, passed through Arica ; but since the opening of Cobija, the commerce has diminished in proportion as it advances in the latter place. The prosperity of Arica depended very much on that trade, which the policy pursued by the government of Peru has lost. All goods intended for the Bolivian market, are charged according to their class, with a transit duty of five, ten, and fifteen per cent. ; but as they can now be introduced directly through Cobija, at the same or less rates, Arica is ruined. The population of the valley is too small to create a demand sufficiently great to maintain wholesale dealers ; consequently, very few vessels touch in the port.

The principal exports are gold, silver, copper, tin, and some few chinchilla skins, that pay a duty of four per cent. on a valuation of two dollars per dozen. To encourage the working of mines in this district, gold and silver are allowed to be exported, though in all other parts of the republic it is prohibited ; gold pays a duty of about eighty cents the ounce, and silver, a dollar the mark of eight ounces.

There is a coasting business carried on between this place and Pabellon de Pica, and Iquique, which are some leagues to the southward. Small vessels load at those places, with a substance called Guano, which is used as a compost in almost every section of the coast of Peru ; in many places the soil being entirely unproductive without it.

“The “guano de Iquique,” or “de pajaros,” according to

* Mercurio Peruano, vol. 6. p. 132.

tradition, was in use during the dynasty of the Incas. There are various opinions respecting the nature of guano; some suppose that it is a mineral production, and others, that it is simply an accumulation of the excrement of marine birds. The immense quantities that are consumed, its weight, its reddish color, the length of time and immense number of birds required to produce the great quantity that exists, are rather in favor of the mineral origin. But on the other hand, its physical and chemical properties incline us to look upon it as an animal production. The ammoniacal odor which it gives off, the presence of uric, phosphoric, and oxalic acids, and potass,* its color more or less reddish, according to its exposure to the atmosphere, the identity of its composition with that of the "guano blanco" (white guano,) daily produced, similar deposits not being found in the interior, not being in strata or layers, as we should expect to find a mineral product, having found in it, at certain depths, the remains of birds, and cutting instruments, used by the ancient Indians, the fact that the guano blanco becomes red in the course of time, are sufficient evidence that the guano de pajaros is an animal production.

Of this substance there are three varieties; the red, the dark gray, and the white. The first and second are on the islands of Chincha (near Pisco), Iquique, and the hill of Pabellon de Pica.

The island of Iquique is the place whence it was first extracted, and hence its name of "guano de Iquique." It is about four hundred yards from the port of that name; it is eight hundred yards long, and two hundred broad; and was worked for twenty-five years, in which time it was exhausted. About thirty years since, the Piloto, Reyes, discovered the guano of Pabellon de Pica, which is situated on the sea shore, about thirty leagues from the village, and eighty from the port of Mollendo. This hill is very high; the sea laves its base, which consists entirely of guano, and the opposite side is sand and gravel; formerly a mine was worked in the rock, said to be of silver, but no indication of guano was met with in the

* According to an analysis made by MM. Fourcroy and Vauquelin.

excavation. The neighboring hills on both sides are of pure sand, which is carried by the winds, and deposited on and covers the guano. The guano of this hill is about a quarter of a league in length, and about three hundred varas high. To extract it, the covering of sand is first removed, and then deep excavations are made.

The third variety, or white guano, is most esteemed, from being fresh and pure; it is taken from the numerous islands, lying near the shore, along the whole Peruvian coast. These varieties of guano have several prices; the red and dark gray, being more abundant, are worth ten reales (\$1 25) the fanéga of 250 lbs.; the white, from the port of Mollendo, is sold at two dollars the fanéga, and during the war it rose even to seven.

It seems incredible that these guanos could be deposited by the assemblage of birds that rest together during the night, but wonder ceases when we consider the millions of them, as the *Ardeas Phenicopteros*, or flamingos, that rise in the air like clouds of many leagues in extent, and that the deposits have been accumulating perhaps ever since the deluge. From the islands of Islay and Jesus, in the years that they are frequented by many birds, four and five hundred fanégas of white guano are annually obtained. During these latter years their produce has been very small, the birds having absented themselves, from the unusual heat of the summers, the want of food, and the firing of guns by many vessels that have visited that port. The proprietors of the guanéra, or guano ground of Jesus, were so fully persuaded of this, that they obtained cedulas from the Court of Spain, forbidding the entrance of vessels into the port, and the birds again returned. Since the opening of the port of Islay, these islands have not yielded a hundred fanégas a year.

Without the guano, the volcanic and sandy soil of the province of Arequipa is almost unproductive; but when used, it yields in potatoes forty-five for one, and in maize thirty-five for one. It is so active, that unless watered soon after it is applied round the roots of the plants, it dries them, or, as the country people say, burns them up.

The quantity of guano yearly employed in Peru, is estimated to be, from

Mollendo, - - -	25,000 fanégas.
Cocotea, - - -	6,000 "
Chancay, - - -	5,000 "
Arica and Tarapacá, -	5,000 "
Total,	41,000 fanégas.

The above account is taken from a paper on the subject, published in the "Memorial de Ciencias Naturales, y de Industria Nacional y Estranjera, edited by M. De Rivero and N. De Pierola. Lima. Vol. I. 1828."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Islay—Landing place—Town—Arequipian ladies—Post-office regulation—
Notions of the captain of the port about politics.

ABOUT two o'clock in the afternoon of the 24th of September, 1832, we anchored in the roads of Islay. The charts of this part of the coast of Peru, are far from being accurate. This port is laid down as being in $16^{\circ} 44'$ of south latitude, and in $72^{\circ} 40'$ of west longitude from Greenwich. The true latitude is $17^{\circ} 1'$ —seventeen miles farther south than marked in the charts; and the longitude is 72° —forty minutes to the eastward of the chart. By the chart, Arequipa is forty miles from Islay, but the actual distance is ninety. Similar errors are found in several places along this region of Peru.

The land to the north and south is barren and rocky, and lower than it usually is along the coast. About two leagues back, it rises to a very considerable height. In the gullies and

ravines, are large white patches, consisting of ashes, thrown out many years since from a volcano, which, from the sea, have the appearance of light drifted snow, partially melted.

The landing place differs from any thing of the kind that I have seen anywhere on the coast. The shore of the whole bay, or rather roadstead, is bounded by irregular rocks about two hundred feet high, and nearly perpendicular; so that even if a landing be effected, their top is almost inaccessible. At the base of a rocky mass with square faces, rising out of the sea, and about ten feet high, and separated from the main by a narrow channel, there is a floating stage, or as it is technically called, a *camel*. A horizontal stage, supported by stanchions and chains, juts out from the top of the rock, having a vertical shutter or midriff floating from its edge. The ascent from the camel to the stage is effected by the aid of a rope ladder of some six or eight steps, that rests against the shutter, and a pair of man ropes like those suspended at the gangway of a ship. On the stage is a pair of shears, with a tackle for hoisting and lowering goods. A path mounts from the stage over the rock, and is continued over a short wooden bridge, that connects it with the main.

The site and neighborhood of Islay is a barren plain, gently rising from the sea. About two leagues back, the surface is covered with green vegetation, and suddenly rises to a height of about three thousand feet. The summits of these hills were so constantly hidden in clouds, that we got a glimpse of them only once or twice while here. Near their base are some groves of olive trees.

In 1829, this spot, cheerless as it is, was purchased by the government, for building the seaport of Arequipa, which was previously reached from Quilca and Mollendo, which are now closed.

Notwithstanding that the ground is broken by deep gullies, the town is very regularly laid out. The huts, for they do not merit the name of houses, are one story high; the roofs are pitched, covered with rush mats, and stand with the gable end to the street. The walls are made of willow poles, brought about fourteen leagues, driven into the ground, closely toge-

ther, and lined on the inside with mats similar to those of the roofs. The floors are also of mats. From the great pitch of the house-tops, I was led to inquire whether it rained, and learned that there is only an occasional drizzle. Such is the general architecture in this new port, excepting the custom-house, which is two stories high, and some two or three wooden buildings occupied by foreigners. The church, which stands on one side of the plaza, is a large frame, bearing a striking likeness to an old weather beaten barn. Near it is a pair of shears, made of three poles, from which are suspended three small bells; strips of raw hide hang from the clappers, by which simple contrivance (and it is adopted all over South America) the necessity of turning the bell over to ring it is completely avoided. The only exterior ornament is a wooden cross fixed on its top. Through the joinings of the door, we perceived that the floor was tiled, and the interior neat and clean. On the door was pasted a notice nearly to the following effect.

“We, the Bishop of Arequipa, desirous of affording to all faithful Christians opportunities of prayer, and availing ourselves of our power delegated from his Holiness the Pope, do grant to the port of Islay an indulgence of forty days, provided that its inhabitants prostrate themselves,” &c.

Well, said I to the captain of the port, suppose that the indulgence had not been granted, what difference could it make to the place. He shrugged his shoulders, drew down the corners of his mouth, and replied, “ninguna”—none.

“Of what benefit is it to the people?”

“Ninguna puez, but they suppose, if any one who accepts of the indulgence die, he will escape from purgatory in one half of the time allotted for his stay there, which,” said he with a knowing smile, “is a consideration!”

We next found a billiard table, where a negro and a white, both genteelly dressed, were playing; and I learned that the first was a doctor, and the latter an alcalde. Besides this place of public resort, there are two or three tipping shops, with signs over the doors, representing the union of the flags of Peru, Chile, England, and the United States, which are all temptations for sailors, and being clanish in their notions, they are

easily taken by the bait. If Jack only spies his own bunting in the picture, it is enough, and he seldom cares to notice anything further.

When we called on the captain of the port, we were courteously received by his lady, who appeared at the door, smoking a cigar. We found in the room a very pretty collection of books, which is quite an unusual sight in these places. It consisted mostly of novels; amongst them were translations of *Ivanhoe*, the *Talisman*, two cantos of Byron's *Don Juan*, Franklin's works, and several treatises on marine and military tactics.

Islay is at present quite gay, and presents as busy a scene as may be imagined, for a place containing no more than eight hundred or a thousand inhabitants. There is a number of families here from Arequipa, where, at this season, I am told it is disagreeable and unhealthy. The ladies are amusing themselves in this inhospitable-looking place, by bathing, and promenading the hills. To judge from the specimen here, the Arequipeñas are rather pretty: they are remarkably small, and have black eyes, clear skins, fine hair, and dear little feet!

When we returned to the boat, we found the whole world assembled round a seal that had been just shot, and laid on the bridge before mentioned. The governor and the captain of the port, with their ladies, were amongst the crowd. The news of the phoca ran through the town, and curiosity soon brought all the ladies in the place around it. They took this opportunity of seeing the progress made in removing the stones from a spot, surrounded by perpendicular rocks, which is intended for a bathing place. Some of the ladies were finely dressed, and wore beautifully embroidered shawls, and large filigree combs, with the hair tastefully supported by them; others were in *dis-habille*, with red baize shawls over the shoulders, and the hair plaited in two braids, hanging down the back, and some wore round hats of Manila or Guayaquil manufacture. All were scrupulously nice about the feet. They were cased in silken hose and white satin shoes, which did not seem exactly adapted to the dust and rocks of the streets. When they turned up the hill towards the town, we could not but admire the turn of

many a pretty foot and ankle, which, from the shortness of the dress, were disclosed even unto the garters!

The commerce of Islay is very limited. During the two past years, only three American merchant vessels have anchored in the roads. The trade is chiefly English. At present there are two English, and one French, merchantmen, and a French frigate, with one or two guano traders, in the port. It is supposed that the commerce will increase, when the port of Arica is closed, which has been for some time contemplated by the government.

The following decree, given to me by the captain of the port, was pasted, with several others, signed by the Prefect of Arequipa, against the side of his house. One prohibited the firing of rockets on feast days, and another forbade bull-baiting, as a barbarous and inhuman sport, suited only to the uncivilized.

“Peruvian Republic—Ministry of government, and of foreign affairs—House of government in Lima. January 4 1832—13th.

“To the Prefect of Arequipa :—

“SIR,—

“By supreme order, and under the necessary responsibility, I herewith enclose you an authorized copy of the supreme decree, issued June 2d 1822, that you may cause it to be strictly conformed to: for in spite of its having been frequently re-issued, the revenue of the post office has diminished to such an extent that it is not sufficient to meet the expenses of that department.

“With this, I will also advise you to take especial care that no subversive papers be introduced into this department; for the law which governs the press, should not allow the importation of any, that may not be printed with impunity within the territory of the republic.

“I mention this to you, for the purpose indicated by the express command of His Excellence the President—May God protect you.

“MATIAS LEON.”

"THE SUPREME DELEGATE.

"I HAVE ACCORDED AND DECREED.

"1st. That so soon as any vessel shall anchor in any port of the state, from whatever place she may proceed, her captain or supercargo shall notify the passengers, that they may deliver the letters which they may bring, with those in charge of the captain or supercargo, to the captain of the port, or in his absence, to the sub-delegate of marine; in order that they may be remitted to the general administration of the post office, or to the chief of the department, to which the port appertains, with a list of the letters, signed by the captain of the vessel, and by him who may receive them.

"2nd. If any letters shall contain bills of exchange or other interesting documents, the same shall be noted by whoever receives them, at the bottom of the list mentioned in the previous article, relying on the statement of the captain or supercargo.

"3d. The captain, supercargo, or passenger, in any vessel, who shall infringe the first article, shall incur the penalty of five hundred hard dollars, for every letter he shall fail to deliver as therein expressed.

"4th. Whoever shall inform of the infraction of the said article, proving that any letter, even of recommendation, has been delivered, shall receive one-half of the fine, and his name shall not be disclosed.

"5th. Travellers by land, who may carry letters from one point to another of the free* territory, are equally obliged to deliver them to the administration of the post office, on arriving at the place of their destination, under the penalty of fifty dollars for every letter they shall fail to deliver into that office.

"6th. Loose copies of this decree shall be printed, and the officer charged with its execution shall give one to the captain or supercargo, so soon as he shall arrive in any port, and the guards at the gate shall give them to those coming from beyond this capital, that nobody may allege ignorance.

* Meaning, not occupied by the Spanish armies; this decree having been first promulgated during the revolution.

“7th. From these general rules is only excepted official correspondence, directed to any of the constituted authorities, which may be delivered directly to them. So soon as the present decree is inserted in the official gazette, it shall be considered as circulated to the administrators of the post office revenue, to the director-general of marine, to the sub-delegates of that direction, and to captains of ports, that each one respectively may take care of the punctual observance of what is in it ordered.

“Given in the palace of the Supreme Government in Lima—4th of June 1822-3.

(Signed) “TORRE TAGLE.

“By order of His Excellence,

“BERNARDO MONTEAGUDO.

“Copy—RIO.

“Arequipa, 1832.”

After reading the decree, I told the captain of the port that such laws were hardly in accordance with the institutions that should adorn a free republic, nor were the reasons set forth in the preamble, very feasible to account for the diminution of the revenue, since it was a natural consequence that correspondence must diminish, when commerce was interrupted by war and onerous duties.

He answered, it was very true; but, he continued, the object of the decree was not revenue, as set forth, but to prevent the introduction of any gazettes or papers containing articles against General Gamarra or his administration. He stated, that he was authorized to open any letter or packet containing papers, and if they contained any thing that might be construed as subversive of the government, to destroy them. He added, that very lately he had burned a large number of papers of that character, forwarded by General La Fuente from Chile, to different persons in Peru.

I told him how matters are managed in our country, and how free was the expression of public opinion.

He observed, in reply, “You are a different people from us—you are educated, and have been independent for fifty years

—though composed of many states, they move on harmoniously together. We are made up of seven departments or provinces, and the inhabitants of one are against those of the others. The Cuzcanian abhors the Limanian and the Arequipanian both. Our population is a heterogeneous mass of negroes, sambos, mulattoes, mestizos, Indians, and whites; the latter are fewest in number, and the Indians most numerous. All the castes set themselves against the whites, and the Indian's hand is against them all. The greater part of the population is ignorant, and incapable of judging of its rights. The government is now establishing schools, and it is to the rising generation that we look for a proper constitution and laws. We are not like the United States—her freedom would not suit us. Our people are passionate, and ignorant, and ready to follow the standard of any plausible leader, who chooses to lure them by fair promises and the abuse of the existing authorities. Newspapers, which, in the United States, are the great means of propagating knowledge and correct opinions on almost every subject, are not appreciated. Even men of the better classes live without knowing what is going on around them—even official newspapers are but little read, and foreign gazettes are unheard of. For this reason, inflammatory articles have very extensive influence upon the people. It is therefore necessary, for the tranquillity of the republic, to keep factious and party papers out of their way.”

“Your commerce is declining.”

“Yes! and our ports are in ruin; but the present congress is thinking of lowering the duties, and we hope that it will again revive.”

CHAPTER XIX.

Pisco, from the anchorage—Landing—Ancient Pisco—Town—A ride—Salinas
—Commerce—Captain of the Port.

ON the 29th of September 1832, we anchored opposite to Pisco, about two miles from the shore, and in four fathoms of water. Lat. $13^{\circ} 46'$ S. Long. $76^{\circ} 12'$ W.

From the anchorage, the broad valley presents an undulating champaign country, extending several leagues in every direction, and covered as far as the eye can reach with olive groves, palmettos, and shrubbery. The white spires and fanes of the town were seen in relief against the sides of the blue Cordilleras, magnificent in their snow-crowned summits, and rich in hidden treasures of gold and silver. They stand far from the coast, but still oppose their blue cloud-like sides to the view. Their outline was penciled against the vault of heaven; they looked the beneficent genii of South America, inviting the clouds, the vapors, the rain, and the snow; and receive their gloom, their torrents, their frost and cold, upon their own devoted heads, and thus defending the thousand valleys at their feet, pour down their streams to fertilize those valleys, which are as their children.

We found the landing easy, though it is occasionally difficult; when the wind is fresh, several large rollers form themselves in lines, and tumble one after the other on the beach, with so much force as to upset or fill the boats that attempt to land.

Some hundred and fifty years since, Pisco stood where the sea now breaks; and even now, the tide does not ebb beyond the ruins of the ancient town. To the right of the landing is an old fort and some ruined stores, that were destroyed by the

patriots who landed here in September 1821. A large storehouse and a few huts stand upon the shore, the town of Pisco being about a mile from the sea, where it was built soon after the earthquake of 1682. At that time, the sea retired for a considerable distance, and again returning with immense violence, submerged the whole town ; and remained a quarter of a league beyond its former limits.

When we landed, we found the captain of the port ready to receive us ; he plead indisposition for not having visited us, and, to use a Spanish expression, he politely "franked us his house," and offered us horses to ride to town ; but we preferred walking, as the morning was pleasant, and the distance short. On our way, we saw several ruins of ancient Pisco, and in the neighborhood several huacas or mounds of the aborigines. It is supposed that the race of Indians which inhabited this section of the country previous to the conquest, was very poor, as nothing has ever been found either in their huacas or in their graves, though diligent examinations have been made.

The town of Pisco is small, and bears a sufficient resemblance to Lima to mark it as a dwarfish offspring of the same parent. As at Lima, buzzards and carrion birds are constantly sailing about in the air above it. It contains a convent of the order of San Francisco, which is now closed, from want of funds to maintain its friars. The architecture of the churches and dwellings is similar to that in most of the towns along the coast of Peru. The Cathedral, or rather the Iglesia Matriz, occupies all the eastern side of the plaza ; it has a tower at each corner of its front, an oval roof, and a dome at the back.

Being Sunday, the streets were gay ; and several well furnished stores of the place were open. Many heaps of fruit, shaded by mats supported on poles, lay in a line across the plaza. Mules and asses were moving in every direction, bearing riders in holy-day suits. The negress moved in her calico gown and jaunty flounces, with a well glazed hat of Manila straw, barefoot, though not without the ornament of a flower. The negro sauntered about in his big bottomed "bragas ;" the gay miss advanced towards the church with mea-

sured step, in her saya y manto, followed by a little negress bearing the rug upon which her mistress bowed the knee before her saint, and sent her oraisons to heaven.

The hours of prayer had scarcely passed away, before the ear was saluted with the tones of the guitar and rude harp; the sounds of moving feet, the laugh, and all the noise of jolly mirth.

On the fourth day of October we took a ride into the country. We visited a vineyard, which covers more than a hundred acres, where black grapes only are grown, but the vines were not very carefully tended. From the black grape, large quantities of pisco or aguardiente (brandy) are distilled in this Department, and exported to different parts of Peru. We left the vineyard and passed over an extensive formation of chalk, through which a channel or canal was cut, many centuries ago, by the aborigines. A bridge of chalk was left for the purpose of crossing. A little further on, we came to the Salinas or salt beds. The surface looked as if it had been boiled and suddenly cooled, leaving little ridges running over it in every direction. We rode at least a league on the salt, when we came to a spot where several men were cutting it into cakes of about two feet long, one broad, and about six inches thick. Where the salt had been taken out, there were ponds of water of a reddish color, and indeed the whole may be compared to a frozen lake with holes cut into it. Although almost any amount of salt is obtainable, the expense of conveying it to the coast is so great that the Salinas cannot be worked with profit. This salt, like all that found along the coast, is so contaminated with nitre, lime, and magnesia, that it is unfit for preserving beef or any kind of meat.

Not far from the Salinas is an extensive sugar estate, known by the name of Caucato. Before the revolution it was worked by twelve hundred slaves, but since that period it has gone almost to ruin, and the slaves are reduced to less than five hundred, and who are not at all subordinate. There are several mills upon it for grinding the cane, which are worked by oxen; the only water mill is now out of repair. They were making a brown sugar of an inferior quality, termed

“chanceaca,” which is used in the manufacture of syrups and sweetmeats. The sugar of Peru is generally put up in large loaves of from fifty to a hundred and fifty pounds, and wrapped in flag mats covered with coarse bagging. Chile is its only foreign market; and since the heavy duty of three dollars the arroba, or twelve dollars the hundred, has been imposed, that is destroyed, and many of the sugar estates of Peru are consequently fast going to decay. On this estate there is also a soap apparatus, with copper vats, one of which is so large as to give 800 quintals, equal to 80,000 pounds, of hard soap, at a boiling! It has not been in operation since the revolution.

The chief exports from Pisco are sugar, olives, dates, aguardiente, and Italia, a very pure brandy, of a peculiar odor and flavor, resembling that of peach leaves. It takes its name from the grape from which it is made. The aguardiente is put up in jars containing from ten to twenty gallons; of these about 18,000 are annually exported and consumed along the coast. The country about Ica, the capital of the province, yields some wine, but of a very indifferent flavor. A duty of three reales in paper* is paid on every arroba of spirits exported, and three reales in silver on wine.

During our stay here, we found the captain of the port, and indeed all those we became acquainted with, very courteous and hospitable. The captain was inclined to be intelligent on some points, but prejudiced and opinionated on others. His family was amiable, and his daughters, though living in a one story building, with a ground floor, and with no other furniture than a rough table and a half dozen high backed chairs with leather seats, always received us kindly, and presented us with flowers, the odor of which they were careful to enhance by sprinkling them with Cologne water!

At the captain's house we met an “old Spaniard,” who had resided a number of years in different parts of Peru, and who was very intelligent and agreeable in conversation. Speaking of the Peruvian ladies one day, he said, “that during sixteen years he had not heard of a single happy marriage with fo-

* Custom house bonds.

reigners," and supposed that it arose from difference of education. The husband was annoyed by the frivolities and expensive amusements of his wife, or by her loose manner of conversation, for there are few Limanians who are not fond of vulgar allusions and broad jests, too disgusting to repeat, and some even go so far as to enjoy a practical joke of the kind. But he added, that though the ladies were accused of looseness of morals and inconstancy, he had not known one to go astray who was united to a foreigner of any respectability !

Speaking with the captain of the port about the political state of the country, and more particularly of its relations with Bolivia and Chile, he observed, that he believed the object of the dissensions with Bolivia were to make General Santa Cruz President of Peru, for all the states of South America looked towards Peru with a jealous eye, as being the favorite child of nature, abounding in capital, and mineral wealth !

Not long since, it was thought that Peru could grow within itself sufficient wheat for its own consumption ; therefore a very heavy duty was imposed upon that imported from Chile, with the view of encouraging its cultivation at home. The Chilians became indignant, and reciprocated, by imposing a duty of twelve dollars per quintal on the importation of Peruvian sugars. The Peruvian Congress then proposed to admit into their ports all foreign vessels at reduced duties, on condition of not touching previously in the Chilian ports. The Peruvians and Chilians now view each other with a jealous eye, and mutually apply very harsh epithets ; the first say that the latter are a set of savages, who were not civilized till after the revolution, and they are mean spirited enough to ape the English and Americans in whatever they do—"Siendo Inglez o' Norte Americano, basta para que entre en la sociedad de Chile"—To enter the society of Chile, it is enough to be an Englishman or North American. The Chilians charge the Peruvians with ignorance, immorality, arrogance, and want of hospitality. The Peruvians reply, that they cannot even speak Spanish with propriety ; that they are a set of drawlers, &c.

I asked the captain of the port if he had received the circular relative to the post office, which I had seen at Islay. He said "Yes, but as it was promulgated at a time when nobody ruled—when Bolívar, Torre Tagle, and Monteaudo, were all heads of the government, and nobody subordinate, and as Pisco was not a port of entry, he did not trouble himself about it!"

CHAPTER XX.

Guarmey—Ferrol—Samanco—Nepeña.

ON the 24th of April 1833, we sailed from Callao, and on the 26th, at ten o'clock, anchored in the Bay of Guarmey. It is a mere indentation of the coast, and is situated in ten degrees and five minutes of south latitude, and fifty-nine and a half minutes of longitude west of Callao. It is of easy ingress and egress, and the anchorage is said to be good. The land to the southward is sterile and precipitous. After doubling round the point, the eye is relieved by an agreeable contrast; for then the valley comes into view, covered with the bright green foliage of algarrobo and espino trees, which grow about twenty feet high. A small rivulet empties into the southern extremity of the bay, where vessels may take in a supply of fresh water, without much difficulty. The river is from three to four feet deep, and about twenty yards in breadth. It has several branches, some of which pass through beds of saline earths, or salt-licks, that yield, by lixiviation and evaporation, nitre and marine salt. The earth which has been lixiviated and deprived of its nitre, is exposed for a twelvemonth to the atmosphere, and again affords nearly an equal quantity of that important article. The rationale of its formation, is far from being satisfactory, if

we are obliged to look to animal remains for the nitric acid which is contained in the nitre. The original formation might be attributed to that cause, for the whole vicinity has been formerly a cemetery of the aborigines; but how the earth, after it has been exhausted of nitre, regains it by simple exposure to the air, is a problem which I am not prepared to solve.

The salt is said to be too strong for the purpose of preserving meat; and sealers say that it is so caustic as to destroy the seal skins salted with it. The extraction of nitre at this place, has been but recently commenced, but promises to be a lucrative business. At present its only market is Lima.

The chief export, after the nitre, is fire-wood (the espino,) which is sold at Callao at a dollar per quintal—at Guarmey, it is worth two reales and a half.

Near the beach, were long piles of wood, from which two or three small craft were loading. Two or three ranchos of flag mats, were the only habitations about the landing. The town of Guarmey is about two miles from the bay, situated in the midst of a thickly growing forest of espino and algarrobo trees. A single broad street, kept remarkably clean, forms the village; the houses are constructed of flag mats, or reeds, plastered over with mud; the chapel, which stands at one end of the street, and two or three dwellings, are built of adobes. As we walked through the town, the children that were sprawling about, or playing, got up and gazed at us, either with the thumb stuck in the mouth, or twirling their hands behind them; the women, whose ugliness was remarkable, came to the doors, and at least fifty lank and worthless curs, broke the silence by their attacks upon us. The whole place had an air of coolness and cleanliness, that are unusual in the small towns along the coast, for every house was very nicely whitewashed. Guarmey contains about three hundred inhabitants, all of whom are Indians or sambos, with the exception of a dozen whites. The only foreigners are General E——, with three or four men, assisting him in his nitre works.

So soon as we anchored, I landed, in company with Lt. A——. We followed the stream, and one or two of its branches, crossed some lagoons, shooting ducks and water hens

as we proceeded. We saw, during our walk, a small flock of flamingos, whose feathers were unusually deep colored and brilliant.

On our way along one of the branches of the rivulet, we came upon two Indians, catching "camarónes," or prawns; each was armed with a small hoop-net, which they swept under the bank, and scooped out from two to twenty at a time. Their trowsers were rolled above the knee, and they waded through the water with the least noise possible.

A little further on, we met an old Indian carrying a rude iron axe upon his shoulder. He saluted us with a smiling face; and halting, looked at our guns with an expression of curiosity. He directed us with his hand to a branch of the stream where we would find plenty of game; for which kindness, we gave him a porter bottle that we had just emptied, an article, in this part of the world, not easily procured by the lower classes; gourds of different forms being dried, and used as substitutes. "Dios le pague mi patron"—may God pay you, my patron, said he, when he received it, with an inclination of the head. We continued on our course, and he turned upon his heel, and, in our company, retrod the path which he had just traversed. He made many inquiries about the guns, and was very curious in examining the percussion locks and caps. Presently he disappeared, but soon returned with a large gourd of chicha, which we found very acceptable, and quite as excellent as we were led by fame to expect the chicha of Guarmey to be. After we had done honor to his gourd in deep potations, he led us to a spot where the sand had formed a flat in the river, which was shaded by rocks and trees. Two women were seated on the bank, preparing prawns for a meal; they took off the shell, and threw them into a gourd; a plentiful supply of lime juice was squeezed over them, and some salt, which was broken from its bed not far off, was then added. In the meantime, a young man was upon his hands and knees, blowing a fire made of faggots, to heat some stones, which were to be thrown amongst the "camarónes," to cook them. Besides this dish, they had a quantity of small dried fish, and a gourd of "maté," and several of chicha.

After taking a second potation of chicha, and leaving them a small gratification, we left this pic-nic party, and followed the path towards the town, which, however, we lost in the sand, and ascended a high sandy hill, from whose summit, where there are some Indian ruins, after some difficulty we descried the village, almost hidden in trees, and after a toilsome walk succeeded in reaching it, though we were near passing it when not more than a hundred yards off. We stopped in a small pulpería, where we found a quantity of new cheeses hung up over head, and a supply of pisco, bread, and chicha. Having refreshed ourselves with these, and well pleased with the hospitality of the old woman who kept the shop, we returned on board with our game bags filled with ducks, water hens, and wild pigeons.

Not far from the landing, are the ruins of an ancient fortress; and in fact the valley is crossed by the vestiges of a wall, which it is supposed was built by the Grand Chimu in his last war with the Incas. This war, which was one of religion, ended in the complete subjugation of the empire of that valiant chief.

On the 27th of April, we again weighed anchor, and set sail for the bay of Samanco; but passed it at night; and about ten o'clock the next morning, anchored in the bay of Ferrol. This bay is two leagues from Santa, and about five from the port of Samanco. Ferrol is a beautiful bay, completely shut in by two or three rocky islands at its mouth, and is about seven miles long and four broad. At its northern extremity is a small Indian village, containing about five hundred inhabitants, called Chimbote; and also several springs of fresh water, accessible to boats, for watering ships. The bay is only visited by sealers, and occasionally by smugglers. The rocks, during certain seasons, are completely covered with seals, which are taken in great numbers. The southern extremity of the bay is separated from that of Samanco by a flat neck of sand, about three quarters of a mile wide, extending from the main to a large morro or headland, forming in part the northern cape of Samanco. Ferrol bay is in $9^{\circ} 7'$ south latitude and $78^{\circ} 3'$ west longitude. The extent of the bay of

Samanco, which is not laid down on the charts, is as extensive as that of Ferrol, but not so smooth, nor so well defended from the sea. Fire wood, sugar, and rice, are carried in small coasting vessels to the Lima market, but even this trade is very limited.

We left the ship about eleven o'clock, and pulled to the southern end of the bay, distant about three miles from the anchorage, and dragged the boat across the sand, which we found covered with dead shells, and bones of marine animals. Alarmed by our landing, a very large flock of flamingos rose, and sailed away through the air with an infinite grace, while a party of buzzards, less timid, only moved off a few yards, and when we had passed, returned to their carrion feast.

Our boat being launched on the waters of Samanco, we pulled across to what is termed the port, a distance of at least seven miles. When near the beach, we perceived a flag rancho, built a few yards from the water, on a knoll of sand, which is in a kind of gorge formed by high rocks rising on either side. Several dogs ran out and set up a loud barking, at least ten minutes before we reached the shore. On the beach were several pieces of iron machinery, and a sun-dried boat. Our boat was drawn up "high and dry," and the oars &c. carried to the rancho and deposited.

The front of the rancho, which is about ten feet wide, was sheltered from the sun by the roof projecting in advance of the wall, forming a kind of corridor. The whole was built of cane and flags or bulrushes. Beneath this shade we met an elderly woman, of the sambo caste, in a calico gown. Panchita, as she is called, was seated on a low stool, shelling corn, and at the same time quieting a young child extended in her lap. On her right was a shelf or counter, filled with bottles of aguardiente, gourds of chicha, and some cheese and onions; on her left, were overturned gourds of different sizes, and several cats and dogs lying together in familiar confusion. On one corner of the counter was the "Guia de los Fieles"—Guide of the Faithful—and a mutilated copy of the incomparable adventures of Don Quixote, that in appearance had been very frequently thumbed. The interior of this dwelling was small, and appa-

rently comfortless. In one corner was a bed, in which one of Panchita's two sons was lying sick with a disease of the skin.

Though the widow Panchita was so nearly alone, she replied quietly to our salutation, while she continued her employment, nor did she evince the least surprise at our visit. We had a letter for a Mr. C——, and we inquired the way of reaching that gentleman's hacienda or estate. She told us, that Guacatambo, the name of the hacienda, was at least three leagues distant, and she had no "béstias" to hire, nor had she any body to send to the estate to bring us horses. We suggested, that the boy, Jacinto, who was standing by, might go on the "búrro" that was tethered before the door, amusing himself with a bundle of grass; but Panchita said, that Jacinto was the only aid she had; and added, that we might get horses at Guambacho, which was only a league and a half off, and that we might walk there in a little while. After some persuasion, she consented that Jacinto should mount the donkey and act as our guide, which the little fellow seemed right glad to do.

We acted on the widow's suggestion, and the whole party, boat's crew and all, set off for the pueblo of Guambacho. The sun was powerfully hot, and the road deep in sand, which increased the heat by its reflection. The country is wild and uncultivated, covered with thorn bushes and a few algarrobo trees.

We found the distance a long league and a half, and indeed we were afterwards informed that it rather exceeded two. When we entered Guambacho, the whole pueblo was assembled at one rancho, drinking chicha and making merry, because it was Sunday. The houses, or rather ranchos, are some six or eight in number, and the whole population cannot exceed fifty souls. The men had drunk enough to make their speech a little thick, and to enlarge their hearts. The women were less affected by the drink, and all gave us a hearty welcome. We made known our desire to hire horses for Guacatambo, which they told us was about a league distant, but all said there were no horses to be had. There were two horses and a mule standing by the rancho, and one of the men said

he would hire his animal for four reales; a second offered his for six, but a third declared, that he would not let his animal go for less than a dollar, and at last refused to hire the beast for any consideration whatever. All at once he had business on his *chacra*, and must be off, but at last agreed to accompany us to the *hacienda*. The sailors were to remain at *Guambacho*, and make out the best way they could. Our party consisted of three, but the owners of the "béstias" would not consent to trust the animals to our care, and insisted upon accompanying us. A small boy was mounted behind Lt. D——, and a man behind Mr. B——, who was on the mule without a saddle; I was on a horse, with a youth named Manuel seated behind me on a pillion.

While we were bargaining for the horses, we inquired for the *alcalde*, with the view of enlisting his services in our favor. An old Indian, in his shirt sleeves, secured at the wrists with silver buttons, seated in the group, was pointed out by one of the party as the person inquired for; he arose on being addressed, and acknowledged himself to be the *alcalde*, but regretted very much that it was not in his power to force the owners to hire their horses, unless we had "un papel del gobierno"—a paper from the government; in that case he would furnish as many horses as might be desired, but he doubted whether we could do better than take up with the "béstias" before us, because he did not think there were any more in the "pueblo."

Manuel, who was behind me, was a light young man, of a copper colored complexion. His eyes were black, but lack lustre, and his whole form promised great activity, for though small, his limbs were well proportioned. He wore a white shirt and trowsers, and a straw hat, which were all extremely degenerated in color by dirt. When talking, he was perfectly nonchalant, and his countenance at no time betrayed anything like emotion or feeling of any kind; his face was as expressionless as parchment.

We set off, but had not ridden more than a hundred yards, before the mule kicked up and threw both riders to the ground, and trotted away into the bushes, to the infinite amusement of

our friends at the rancho. Mr. B—— then got up behind our third companion, after making the boy dismount.

After riding about a mile, bemoaning our ill accommodation, Mr. B—— asked Manuel for his pillion. “En que voy yo puez?”—On what shall I go then? asked Manuel in return.

“Why, ride on the bare back, as I do!”

“¿Y como voy yo gustarmelo mejor que V^{md.}?—How am I going to like that better than you?

“But my pantaloons will be soiled.”

“Y tambien los mios—¿y que me importa à mi si se ensucien los pantalones de V^{md.} o’ no?”—And mine too—and what is it to me whether your pantaloons are soiled or not?—So Manuel remained obstinate, and my friend was compelled to ride on.

Guacatambo was reached after a ride of a league through bushes and stunted algarrobo trees. We found a single house, built of adobes, standing in a barren spot, with two or three common ranchos near. A number of dogs, some pointers, hounds, and degenerate curs, came forward to meet us. The “mayordomo,” almost as immoveable as Manuel himself, and three or four slaves, were sitting, or rather sprawling, before the door, in idleness. Amongst them was a sprightly mulatto, from whom we learned that Mr. C—— was “en la sierra”—in the mountains—and that the horses were all “en el monte” (a common thickly overgrown with bushes and small trees.) Disappointed in getting horses here, we appealed to Manuel, and endeavored to persuade him to accompany us to Nepeña, but in vain. Mr. B—— said he would keep the other horse, to which Manuel made no objection, but replied, “entonces me voy”—then I am going—and, walking his horse up to where the other was standing, struck it so smartly with the plaited end of his bridle, that Manuel and both horses went off at full gallop, leaving us to get back the best way we could. Though exercised at our expense, we could not but laugh at the dexterity of Manuel, who shouted from the edge of the woods, as he disappeared, “Adios! Caballeros, Adios!”

It was near sunset, and we began to think seriously of eat-

ing, but on requesting the "mayordomo" to give us some bread and cheese, he replied, "pan no hay, my patrón"—there is no bread, my patron. Disappointed in this, we found, in one of the ranchos, a copper pan, half full of broiled ribs of pork, and a gourd of boiled corn, which the slaves had prepared for their suppers; we partook of the food thus thrown in our way, and when our appetites were appeased, the mulatto brought us animals to proceed to Nepeña, whither he volunteered to be our guide.

It was dark when we mounted on two donkeys and a mule, the guide riding with me on the latter animal. The road or path wound in almost every direction through a "monte," sometimes plunging into close thickets, and again emerging into open spots, with here and there a lone algarrobo, or thorn bush, that cast a long shade over the ground, as the moon was just rising. The distance is two leagues, and it was nine o'clock when we entered the streets of the village of Nepeña.

When we rode into the plaza, every thing was still, save a party of men and women who were singing and dancing to the tinkling of a guitar on the opposite side of the square. The moon was shining clear and bright. We alighted at the house of the curate, for whom we had a letter of introduction, but he was not at home. Several persons came forward to see us, and we learned with satisfaction from one of them, that Mr. C—— had returned the previous evening from the "Sierra." He soon made his appearance, and carried us off to the house of his friend, Don José Manuel, where we were received with the kindest hospitality. Don José was engaged at a game of "solás" with two or three friends; his lady, and some of her female acquaintances, were chatting under the corridor, in front of the house.

We were quickly supplied with the means of ablution and abstersion, though we had no handmaiden to perform for us these agreeable operations. A plentiful supper of steaks and eggs was spread for us, and in consideration of our fatigue, we were permitted to retire early.

The next morning we walked over the whole pueblo before

breakfast, and afterwards conversed for an hour or two over our cigars, with our host, in the corridor.

Don José was a man of good sense and considerable reading, and possessed of a fund of entertaining anecdotes. Speaking of politics, and the state of Peru, he observed, “the *morale* of the mass is not suited for a republican form of government. We want a Frederick II., or a Napoleon; you were happy in having Washington amongst you. The Presidents of the United States have always retired from office poorer than when they were elected. Our Presidents and their officers think only of enriching themselves. The army is a sort of parasite to the body of the people, and the officers of it are constantly striving to destroy each other. The lieutenant is opposed to the captain; the captain to the major; the major to the colonel; the colonel to the general, and the general to the president. All cry, “*libertad y la patria, y no piensan en mas que agarrar*”—liberty and the country, and they only think of grasping. This expression was accompanied with a gesture more expressive than his words, his hand being spread out like the claw of a bird, and gradually closed as he drew it through the air. He added, “*Los que hablan de la patria, son los pícaros mas grandes en el Peru*”—Those who talk of the country, are the greatest rogues in Peru.

While we were conversing, the lady of Don José was engaged in a small *tienda* or shop, selling various articles of dry goods to the people of the place. Even by the most wealthy in Peru, the keeping a *tienda* is not deemed to be derogatory to their dignity, or standing in society. Don José is master of three hundred slaves and a sugar estate, and is estimated to be worth one hundred thousand dollars.

About eleven o'clock we visited the curate. He was swinging in a hammock of Guayaquil grass, and smoking a cigar. He received us very cordially, and after offering us *Italia* and cigars, at once entered upon the subject of politics. He read us a representation that he had just made to the President, setting forth the propriety and necessity of annexing *Nepaña* and its vicinity to the province of *Chancay*; or in case this proposition should not be approved, to appoint a Prefect to rule over

it, and allow it a representative in Congress. He assured us, that the alcaldes were so linked with the people, either by interest, relationship, or friendship, that it was next to an impossibility to obtain justice at their hands. From the conduct of the alcalde at Guambacho, I am disposed to think his observation correct.

The curate had been a chaplain in the army, both with Bolívar and General Gamarra, and seemed therefore unwilling to express himself freely as to the probable result of the pending election. He said that General Gamarra had been his friend, and had rendered him essential services. "A man," said he, "should wait till office seeks him, and not seek office: General Gamarra was called by the voice of the people, and now the voice of the people seems to be calling on General Riva Agüero, and if he succeed to the presidency, it would be useless for me, with my single arm, to oppose him because he is not my friend—my duty is to obey."

He opened the church, and took to himself great credit for its cleanliness, and the improvements which he had made. The church is small, very plain, and contains nothing worthy of notice. The curate's house, adjoining to it, is of one story, and built of adobes; it has a ground floor, and is furnished with a rough table, and a few rude high backed chairs.

While on our visit, the worthy father received a note, and a pair of large gold buckles wrapt in paper. He said that they were sent with the governor's compliments, to see whether one of us would not purchase them. We declined, observing that they were too large for our fashions. He replied, that we could not do better than purchase them, as he would dispose of them cheap, and that we might sell them again in Lima to great advantage!

Nepeña is a small village of ranchos, built of mats and canes, and about a dozen adobe houses. Its population is estimated at fifteen hundred. The country around is watered by the river Guambacho and its branches. Sugar, rice, and maize, are its chief products.

At one o'clock we again mounted, and returned to our boat by a shorter road than that we had travelled. The boat's crew

had returned from Guambacho in the morning. They reported that they had great difficulty to get any thing to eat in the pueblo, and that there was a strong disposition manifested to impose upon them, and cheat them of their money. According to their account, the widow Panchita was the only lady in the country.

About half past five o'clock we launched our boat, and, after a long and tedious pull outside of the promontory that separates the two bays, we got on board.

CHAPTER XXI.

Santa—Bathing—A prison scene—An execution.

AT one o'clock, P. M., on the 7th of March 1833, we anchored in the Bay of Santa.

We landed, and walked along the shore, stopping at the different ranchos, (only six in all,) constructed by hanging flag mats on poles, forming a square divided into two or three apartments. In one we found the curate of Santa, attended by his mistress, a comely girl, of an Indian caste, and about eighteen years old. The padre was a short, stout man, with a round face and jaundiced eye. He told us that he had been suffering for a long time with the "tertiana," or intermittent fever, and had been recommended sea bathing as a dernier resort for his cure! This is not the only instance that has come in my way, of the priests violating their vows of celibacy.

About half a mile from the usual landing place, were two ranchos, occupied by families who had taken up a temporary abode, for the advantage of sea bathing in the cases of some of their members. Several females were bathing; and as they sprung up to avoid the rolling in of the surf, they gave way to the hilarity of youth on a narrow escape, or they plunged into

it, and again emerged, like Venus of old, from the froth of the sea, in all their beauty. The youngest of the five bathers was a little girl, but eight years old, entirely naked, plunging and sporting in the breakers, with her long hair floating down her back. The symmetry and *tournure* of her little person were perfect. The next was thirteen, and had so far advanced into womanhood, as to conceal the lower part of her person in a petticoat. Her bosom was bare, white, and rounded, and made her represent more years than she possessed. The third was a matron of some twenty summers; her person was hidden in a calico dress, which was rent, and permitted the eye to discover at a glance the beauty of her bust. The other two were much further advanced in life, and attracted but little of our attention.

An elderly lady sat upon the bank, smiling at the pranks of her sporting family, surrounded by half a dozen lean, lazy curs. The father was a long man, of about forty years old, with a grizzled beard of a week's growth. He wore a poncho and a straw hat. When we came up, he was seated in front of the rancho, silent and reflecting; and near him, a half dozen slattern, barefoot, half dressed black wenches, were preparing dinner. He came forward and saluted us: seeing our attention directed towards the bathers, he ordered chairs to the bank, and invited us to be seated. We soon entered into familiar conversation, and though we were total strangers, and foreigners to boot, not one of the party appeared to be the least *géné*; and indeed, I have never seen these people, under any circumstances, the least embarrassed by the sudden appearance of strangers amongst them. The young maids did not abate one jot of their mirth, nor endeavor to avoid our gaze. The old lady and gentleman seemed pleased with the scene, and the first laughed heartily, whenever her daughters were buried in the sea.

After twenty minutes, we walked about a hundred yards further on, where there was a group seated on the shingle bank, and near the last rancho. Two old men were reclining on the stones, and a middle aged woman was sitting upon a pillion. She was of an Indian caste, and possessed a smiling, good hu-

mored face. One old man, who was dressed in a rusty, snuff colored suit, had a bald crown, fringed round with a light growth of silvery hair. Time had made some inroads upon his sun burnt cheek, but his eye was still bright, and expressive of good nature and kindness of heart. His companion was some years younger. His dress was a blue jacket and trowsers; the latter were of rather stunted longitude, but sat close to his well proportioned leg; his vest was striped, and secured by a single button. A bottle nose, and a pair of twinkling eyes, evinced the remains of humor. He had been evidently a *bon vivant*, and was doing penance, perhaps for the indiscretions of youth. When we drew near, the elder lady bowed her head and smiled, and both the gentlemen raised their hats, and saluted us with "buenas dias Caballeros," without changing their position in any manner. The *bon vivant* invited us to be seated, saying, "though the stones are not the softest, yet we share what we have." We complied, and offered cigars to our new acquaintances; the lady, and the gentleman in the snuff colored suit, took one each, but the *bon vivant* moved his finger before his face, from side to side, saying "no, muchas gracias, me hace daño ahora"—no, I thank you, it is injurious to me now. As is usual, we commenced the conversation with remarks upon the weather, the pleasant situation of the rancho for the enjoyment of the sea breeze, and its convenience for bathing. The man in blue saw that we looked towards the bathers, and assenting to our remark, observed, "pero esas son juvenes y no valen nada," and expressed by a look all that his words did not convey. He admired our ship, and inquired whether there was not a general impatience amongst those living on board, to get on shore immediately after arriving in port. He dwelt upon the pleasures of the land after being at sea, and thought that it must be delightful to arrive at a great city like Lima, where there were so many amusements, the opera, the bull-bait, the cock-pit, the tertúlias, "en fin, cuanto hay para distraerse,"—in fine, every thing to distract one from care. He added, that he had been there the last year, during the gay season, and had won something at Chorillos. "To anchor in a place like Santa," he continued, "in these days, when

it is 'triste,' and the place so in ruins, is not so pleasing—it is not as it was before it was destroyed by George Anson and Cocheran”—and he expressed something more by a shrug of the shoulders, which, however, it is impossible to interpret. He told us that he came from a place seventy leagues in the interior, and spoke in enthusiastic terms of the richness of its soil, and its products.

At this moment, two girls, who had been bathing, came dripping from the sea; one, less than ten years old, was entirely naked; the other, about thirteen, who was in a cotton dress, smiled, and saluted us with an inclination of the head, and hastily threw a woollen poncho over her shoulders. The younger one hung down her head, and by her averted face, and side-long gait, evinced a degree of modesty at thus appearing before strangers in a state of nudity. The *bon vivant* laughed, and said, “Que! tu no tienes nada que tapar—si fuistes hombre, entonces si.”—The little girl, however, did not agree with him, and glided behind her sister in the poncho, and soon slipped on her dress.

A negress now announced dinner, and the good people invited us to join them; but, being past our dining hour, we declined; we took seats, however, in front of the rancho.

A table, about two feet square, and a foot and a half high, was placed under the shade of the projecting roof. It was covered with a white cloth, and laid with several silver plates, and heavy forks and spoons of the same metal. The pillions were spread round, and the good people seated themselves upon them. According to the general custom, a large dish was set in the centre of the table, from which every one helped himself. The first was of boiled beef, dressed with a salad of tomatoes and onions. A variety of dishes succeeded it in turn, amongst which were rice, Quinoa, and potatoes, dressed with aji, which is one of those common mixtures termed picantes; this one is termed “papas con aji.”

The children were seated round a pillion; in its centre was placed a silver plate, out of which they fed themselves with their fingers. About three yards from the table was the kitchen, where the various materials of the meal were cooking

in their respective "ollas" or earthen crocks, supported on stones, with a fire beneath them. Two or three horses were standing near, dosing, and occasionally switching away the flies with their tails; their bridles were hanging upon the ground, which is the only means usually adopted to secure a horse to any particular spot where the rider may dismount. These were the "rocines" or hacks; but there was one animal, lighter limbed and sleeker than the rest, tethered by a lazo to a peg in the ground, that stood rubbing his head against a fore leg that was advanced before the rest, and now and then looking in upon the company. A philosophic looking borrico, with a clean face, peered his long head and great ears beneath the shed, and looked calmly upon what was going forward. A great blue cat was purring and rubbing her sides against the children, with her tail curved, and using all her eloquence to influence the charity of the little girls for a morsel of beef. With sneaking looks, and tails between their legs, a half dozen mongrel curs stole cautiously towards the table, and seated themselves at the elbows of their masters. I thought they took advantage of company to draw near, for so soon as they were perceived, and slightly reprimanded, they slunk away, but took the first opportunity to resume their places.

We sat there nearly an hour, smoking, chatting, and occasionally joining in the potations of the "chicha de maiz," which was served in silver tankards. The *bon vivant* told us, that the old lady had been recommended to visit the sea shore, "to breathe the air;" and that he had come to bathe, "porque tenia la sarna y me rasgaba mucho—aun no me dejò dormir de noche"—for I had the itch, and scratched much—I scarcely could sleep at night; but I am now cured, though I am still afraid to drink chicha or smoke cigars.

Impressed with a favorable idea of the hospitality of our new acquaintances, which is, out of the large cities, proverbial along the whole coast, we bade them farewell. On our way back to the landing, we passed over an ancient burying place of the Indians, which has been pretty generally turned up by visitors in search of huaqueros or earthen vessels, found in the graves. The whole surface is strewed with skulls and bones,

bleaching in the sun, which receive many a kick by the idle passers by. The back part of these skulls is almost vertical, and rises quite abruptly from the great hole at the base. The left side is generally much more prominent than the right. The forehead is narrow and retreating; and the line of the face is quite as perpendicular as that of the European.

The bay of Santa, situated in $8^{\circ} 52'$ of south latitude, is a mere roadstead, defended from the prevailing winds by a high bluff on the south. The valley is comparatively fertile, and yields rice and sugar in considerable quantities, and large herds of cattle are grazed, and sold in the Lima market. A little to the south is a small lagoon, filled with most excellent mullet, which we judged, from their large size and great numbers, had not been disturbed previous to our visit. There are other lagoons in the neighborhood, abounding with ducks, snipe, and water hens. The lagoons owe their origin to a small rivulet which passes the town to the north, called Santa river, which occasionally overflows its banks. Algarrobo and espino trees grow closely along its shores, forming thickets, which are visited by deer. These features of the country are quite sufficient to account for the intermittent fevers which prevail through the year, and for which the padre before mentioned was indebted to the kind attentions of his Dulcinea. The valley contains many of the ancient mounds, termed huacas, and a fortress of the GRAND CHIMU, who for some time made head against the Incas, previous to his fall. The graves of the aborigines in this part of the country resemble those near Arica, but appear to have been made with more care, for some of them are square chambers about six feet deep, and four on each side, walled up with small adobes.

The town of Santa, which is situated about three miles from the beach, is laid out with a regularity that is characteristic of all Spanish towns, and the architecture is the same as that of Lima. Its streets have a lonely deserted appearance, and are much more than sufficiently extended for the present small population, which does not exceed eight or nine hundred souls. Santa was once much more populous, but change of government and war have reduced it to its present condition. In for-

mer times, the town stood upon the shore; but in consequence of its being sacked in 1685 by the English buccaneers, it was moved to its present site, to avoid the frequent descents, made at different periods by the enemies of Spain, along the whole coast. But here it did not escape, for in 1761, the river on which it stands overflowed its banks, and reduced the place nearly to a mass of mud!

At the house of a native, who is one of the *magnates* of the land, and who keeps a mistress, and an immense baboon for her amusement, without exciting the scandal of the neighbors, (which may be owing to the absence of the practice of tea-drinking,) I became acquainted with a gentleman named Don José. Previous to the revolution, he was possessed of a million of dollars, and lived only to enjoy it. Loyal in his principles, in 1823 he hastily got together eighty thousand hard dollars, determined to leave the country till the troubles should pass over. This money he was carrying to Guanchaco, to embark, when it was seized by the patriot chiefs, and spent in the service of the country. Fearing that he might be drawn upon for larger amounts, and for this reason, desirous of conciliating the patriot officers, he kept open house, and for the amusement of his friends, kept a gambling table, at which he constantly lost. At last, almost ruined, he closed his establishment, the consequence of which was, that he was accused of being favorable to Ferdinand, and was obliged to fly for safety. He was hunted for several years, and after the Spanish flag had disappeared from South America, he made his appearance, and found his immense fortune reduced to about thirty thousand dollars. Don José told me, that even now he is afraid to express an opinion about political matters, on account of the strong prejudice that universally prevails against Spaniards. He therefore almost constantly resides upon his estate, where he grazes large herds of cattle, which are sold in the Lima market.

One morning, while at Santa, I was attracted by an assemblage of about a dozen persons around two or three horsemen in the plaza, which was an unusual sight in this lonely spot. They were in front of what is termed the "cárcel," or jail. Before a door made of thick wooden bars, forming a grating,

through which we saw about a half dozen prisoners, in a dirty obscure room, the group was assembled. One of the prisoners held two of the bars above his head with his hands, and leaned his chin against the door, looking out upon the plaza, while the latter part of his body projected backwards. He was a savage looking fellow, with sturdy limbs, and blood shot eyes; his dress consisted of a white shirt and trowsers, one leg of which was rolled up to his knee. Another was seated on the ground, leaning his back against the wall, while his head hung forward on his breast, with a striped handkerchief tied round it; his legs were crossed, as they extended before him, and his hands were clasped together upon his lap, with their palms turned forward; in addition to his shirt and trowsers, the latter spattered with mud, he wore a dark poncho knotted round his waist. The other prisoners were walking back and forth in silence.

The horsemen were clothed in large green ponchos, Guayaquil hats tied under the chin, and armed with pistols and short spears; and each had a dragoon's sabre, in a metal scabbard, dangling at his side. Their horses hung their heads like wearied animals, and if their muddy limbs had not been sufficient, the long beards of their riders clearly proved that they had but just returned from a long journey. A stout old man in a gingham jacket, with a round face and little gray whiskers, stood conversing with one of them, while the other was arranging a paper cigar, and striking fire by aid of a machéro. The respect paid by all present, and a large Molluca stick, with a ponderous gold head, which he held in his hand, and occasionally moved to support his arguments, declared him to be no other than the Alcalde of Santa. One horse stood without a rider, the reins lying on the ground, and a lazo by his side. The prisoner had been brought in upon this animal, secured by tying his legs together with the lazo.

The whole turn out, I soon discovered, was to see a murderer, who had been just brought in by the mounted "vigilantes." The prisoner had eluded an almost constant search, all over the country, during more than a year, and was at last brought to the town to show that escape, under such a crime, was impos-

sible even in Peru. The conversation between the *alcalde* and the “*vigilante*,” was upon the best mode of keeping securely a prisoner, who had murdered his patron under most aggravated circumstances. The only plan which occurred to them, was to mount guard constantly before the door, because manacles or shackles they had none. Curiosity led me to look a second time in the *cárcel*, to see the prisoner, who, I concluded, was the dejected looking man sitting against the wall, but to my astonishment I was told that the murderer was he who was leaning his chin against the grated door. I instinctively drew back to gaze upon the wretch; he smiled, and extending his hand through the door, said, “*dé me un real para comprar cigarros*” —which, with tone and manner taken into account, translated, is, “give me a real to buy cigars, and be d——d to you!”

About two months after this event, I was passing through the streets of the capital, and was attracted by a mulatto, walking slowly along, tolling a little table bell in one hand, and carrying a silver plate in the other, containing several small pieces of money. I asked him what it meant. He replied, that he was collecting alms to pay for *misas* and the “mortgage” of a man who was “*in capilla*,” and who was to be shot at ten o’clock. A prisoner is said to be “*in capilla*,” when he is separated, after being sentenced, from the rest of the prisoners in the *cárcel*, and only allowed communication with his immediate friends, and confessor.

I hastened to the plaza to witness the execution, the manner of which was almost new to me. The *portáles* presented their usual appearance. A hollow square of troops was drawn up just in front of the Bishop’s palace, resting on their arms, and some forty or fifty spectators, mostly idle boys or negroes, were standing around. On a nearer approach, I discovered, at one end of the hollow square, an old negro with a grizzled head, dressed in a short jacket, and full bottomed *bragas* open at the knee, standing upon one leg, while the other crossed it and rested the toe upon the ground; his left hand grasped the top of a square post planted in the ground, having a small board about two feet high nailed in front of it, and his right hung by his side, holding a white handkerchief folded like a

cravat. Over the top of the post were laid a white fillet and two or three strips of hide about a fathom long. Presently, an officer at the head of a small guard entered the hollow square, and as he marched round with his sword drawn, repeated several times in a loud voice, "Juan Mendez is doomed to die for murder; if any person can offer a reason why he should be pardoned, let him speak."—All remained silent.

In a few minutes a chanting was heard, and the prisoner, supported by two friars, attended by others, and guarded by twenty soldiers, advanced slowly into the plaza from the street leading to the prison. When he had nearly reached the place of execution, the troops were ordered to shoulder arms, and a body of cavalry issued from the palace, and formed outside the infantry, completely surrounding them. The prisoner halted in front of the troops. He was much emaciated, but I recognised, in his strong frame and bloodshot eyes, as they wandered round the scene before him, the murderer that I had seen at Santa. He knelt down, and the executioner, that the reader has already guessed to be the negro in bragas, blindfolded him with the handkerchief which he held in his hand. The padres, who were chanting the whole time, raised him and led him to the post, where he again knelt for a moment, and then, with much composure, took the seat which was prepared for him. The executioner passed the hide cords round his arms and body, and secured it to the post, and then bound his head back with the white fillet:—the padres crying, in a lugubrious tone, all the time, "Misericordia! Misericordia!" not, however, as if they really desired it, but mechanically, as if they did it as a trade. At a motion of the sword of the commanding officer, after all had been adjusted, four soldiers wheeled out from the ranks, and at another signal, fired, though not simultaneously; the prisoner fell, and hung by the middle to the post, with his head and feet touching the ground. A friend advanced with the "mortgage," or grave clothes, and the crowd rushed forward, anxious to see the body. The troops quickly retired, and in two minutes the padres had disappeared, and only four persons, besides the executioner, were standing near the spot of the execution. The body was untied and laid on the ground,

and a plate laid upon the breast, into which several “cuartillos” were thrown. In this situation, I am told, the bodies of malefactors are frequently exposed for many hours, to obtain alms from the passers-by to pay the expenses of interment.

To judge from this instance, public punishment for crime is useless in Lima; for not more than eighty persons, besides the troops, witnessed the execution—indeed the plaza appeared to be as gay during the whole scene as if nothing unusual was going forward.

CHAPTER XXII.

Huanchaco—Balsas—Landing—Port—Road to Truxillo—The Grand Chimú, and his war with the Incas—City of Truxillo—“El Quipos del Chimú”—A nunnery and a nun—Pacasmayo—Spinning—Ride to San Pedro—A Governor—A Colonel—Hospitable reception.

HUANCHACO, or Guanchaco, is situated in 8° 4' south latitude, close to the beach, upon which the sea breaks with so much violence that the ordinary boats of a ship cannot land, even when the ocean is most tranquil. The anchorage is about two miles distant, and communication is held with the shore by large launches, and a peculiar kind of balsa, made of straw, which the fishermen call “caballito,” from the manner they ride upon it through the breakers. It consists of two large bundles of straw or rushes, made of a conical shape, bound close together, leaving a small space or hole towards the large end, in which small parcels are sometimes carried; the apex of the cone is turned up in a slender point, like the toes of the shoes worn by our great-great-grand-mamas, in times of old. The balséro sits astride this little vessel or caballito when in the surf, for better security, and when he gains the open sea, *à la Turque*, in the hollow or space just mentioned. A straw

hat, a coarse shirt and trowsers, form his dress, and he manages his "little horse" with a double paddle instead of rein.

On the morning after our arrival, we pulled towards the shore, to meet a launch that was making its way slowly to the ship, and thus save as much time as possible. After we had got on board, her head was turned again to the shore, and we soon found ourselves in the rollers. When fairly in the breakers, foaming and boiling fiercely enough, the oars were held up perpendicularly, ready to be put in the water again if occasion should require, and the timoneer, an old Indian, guided her, as she swept high on the top of a roller swiftly towards the beach, and just before she touched, brought her bows to the sea, and the next moment three or four Indians waded to the stern of the boat, having one shoulder saddled with a sheep skin, on which the passengers were ridden ashore. The Indian holds the feet of his rider in his hands, while the latter holds by the other's head, to prevent himself from sliding off. For this piece of service each passenger paid a real.

At different places along the coast, as far as eye could reach, the line of the breakers was sprinkled with fishermen, mounted on their caballitos, engaged in their vocation, now mounting high on the foamy crest of a sea, like a great water fowl, now sinking from sight in the hollow of the waves, or whirled about in the eddies; and again, by aid of the double paddle, regaining their positions.

The Indians that were on the shore, were rather short, stout, of a sleek copper color, with small black eyes, set well apart, coarse black hair, cut close, except a small tuft or topknot in the middle of the forehead, and temple locks hanging down to a line with the lower part of the ear. They wore coarse white shirts and trowsers, the latter rolled high above the knee, showing their most sturdy limbs. They were employed carrying bales of goods from the launches that were being discharged, or loading others with sugar and bales of tobacco.

The port of Guanchaco consists of a store house, a church, which is the general land mark, and about a dozen or two of huts and small houses. The city of Truxillo, or Trujillo according to the latest orthography of the Spanish Academy, is about

seven miles off, though probably not more than a league in a direct line from the sea.

The road is tolerably good, and passes by many huacas, and the ruins of the ancient town of Chimu, named after the king, who was called the GRAND CHIMU, the lord of the valleys, Parmunca, Huallmi (now Guarmey), Santa, Huanapu, or Guanape, and Chimu, or Chimo. He is represented to have been a haughty prince, very successful in war, and much feared by the neighboring nations. His subjects worshipped various beasts, and birds, and fishes, for some peculiar virtue or trait in their habits; as the lion and tiger for their fierceness; the condor for its size; the owl for its wonderful sight, being able to see at night, and the dog for his loyalty.

In the reign of Pachacutec, who died in 1423, the Incas carried their arms, under the command of INCA YUPANQUI, his son, and his uncle, CAPAC YUPANQUI (whom the king called his right arm), into the dominions of the GRAND CHIMU, to force him and his vassals to renounce their idols, and worship the sun, the God of the Incas.

Inca Yupanqui advanced as far as the valley of Rimac, and while waiting there for some reinforcements from the south, sent ambassadors to the Grand Chimu, to declare the will of the Inca, and to offer clemency in case of submission. The powerful and Grand Chimu replied that he was ready to die with arms in his hands, in defence of his country, laws, and customs, and desired no new gods; and that the Inca must rest satisfied with this answer, for he would never give any other.

War was begun, and waged with great fury on both sides, for some of the ancient enemies of Chimu joined the Incas for the sake of revenge. The inhabitants of Santa and the valley of Chimu, where this proud king held his court, were more warlike than the rest, so that the contest was more fierce and bloody than any that occurred during the long dynasty of the children of the sun. At last the haughty king was forced to yield, and the Inca generously left him the government of his valleys, saying that he did not wish to despoil him of his do-

main, but to raise him and his vassals from their low state of idolatry, and to improve their laws.*

The huacas of Chimu have yielded more treasures and curious antiquities than those of any other of the Peruvian valleys. Large amounts in gold and silver have been extracted at different periods. Among many of these antiquities, I was shown a fore-arm and hand of gold, found several years since; it was about six inches long, hollow, without any seam, and had three holes on one side, and a single one opposite, like those in the joint of a flageolet, and it was supposed to have been used as a musical instrument.

The city of Truxillo, (now known in public documents by the name of Libertad), stands in a sandy plain, about two leagues to the northward of Guanchaco, and about a league from the sea. It was founded in 1535, soon after the founding of Lima, by Don Francisco Pizarro, and called after the city of his birth in Estremadura in Spain. The streets are of a convenient breadth, and intersect each other at right angles; but from the nature of the soil, and being badly paved, they are dusty and dirty. Many of the houses are built of adobes, two stories high, having balconies looking into the streets and interior courts, resembling Lima in all respects. The population does not exceed six thousand. The city is surrounded by an adobe wall, intended in former times to repel the attacks of Indians. The city contains a cathedral, two convents of nuns, and a hospital. Lately, a newspaper, under the title of "El Quipos del Chimu," printed on a sheet of foolscap, headed with a phoenix rising from the flames, and the motto, "Sin ilustracion en los ciudadanos, ni severidad en los mandatarios son nulas las Republicas," is published every Saturday, at a real each number, or at the rate of six dollars a year. The editor announces, that all articles intended for publication must be presented before Thursday of the week, if their publication be desired for the following Saturday; this illustrates the activity of the press in this city. The "Quipos" contains the public decrees, items of foreign news, commercial adver-

* Garcilaso. Herrera.

tisements, but the greater part is filled with personal wrangles and vituperation.

The title and the phœnix are both fanciful and classic, for Quipos is the name of a register of important events, composed of a variety of different colored strings and knots, that was kept by the ancient Peruvians, and the phœnix is symbolic of the city of Liberty rising out of the ruins of the ancient Chimu, which are in the immediate vicinity.

Truxillo was formerly the residence of several nobles, who held lucrative offices under the Spanish government. Taralla, in his satire, entitled, "Lima por dentro y fuera," says, that it was "poverty enclosed in walls," and for want of money, that articles were bartered in the market place,

" Que en la plaza se permutan,
Harina y carne por huevos,
Por pan, frutas y verduras
Y tambien gatos por perros."

Though the country immediately surrounding the city is sandy and barren a few miles from the sea, the valley is rich in sugar cane, corn, and wheat. In a report made to the general government of Peru, by the governor of Huanchaco, in July 1833, it is stated, that the province yielded for the past year 20,000 fanégas of wheat, valued at 53,000 dollars, and from the fostering care of the government being extended to agriculture, the quantity would be in all probability very much increased. The chief wealth of this part of Peru consists in the products of the mines. Large amounts of uncoined silver, in spite of the prohibition, are smuggled on board of men-of-war that stop at this port for this purpose.

One morning I paid a visit to a convent of nuns, that is under the holy protection and patronage of Santa Carmen. On one side of the building is a small square hall, leading from the street to an interior court, which was closed. A dumb waiter or turning wheel is placed on one side of the hall, which conveys things in and out of the apartments occupied by the nuns, without any of them being seen. While I was there, many servants arrived with baskets of fruit, sweetmeats,

and various presents, that were placed on the wheel, and received on the inside by a female with a sweet voice. She heard me speaking, and inquired who the stranger was, and then asked me, whether I was a Christian, and how I liked Peru. I told her, that it was an interesting country, though I thought Truxillo very dull, and I ventured to inquire, whether she did not sometimes feel a want of society. She replied, "¡jamás! somos veinte, todas esposas de nuestro Señor Jesu Christo, y que otra felicidad podemos desear!"—Never, we are twenty, all wives of our Lord Jesus Christ, and what other happiness can we desire! She sent me out a scapulary, which she bid me wear as an amulet for the sake of Nuestra Señora del Carmen, and for which I returned some silver in charity, and asked how long she had been a nun. Imagination pictured her to be young, and of course beautiful, because she had a sweet voice; but the romance vanished, when she told me that she had taken the veil more than thirty years back, at the age of seventeen!

On the corner of the convent is the chapel, which is open to the public. The interior is tastefully decorated, and almost hidden in gilded mouldings and panels. On the side next the convent, are holes about a foot square, covered with a tin perforated plate, through which the nuns whisper their confessions to the priests, who occupy the confessionals placed immediately below.

Leaving Truxillo at midnight, we anchored the next day before the port of Pacasmayo, situated about fifty miles to the northward. We landed, as at Huanchaco, in a launch. The port consists of a half dozen ranchos, built on the sand, of reeds and flag, without door or window, inhabited by Indians, who are exclusively employed in fishing with their *caballitos*. They use small cast nets, by which they obtain almost their only food. In one of the ranchos, an old woman was spinning after a very primitive fashion. She was seated on the ground, *à la Turque*, with a roll of nicely picked cotton enclosed in paper, and supported on three sticks, forming a kind of tripod. Her dress was a woollen petticoat, and a shawl of coarse blue baize; her face was wrinkled, and her head gray. The cotton was

drawn out into a thread with the fingers, which were occasionally rubbed on a large lump of chalk beside her, and twisted by aid of a stick, having one end pointed, and on the other a heavy button, that was set in motion by a dexterous twist of the fingers, and the weight kept it revolving for some time. As the thread was spun, it was wrapped on the stick that performed the office of a spindle. In the same rancho, several sea stars were roasting on the coals, and a young Indian was eating one with aji, which was contained in a small gourd. A little to the northward, is a small stream of fresh water, on whose banks grow some small trees, which are the only relief from the reflection of the fine white sand.

One of the persons whom we met in the port, was a young man with black hair, dressed in a short jacket and pantaloons of white, and without stockings. This personage very courteously introduced himself to us as a lieutenant of the navy, and offered his assistance to procure us horses to ride to San Pedro, the chief town in the province, distant two leagues. Our party consisted of three persons. After some delay, four horses were brought forward, but only three saddles could be found, and our *compagnons de voyage* would be three, so that we made six in all. One animal was a little lean pony, about four feet high, and it somehow happened that he fell to the longest legged man in company. In place of a saddle, a fragment of a rug was folded and placed on his back, and the owner of the animal insisted upon riding *à ancás* or *en croupe*. The other chargers were, to judge from appearances, descendants either in direct line, or from a branch of the renowned Rocinante, for they seemed to possess all the spirit of their sire, and not a jot more. I was fortunate, and had an entire horse to myself, so that we set off for the pueblo.

Our route lay over deep sand, that did not retain the tracks of our animals, and after a mile, we found ourselves amongst drifting sand hills, which are common in several places along the coast. Here the fellow-traveller of our long legged friend got down, and took to his own legs, in preference to being longer dandled on the sharp rear of the hard trotting pony. Seeing him toiling through the sand, I, in sheer compassion,

gave him a seat behind me. In this way we got through the sand, and came out upon hard ground, planted with low cedars and willow. The road then passed through rice fields, which were overflowed from a neighboring acéquia.

About one o'clock, under a burning sun, we entered the pueblo of San Pedro, which consists of an assemblage of adobe houses and ranchos, sufficient in number to accommodate about five hundred inhabitants. It rejoices in a small church, a billiard table, and a gambling house, where we found several groups engaged at cards and monte-al-dao, for reales and dollars.

We paid a visit to the governor, a short fat man of the Indian caste, who unites in his person the offices of captain of the port, tailor, and shopkeeper. A little band-box of a room, with a counter in front, formed his *tienda*, which was stored with American cottons, coarse cloth, white wax, candles, hardware, besides sundry cheeses suspended in little nets from the ceiling. His sitting room was furnished with three leather backed chairs, a low table, four tumblers, and a black bottle, from which he regaled us with a potation of pisco and water. He was warm in praise of the quiet of San Pedro, and mentioned, in proof of its prosperous condition, that a piano had been lately imported, which was the delight of "todas las doncellas del pueblo,"—the delight of all the maids in the place. In spite of the apparent want of comfort, he received us with great cordiality, and presented us with cigars, and had fire brought in a silver brazéro of fine filigree in the form of a bird. This "filigrana" of silver, as it is termed, is manufactured at Huamanga, or Ayacucho, by the Indians, into a variety of baskets, birds, &c., which are very beautiful, and many have been carried to Europe and the United States, by travellers, as curiosities.

Our friend the "teniente," invited us to visit his cousins, one of whom, he told us, was married to a lieutenant-colonel, and we consequently concluded that they were of the *ton*. We found his cousins, three young ladies, sleeping on the *estrada*, (part of the room raised about a foot above the level of the floor,) on mats, with their bare arms for pillows. On our en-

trance, the aunt shook the girls, saying, "levantate, niña, aquí hay gente"—get thee up, there are people here! The cousins roused themselves, and threw their hair over their bare shoulders with a shake of the head, and concealed their busts in shawls, which they hastily put on, but without an air of surprise or embarrassment. They smiled, and said that they had fallen asleep in consequence of the heat. At the other end of the room sat a thin little man, with black eyes, mustaches, and a long beard, in his shirt sleeves, busily employed in making paper cigars. He only bowed his head, but did not speak, and continued his employment. The aunt, after a communication in a whisper from the "teniente," pressed us to take dinner with them. While it was preparing, the girls sang and played the guitar, and exerted themselves to amuse us. There were two or three children sitting by the window, studying their lessons from a catechism, and a work on Christian morality!

Our dinner consisted of stewed chickens, roasted lamb, boiled eggs, rice, and a rount of "puchéros," "papas con aji," onions, cheese, and garlic, with a desert of melted "chancaca" and bread. Before dinner, the man who was employed making cigars disappeared, and we learned that he was the lieutenant-colonel, and did not dine in consequence of indisposition.

About three o'clock, we took leave of our hospitable friends, well pleased with our reception and kind treatment, and returned on board ship.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Lambayeque Roads—Derivation of the name of the Pacific—Landing—San José—Balsa—Ride to Lambayeque—Plaza—The Capús, a dress worn previous to the Conquest—A curious currency—The Church—A morning visit—Chicharfas—Huacas—Chicha—Gourds—Indians—Town—Products—Visit Chiclayo—Factoría de Tabacos—Soap making—Tanning—Palm Sunday—Return to Lambayeque—Passion week—Scenes at the Chicharía and Billiard room—Mode of embarking.

ON the 22d of March 1833, we arrived in the roadstead of Lambayeque, situated in $6^{\circ} 47'$ of south latitude, and anchored about six miles from the beach. The anchorage is unprotected by either point or headland, so that it is much like anchoring in the open ocean, particularly when a fog covers the distant shore. In any other part of the world it would be dangerous; but here, where storms are unknown, and the breezes blow steadily from one direction nearly throughout the year, it is done with impunity. "This south sea," says the worthy Fray Calancha, "is called the Pacific, because, in comparison with the Atlantic, the Mediterranean, the Red Sea, and the Persian Gulf, its storms are less violent and fewer, and its calm is more tranquil. It is also called the sea of drunkards, because a drunken man might navigate in it, and if a vessel be ever lost, it is entirely owing to the ignorance of the pilot, for the navigation is safe, unless he go where he should not. Both ocean and ships are ruled over by five beautiful stars in the form of a cross—a happy prognostic of a holy domination over sea and land—at the sight of which the devil, even when most enraged, retreats, and leaves all in tranquillity!" But the poet Peralta, more gallantly at least, even if less devoutly, attributes the tranquillity of the Pacific to the mild spirit of its empress, Amphitrite, who, according to him, rules this ocean.

*" Pacifica Amphitrite magestuosa
Domina en Throno rara vez turbado ;*

Que solo alli de su Deidad undósa
 El descuydo es despojo lamentado ;
 Con que de sus espumas la violencia
 Del error es castigo no inclemencia !”*

Whether the cross of brilliant stars or the goddess keeps away tempests, I must leave to the decision of those who are more deeply skilled in the reading of the heavens, though I hope the goddess may not be cheated of her empire, since she is so beneficent to sailors.

Soon after anchoring, we took a whale boat and pulled in for the town, in hopes of getting on board of a balsa, which we saw under sail close to the shore, and which we conjectured was steering for the beach ; but on coming up with her, we found she was standing out with goods for a brig loading for Callao. Loath to return after so long a pull, we determined to attempt the landing in our boat, though extremely hazardous, from the heavy surf that constantly lashes the beach ; we did not apprehend much danger, as the boat had twice landed on former occasions without the least difficulty. We rowed boldly into the breakers, and though they boiled fiercely around us, we met with nothing that caused us to regret our undertaking, till within a hundred yards of the sand ; then the steering oar was wrenched from the hands of our timoneer. Now deprived in a great measure of the means of managing the boat, she came broadside to the sea, which rushed leaping and foaming and roaring towards us, as if exulting in our danger. We found ourselves in the most imminent peril ; and one of our party cried out, “It is all up with us—that sea must turn us over.”

“Not so fast,” exclaimed our timoneer. “Now boys for your lives !—give way your starboard oars, and back the larboard—and no crab catching !” The order was obeyed with precision, and the stern of the boat almost instantly was opposed to the approaching sea, but not soon enough to avoid the spray, which drenched us pretty thoroughly. The boat mount-

* Lima Fundada. Canto I. st. xx. p. 10.

ed on the crest of the wave; the oars were at rest, and the next moment we lay safely upon the sand.

At this season, many families are here from the town, for the benefit and pleasure of sea bathing. More than a hundred persons, men, women, and children, ran to the beach, springing over the balsa logs strewed in every direction, to see us land. Some were impelled by curiosity to examine our boat, never before having seen one, except at a distance, and others, who had sympathized with us in peril, shouting for us to turn back long before we were within ear-shot, now came to reprove us for our temerity. "Que temeridad! exponerse la vida para nada!"—What temerity! to expose life for nothing! said one.

"Unos calavéras sin duda!"—Some rattlepates, doubtless! cried another.

"Valgame Dios! no lo hago yo por diez mil pesos!"—The Lord preserve us! I would not do it for ten thousand dollars! exclaimed a third; but the young damsels spent their admiration on the boat. "Que buen bote! que bonito parecia; en la ola! que bien andaba!"—What an excellent boat! How beautiful she appeared on the wave! How well she sailed! Indeed, many a boat has been lost here, and money cannot induce these people either to embark or land in any thing but a balsa. Seeing us dripping like river gods, several of the good people came forward, thanking Heaven that we were safe, and offered us a change of clothes; but our valise having escaped being wet, we declined the offer, though we were fain to accept a potation of pisco to keep out the cold.

Our boat was again launched, in spite of protestations, and being very buoyant, was soon forced through the breakers, and pulling away for the ship.

There are a few huts and store houses built upon the shore, which together form the town of San José. The town of Lambayeque stands about six miles to the northward and westward.

The balsa used here, differs from that of Coquimbo, Cobija, Arica, or Huanchaco; it consists of a raft of large logs, of a very light species of wood that grows near Guayaquil. They

are secured together by ropes, and a mast is fixed near the centre, on which a square sail is set. The balsa is managed by six or eight Indians, and used for landing and embarking cargoes for vessels, for fishing, and many sail as far north as Guayaquil, with cargoes of dry goods. Some are employed carrying salt from Sechura to Paita, and sometimes go as far as thirty and forty miles from the coast. They beat along by standing off all day with the sea breeze, and laying on all night with the land wind, which succeed each other very regularly. Their progress is much more rapid than could be possibly conjectured from a simple examination of their structure. At this port they always land, sailing directly upon the beach, and if not required for immediate use, are at once taken apart, because the breakers very soon dash them to pieces.

Wet as we were, we mounted our horses, and in a few minutes put spur for the town of Lambayeque. The road lies over an irregular plain, winding amongst sand hills and aboriginal mounds; the only vegetation upon it are a species of thorn tree called aroma, and the everywhere pervading algarrobo tree. About seven o'clock we entered the town, amidst the noisy salutations of hosts of dogs, that were roused from their slumbers at almost every step; they seem to enjoy great privileges, and to judge from the fact, that there is a strong sympathy between poverty and dogs, it might be conjectured that this town rejoices in a number of poor inhabitants. Bells were ringing and dogs were barking as we passed through the streets, while numerous little groups of slattern women and children were assembled at the doors. We alighted at the house of a gentleman of the country, who had travelled in Europe, and who speaks English very well, but we found that he was absent in the Sierra, on a visit to some of the mines. According to a previous agreement with him, we took possession of the house, and in a very few minutes put the servants into requisition, to prepare our supper and beds.

While at tea, several neighboring gentlemen, and two of our countrymen, residing here, came in; we passed all the evening in the house, conversing with our guests, one of whom (a native) we found to be very intelligent in the history of the

country, besides possessing very correct notions in regard to Europe and the United States.

The conversation turned upon the conquest of Mexico and Peru, and our friend, Don Francisco, who, by the way, was as thin and as dry as Don Quixote himself, was very warm in the praise of Cortez and Pizarro. He defended the latter in the part he took in the death of Atahualpa the Inca, who was, according to him, an usurper, and deserving of his fate. When I urged Pizarro's ignorance and baseness, he argued that perhaps any other chief would have pursued a similar policy under similar circumstances, and that it was hardly probable, that a man who held such entire sway amongst his followers, should be unable either to read or write—particularly as he governed men, who, according to the Fray Calaneha, understood both those arts—Don Francisco therefore concluded that such reports had been propagated through envy by his contemporaries.

About four o'clock the next morning, we were roused by the ringing of bells and firing of rockets, accompanied by the music of hautboys, horns, and violins, which were altogether too noisy to permit us to sleep. We found it to be a part of a church ceremony, and when we looked out upon the street, the stars were brilliant, and the sky almost transparent.

Soon after sunrise we visited the plaza, which forms part of every Spanish town. We found numbers of people in the street, passing thither to purchase the day's provisions, or returning with their baskets already filled. Now and then we passed a door, where two or three old men, in morning gowns of calico, and white cotton caps, sat smoking the segarrito, and enjoying the freshness of the morning.

Along one side of the plaza, next to the church, were the market women, sitting amidst heaps of fruit and vegetables, shaded by mats propped up with canes. The women were all Indians, short, and square built, having coarse black hair, braided down the back, black eyes, set well apart, white teeth, and flat noses. The expression of the countenance is sad and very placid, from which might be inferred their great docility, and patience of suffering. The color of the skin is a dark copper, and

smooth. They are an ugly race, and their full black dress conceals any grace their figures may possess. It is called the "capús" (pronounced *capoos*), and consists of two pieces; the lower part is a petticoat, extending from above the ankle to the hips, around which it is gathered full; the upper part is straight, and may be compared to a bag, in which slits are left for the head and arms; it is looped up on the shoulders with a black ribbon or string, like an infant's slip. A broad sash of red passes round the hips several times, and secures the petticoat and lower edge of the "capús," which being much longer than the body, falls down in a sort of bagging fold, so as to conceal the sash. The "capús," sitting loosely, falls off from the bust in front, and discovers the white chemise of coarse linen, embroidered with blue thread, and being neatly puckered about the neck, completely conceals the bosom. The sleeves of the chemise are short, and also worked in blue or pink thread. A scapulary of various virtues, or a string of black beads and a cross pending in front, is the usual ornament of the neck, when any is worn. To this costume, which does not differ very materially from that used previous to the conquest, is added a white poncho or shawl, woven in a blue pattern, worn over the shoulders, and which occasionally serves to sling "the mother's joy" upon her back; while she sits spinning cotton after the fashion of Pacasmayo, or disposing of her truck, the infant sleeps on her back, and lolls its head and arms out of its sack, in vain endeavoring to reach the ground; and it is rarely that these children are heard to weep or complain while near the mother. The little urchin soon learns to attract the parent's attention, by tugging her ear or hair, and is sure then to be hauled by the heels over the shoulder, and his lips applied to the fountain of the purest as well as the earliest food.

On another side of the plaza, are three or four moveable shambles for butcher's meat, shaded by mats, and surrounded by a bevy of idle curs. Besides a variety of fruits, amongst which are fine cherimoyas and grapes, several kinds of fish, some salted, and some fresh, were spread out on mats; amongst those salted, were the flounder and skate. A small shell fish,

known to conchologists under the name of *donax*, was exposed for sale in little heaps.

The want of small coin in Lambayeque, has given rise to a curious way of making change. The smallest coin in circulation here, is a medio (6½ cents,) though in Lima, the cuartillo, equal to half that sum, is found, but in limited numbers. To remedy this, a conventional law has made two eggs equal to a cuartillo; when the port has been for a long time without visitors, the currency depreciates so much, that three or four eggs are required to equal that sum, though this is less fluctuating than the currency either of Brazil or Buenos Ayres.

The dress of the male Indians consists of a pair of breeches, tight round the hips, and loose or bagging behind, and open at the knee, showing the embroidered linen or cotton drawers. A poncho, folded and laid over one shoulder, is carried even during the warm weather, and sometimes a jacket is worn. A large hat of Guayaquil manufacture, forms a conspicuous part of the dress, and when mounted, the heels are armed with huge spurs of iron or silver. Like the women, their faces are serene, and seldom lighted by a smile; they are short, square built, and possess very sturdy limbs.

The plaza, at an early hour, presents a curious scene to the eye of the stranger; and if he would see the world of Lambayeque, at this season, he must visit this spot before the powerful sun has driven every body home. Amongst the heaps of fruit, shaded by mats that look like so many targets, are seated the Indian women, in the capús, *à la Turque*, or threading their way among them with infants slung upon their backs, loitering here and there, to gossip in a singing tone, and purchase their frugal meals. These are contrasted with the more animated creoles, sambos, and whites, of both sexes, who appear in gayer attire. At one corner are assembled the asses and mules, with empty capachos and panniers, whisking away the flies, or nodding in the shade. The bells are ringing, and on the terrace around the church are seen ladies in saya y manto, and in the mantilla of Cadiz, and fat headed friars in black robes, walking very leisurely to matins or confession; for at this early hour the conscience is lighter, the memory is clear-

er, and the stomach is not employed in digestion. At the same time, the water carriers, seemingly as gay as the morning, are hurrying along, chirping or whistling to their asses loaded with cool water dripping from the kegs.

We entered the only church in Lambayeque. It is built of adobes and brick, is terraced round, and occupies one side of the plaza. It has a tower or belfry about a hundred feet high. The interior, like all Catholic churches, contains several altars and saintly shrines. The altar cloths are secured by a great iron hasp and padlock, which conveyed to my mind a dark meaning, that had some relation to the honesty of those who visit these shrines. The pulpit, as well as some of the altars, are heavily carved and richly gilt, and the square columns are hung with crimson damask, trimmed with tawdry yellow lace, but the whole is tarnished and covered with dust. The choir contained an organ, a rudely constructed but sweet toned harp, two horns, two vocalists, and a violin. The music was solemn and soothing at times, and then lively. The organ always sounded without accompaniment.

Several women, some in saya y manto, and one or two in the mantilla, were kneeling on mats or rugs, in the nave of the church, counting their beads, while two priests were chanting mass before the altar. In distant corners of the temple, two were kneeling beside confessionals, whispering through its sieve-like pane into the ear of a friar seated within the box, while two or three irreverent curs were gamboling amongst the kneeling women. One old lady was apparently much annoyed, and occasionally interrupted her devotions to cast a reproving glance upon the sporting dogs, and then relaxed her countenance to a proper devotional longitude. Just as she was concluding a prayer with "Bendito sea Dios," a little dog leaped against her. Her equanimity was overthrown, and she exclaimed in an angry but subdued tone, "zafe perro, sin verguenza!"—out, dog, without shame; but the dog seemed to enjoy her anxiety, and did not desist till she struck at him with her rosary.

About noon, in spite of the oppressive heat, we passed through the silent streets, to visit a family that one of us had

formerly known. The matron made her appearance, with her arms drawn out of the sleeves of her dress, which were pendent at her sides, her hair hanging down her back and shoulders, and her bosom nearly bare. In this slovenly attire, for which the heat is offered as an apology, it is not uncommon for married ladies of Lambayeque to be seen, in their own houses, during the summer season. As is customary in other countries besides this, the conversation began upon the weather. “*Que calor hace!*”—how warm it is! said Doña Juanita, (the elderly matrons are always pleased to have the diminutive annexed to their names, even after the hair has become silvered,) at the same time passing her pocket handkerchief, first on one side of her neck, and then on the other, to dry away the effects of the heat of which she complained. This remark was most philosophically replied to by a young Peruvian of our party :—“*Si, Señorita!—Es verdad, pero es la fruta de la estacion.*”—Yes, madam!—It is true, but it is the fruit of the season. After exhausting the subject of the weather, not forgetting to dwell on the pleasures and advantages of sea-bathing, the comparative facility of learning various languages was next discussed. On a due consideration of French, Italian and English, Spanish was decided to be more easily acquired by foreigners than any other, “*porque como se pronuncia se escribe, y como se escribe se pronuncia,*”—because as it is pronounced it is written, and as it is written it is pronounced; but, continued our hostess, “*el idioma de ustedes se escribe de un modo, y se habla de otro,*”—your language is written in one way, and spoken in another. These remarks I have heard in every town from Valparaiso to Panama. After waiting some time, and losing all patience for the appearance of the young ladies, the mother observed, “*las niñas estan peinándose,*”—the girls are dressing—but as the hair is the material part of the female toilet in South America, the expression is better rendered, “the girls are combing.”*

* I am informed by an English lady who has long resided in Lima, that the belles never wear corsets, except on the occasion of attending public balls; hence whatever beauty their persons may possess is natural, and not the re-

About five o'clock the heat had partially subsided, and the houses in the streets running north and south, cast a complete shade. We strolled out, and found a large portion of the population seated at their doors, the men smoking cigars, and the women dressed, and their heads ornamented with fresh plucked flowers. Near the river, which passes on the north side of the town, is a large building, formerly used as an hospital, but now in ruins; at its corner were seated upon the door sill, several gentlemen, amongst whom were the governor and a number of officers of the customs, conversing and chatting over their cigars. After a few remarks, we continued our paseo across the bridge, which is now swagging sadly in the centre. It is built of reeds laid athwart, and covered with earth, supported by piles of algarrobo wood that have become almost as hard as stone, though they have been standing for a hundred years. The river is about a hundred feet wide, and twelve or fourteen deep. Generally it runs with an easy current, but when the snows melt in the mountains, after a hard winter, it overflows its banks, carrying every thing before it. In March 1791, the town was inundated, and many lives destroyed; again, in 1828, the hospital before mentioned was nearly destroyed, and canoes were floated in the streets for several days.

Lambayeque is celebrated for its excellent chicha, and it is one of the few places in Peru that Taralla speaks well of:—

“ Que llegas à Lambayeque
 Abundante fertil pueblo,
 Cuyos Indios, y vecinos
 Son del agrado el modelo.”

Along the streets are seen poles projecting horizontally from the tops of the ranchos, with a bunch of corn leaves tied on the end, which indicate that chicha is to be sold within. Near the extremity of the bridge, opposite to the town, is a “chicharia,” at present in high repute for the excellence of its liquor. Here we found two or three young gentlemen, and a

sult of that much-to-be-deprecated habit of squeezing and lacing, so generally practised both in England and the United States, to the prejudice of health, and often to the peril of life.

jolly friar, styled Fray Tomas, chatting over their matés of chicha, and smoking cigars. Fray Tomas is a remarkable little man, not only for his short stature and well filled rotundity, but for his neat manner of dressing. He usually wears a black silk vest, carelessly buttoned, so as to display to advantage a neatly embroidered shirt bosom and ruffles, black velvet small clothes, secured at the knee with gold buckles, black velvet pumps, tied in bows of black ribbon, and his well proportioned calf covered in black worsted hose. His upper garment is a striped gingham surtout, short in the waist, and reaching below the knees. A low, straight stock, with purple edging, is worn about his neck, and a heavy gold chain and seals hang from his waistband, like a kedge anchor from the bows of a frigate. When he walks out, he wears a thin black cloth cloak, and a clerical hat rolled up at the sides, which shelters his little face, at the same time hiding his thin black hair and tonsure; besides, he carries a gold mounted Molluca stick about four feet long. Altogether, Fray Tomas is a trig, merry son of the church, of fifty years old, who leads an easy life, saying mass, exhibiting the sacrament, and employing his leisure in playing cards, smoking cigars, and drinking chicha. He is courteous and talkative, and delights in mixing the "Nectar del Peru," as he styles it, of different brewings, always desiring the opinion of the company, whether it be not improved.

Like most of the clergy in Peru, he is skilled in Latin and church history, and besides, has somewhat of an antiquarian taste, which he indulges occasionally upon inquiries about the huacas and graves of the children of the sun, and always dwells with particular gusto upon the chicha sometimes found in them, which he represents as becoming much stronger than brandy. Speaking of the huacas, the question was agitated, whether they were tombs, or depôts for treasure, or strong holds. Fray Tomas thinks they are the depôts for treasure, because the burying places are always found in the plains, and that nothing but treasures are ever found in the huacas, while in the graves, jars of chicha, or some implements of industry, are only met with. I expressed a desire to visit a huaca which is near the town, to satisfy my curiosity upon the subject. At this mo-

ment, a tall Indian, whose person was but partially concealed by a dirty poncho rolled about him, who was leaning against a post, arms folded, a leg crossed over the other, toe resting on the ground, and head reclining slightly backward, listening silently to our conversation, remarked, that it would be dangerous to visit that huaca, because it was enchanted. “No hay tal—tu no sabes nada”—It is no such thing—thou knowest nothing—said the priest snappishly, and then in a softer tone said to me, “No le crea V^{md.}”—Dont you believe him—at the same time, with a significant look, moving his forefinger before his nose, from one side to the other. He then observed, that there was a huaca near the mouth of the river, which became enchanted in a curious manner. Two parties, without any knowledge of the intentions of each other, commenced mining on opposite sides, at night, with the view of keeping their work secret. At last the adits met in the centre, and when the earth between them grew thin, they heard strange sounds, which they attributed to enchanted Indians, who were disturbed by their labors. Presently the partition broke, and there was a rush of wind through the aperture, that reduced all to darkness. The workmen threw down their tools, and fled in great consternation, and though it was fully explained, the lower orders never could be persuaded that the huaca was not enchanted.

Though many Huacas have been explored, and yielded large amounts in gold, there are still many which remain untouched; these may reward the enterprise of some fortune-hunting individual. There is an anecdote told in Truxillo, of a poor but industrious Spaniard, who gained the esteem of an old Indian, by kind offices, and protecting him from the operation of the mita system. The Indian described a spot in Chimu, where the Spaniard found more than a million in gold, in utensils and ornaments, and promised to tell him before his death where he might obtain much more, saying that he had only got a single egg from the nest. In gratitude for this mark of confidence, the Spaniard purchased an exemption from personal service in the mines, for the Indian and all of his tribe, but the old man died, and his secret was buried with him!

One afternoon we visited some Huacas in the vicinity, which, among the Indians, have the reputation of being enchanted. They resemble fortresses more than anything else. In the interior of one of them there is a wall, made of adobes of different sizes, which appears as if it had been heavily rained on. They are about thirty feet high, a hundred feet square, and of a pyramidal shape. There is no trace of graves or bones anywhere in their neighborhood. The age of these mounds is not known, for we are told that seven hundred years ago, their origin and use were as great a mystery as at the present day. The term Huaca, in the Quichua language, signifies "to weep," and hence the general impression that these mounds were graves or places of interment. The amount of treasure taken from them at different times, is very great. It is stated in the "Diario de Lima," for 1791, that, from the year 1550 to 1590, the king's fifths amounted to nearly one hundred thousand Castellanos* of gold, worth about two hundred thousand dollars!

Chicha was a liquor used by the aborigines before the conquest, which is proven by its having been found in their tombs. Chicha of the present day is of the consistence of milk, of a yellowish color, and when poured from one vessel into another, froths like beer; generally its taste is slightly acid, but when very good, the acidity is scarcely perceptible. The process of making it is simple. Indian corn is steeped in water till it swells; it is then dried, and ground; the flour and bran are boiled in water, strained, and left to ferment twenty-four hours, when it is fit for use. Sugar is occasionally added, and it is sometimes made into flip with eggs. Foreigners are generally disgusted with chicha, because they are told that it is made by chewing the corn, and spitting the saliva into a common receptacle, where it is left to ferment! This is called "chicha mascada," and I am assured that it is thus made in several places. †

* A Castellano is one hundredth part of a Spanish pound.

† Chicha bears some resemblance, at least in its manufacture, to the Epeahla, made by some of the "Hollontontes" on the southern coast of Africa. See *Owen's Voyages, to explore Africa and Arabia.*

The following verses in praise of chicha are sung to an agreeable air, both in Peru and Chile, on all occasions of festivity that partake of a national character :

LETRILLA.

*Patriotas, el mate
De chicha llenad,
Y alegres brindemos
Por la libertad.*

Cubra nuestras mesas
El chupe y quesillo
Y el ají amarillo,
El celeste ají.

Y à nuestras cabezas
La chicha se vuela,
La que hacer se suele
De maiz ó mani.

Patriotas, &c.

Esta es mas sabrosa
Que el vino y la cidra
Que nos trajo la hidra
Para envenenar.

Es muy espumosa :
Y yo la prefiero
A cuanto el ibero
Pudo codiciar.

Patriotas, &c.

El Inca la usaba
En su regia mesa
Con que ahora no empieza,
Que es inmemorial.

Bien puede el que acaba
Perdir se renueve
El poto en que bebe
O su caporal.

Patriotas, &c.

El seviche venga,
La guatia en seguida,
Que tambien combida
Y exíta à beber.

Todo indio sostenga
Con el poto en mano
Que à todo tirano
Ha de aborrecer.

Patriotas, &c.

Oh licor precioso !
Tú licor peruano,
Licor sobre humano,
Mitiga mi sed.

Oh nectar sabroso
De color del oro,
Del indio tesoro!
Patriotas, bebed.

Patriotas, &c.

Sobre la jalea
Del ají untada
Con mano enlazada
El poto apurad :

Y este brindis sea
El signo que damos
A los que engendramos
En la libertad.

Patriotas, &c.

Al càliz amargo
De tantos disgustos
Sucedan los gustos,
Sucedan el placer.

De nuestro letargo
A una' despertamos :
Y tambien logramos
Libres por fin ser.

Patriotas, &c.

Gloria eterna demos
Al heroe divino
Que nuestro destino
Cambiado ha por por fin.

Su nombre gravemos
En el tronco bruto
Del árbol que el fruto
Debe á SAN MARTIN.

Patriotas, &c.

The gourds from which chicha is drunk, are called *matés*. Gourds grow here to an astonishing size, and are converted into all kinds of household utensils required by the Indians. The small ones are made into bottles, drinking cups, and plates, and the large ones into dishes, and even into wash tubs!

The Indians and common people pay less attention to personal cleanliness than at any other place I have visited. The better classes, though slovenly in their dress, are extremely careful to wash and bathe frequently in the river. In our walks, we often saw men and women bathing together, in a paucity of clothing; and children of both sexes, of eight or ten years of age, are seen plunging in the river, and even playing through the streets entirely naked.

The food of the Indians consists of a little fish, salted or fresh, parched corn, and chicha. They sometimes indulge in eggs, but not often, for it is like eating up their own gold! These people still bear the impress of the Spanish domination, evinced in their silent, tolerant manners. They are extremely superstitious, and resort to witchcraft for the cure of diseases, and give a large portion of their gains to the church; they spend every thing in wax, for religious ceremonies, and chicha. The women carry heavy loads of wood, and great jars of water, enough in appearance to weigh down a man. They are a short, square built people, possessed of mild countenances, but an ugly race withal. Honesty is a rare virtue among them. I am told they were in the habit of placing combustibles against store doors, and silently burning their way in; to avoid which, many doors were made double, having the interstitial space filled with rockets to give alarm. Both in Lambayeque and Chiclayo, a town about five miles distant, there are Indians who trace their genealogy back to the Caciques; and one old man in the latter village is familiarly styled "el Cacique."

The town of Lambayeque contains at present about twelve thousand inhabitants, including whites, blacks, sambos, Indians, and castes. The streets are narrow, and intersect each other nearly at right angles. The houses are generally one story high, and resemble those of Lima in their architecture. There are no wheeled carriages in the place, with the excep-

tion of a sort of cart, made of heavy pieces of algarrobo, supported on low wooden trucks, and drawn by oxen.

Many years ago, this place was inhabited by Indians alone, the capital of the province being Saña, situated a few leagues to the southward; but after the latter town was sacked by an English pirate, about the year 1685, the inhabitants removed to Lambayeque. "Old Lambayeque" applies now to the site of an ancient Indian village, about four miles to the northward.

The country around, for many leagues, is a plain, watered by the river of Lambayeque, which bursts over the land in almost every direction, and like the Nile, carries fertility with it; these vagrant streams terminate in small lagoons, which have so much encroached upon the roads in many places, that a guide is necessary to lead one through the many paths, winding among algarrobo and other trees, which grow thickly everywhere, a half mile from town.

This province, sometimes styled the garden of Peru, produces excellent sugar, tobacco, rice, soap, hides, and cordovan leather. The tobacco and sugar have been sent from the earliest times to the Chilian and Panama markets; the soap and leather were usually consumed at Lima. Lately, however, from difficulties existing between the governments of Peru and Chile, the export of sugar has been very limited; the latter having imposed a duty of twelve dollars the quintal on all Peruvian sugars, not because the article is raised in Chile, but to retaliate on Peru for the imposition of a heavy duty on Chilian bread stuffs! The fruits are similar to those of Lima. Large quantities of sweetmeats, both dry and in syrup, are made in the town, from peaches, quinces, and grapes, the latter being most esteemed.

Besides all the fruits of the soil, large amounts in silver bullion, from the mines of Hualgayoc and Caxamarca, are exported, in spite of the law, and sold either at Callao or Valparaiso, to English or American merchants. The ingenuity practised by the owners of the silver to elude the custom house is admirable. It is sometimes packed in bales of soap, and sometimes in bags of rice, and in that way arrives on board of the men-of-war, where the silver is removed, and the rice and

soap sent on board of some merchant vessel. A custom house officer once observing a great number of apparent bales of soap, that were being embarked on board of an American man-of-war, remarked very archly, "the Americans must be a dirty people, to require so much soap to keep one ship's company clean!"

English and American naval commanders receive one and a half per cent. freight for carrying specie or bullion, and one per cent. deposite. The French government does not allow their officers any privilege of the kind. This freight money, with the English, is divided between the captain, admiral of the station, and the Greenwich hospital; with Americans, it "is to be equally divided between the captain of the vessel and the Navy Pension Fund." By this business, in the time of the revolution, some commanders gained eighty and even a hundred thousand dollars, in the course of a three years' cruise. In those days, it was not uncommon for a million in plate and bullion to be shipped at one time, to save it from the hands of patriot or royalist, as the fortune of either happened to be ascendant.

The Indians manufacture a variety of cotton fabrics, which are consumed in the country; such as cotton counterpanes with raised figures, straw hats of a variety of colors, *petâtes* or mats, and *segarréros*.

Some years ago, a holy friar and his nephew, who was anxious for promotion in the Spanish army, left Truxillo for Spain, the latter carrying with him one of the finest *segarréros* made in the country. The friar contrived in a short time to ingratiate himself with the king, and get appointed one of his Christian Majesty's confessors; and the nephew, who was blessed with winning manners, soon became in such high favor as to visit his king in his chamber before he arose from bed, "for you know," said the old gentleman who told me the story, "that kings never get up before twelve o'clock." One morning, the king told the nephew to take a cigar from the royal *segarréro*, "which was a great honor," and observing that it was a very coarse one, not worth more than two reales in Lambayeque, the young man very humbly proposed to exchange it for the

beautifully fine one he had brought with him. To his unspeakable joy, the offer was accepted! For a time, the king's segarrero was the admiration and theme of conversation with the whole Spanish court. The friar at once sent to Peru, and imported the finest cigar boxes that had ever been seen in all Spain, and such was the rage and fashion for these segarreros, that they sold for fifty, and even a hundred dollars each, and many Indians grew rich by plaiting them! But the most important result of the exchange was, that his majesty appointed the young man to an office near his person, which was no doubt turned to advantage, both by the confessor and his winning nephew!

One Sunday, we mounted our horses at seven o'clock in the morning, and set off for Chiclayo. The road winds first among algarrobo trees and lagoons, in which were several storks and a variety of white herons feeding; and the trees were filled with wild pigeons. Near Chiclayo, the road was enclosed between green hedges, running through fields of sugar cane and rice.

The entrance to the town is through a gateway, with square white pillars, and over a short bridge, thrown across an acequia or ditch. The first building is a large one, called "Factoría de Tabacos;" where, during the Spanish colonial government, tobacco was bought by the Real Hacienda, or Royal Treasury, and packed up in long rolls, about two inches in diameter, called "mazos." A million of these rolls were annually exported to Chile, where this tobacco is esteemed and still purchased by the Estanco or monopoly, though it is not used in Peru. The price was fixed by the "Dirección General de Lima," at seventy-five dollars for a thousand rolls, which were sold at the same rate per hundred, yielding a large profit to the government. Though the building has changed masters, it is still used for drying and packing tobacco for exportation.

Chiclayo is smaller than Lambayeque, which it closely resembles in general appearance, the population, lately very much increased, not exceeding eight thousand souls. The plaza is a parallelogram, having a church on one corner. On one side of it is a small apothecary shop, tenanted by a tall

yankee master of the pestle and mortar, whom I remember to have seen several years ago in Lima. He told me that he was married, "made out to get a living," and that there was an American carpenter in the place. There is not an out of the way corner in the world, where some of our enterprising countrymen, from "the land of steady habits," are not met with!

We stopped at the house of Don Antonio, which is at one end of the square, and by far the neatest in the place. Don Antonio was making his toilet in the sala, and saluted us with a nod, without saying a word, but continued buttoning and adjusting his shirt bosom. One of our party thought the reception so cold, that he said something about returning. Before our host found leisure to speak, we had examined him, the apartment, and its furniture. He is a Spaniard, about forty years of age, with a short corpulent stature, surmounted by a square, stupid, inoffensive face, not at all set off by his thin hair and light colored eyebrows. The apartment was large, airy, clean, and floored with tiles. The furniture consisted of a Guayaquil hammock, stretched across one end of the room, two leather backed sofas, a baize covered table, and a host of sulphur colored Windsor chairs, enough to make one pant with heat. A pair of tame black-birds were hopping about, picking up flies.

At last, Don Antonio, with a deep sigh, gathering up the clothes he had just thrown off, said, "Puez Señores, porque no se asientan ustedes"—Well, gentlemen, why don't you sit yourselves down; and disappeared for a moment into the next room. When he returned, he drew a chair, expressed his pleasure at our visit, inquiring about our ride, &c. Then his better half, who is young, and very agreeable in conversation, came in, followed by a little curly headed girl about five years old, whom, Doña Josepha told us, had been left at the door when an infant, and having no children, Don Antonio and herself considered her as their own. In five minutes, in spite of our first impression, we were perfectly at home, and conversed with our new acquaintances as if we had known them for years.

The table was supplied with cool water, glasses, and some excellent Italia, which was so cordially recommended, that a president of a temperance society could not have refused it. In a few minutes breakfast was brought, consisting of a variety of substantial dishes in the Spanish style. After the lady retired, we sat an hour chatting over our cigars, with an old Franciscan who came in, and then Don Isidro proposed a stroll through the town.

The streets were dusty and hot, and we gladly took shelter in the "tina," or soap factory, belonging to our friend Don Isidro. He makes large quantities of soap, and tans a great number of goat skins. Tanning and soap making are combined here, because the soap is made from goats' tallow, to obtain which the whole animal must be purchased. Having no coopers in the place, the soap tubs or boilers, with a copper bottom, are built up in an octagonal form, of pieces of wood, the ends of which are dovetailed together, and the seams and joints caulked like those of a ship. The barilla, here called "lito," is obtained at Sechura, a few leagues to the northward. The soap is cut into square cakes of five, six, or nine to the pound, and packed in bales called "petacas" for exportation.

The goat skins are tanned and dyed by the aid of a plant called Paipai. A hundred thousand skins of Cordovan are annually exported from the province. The goats are fattened on the algarrobo bean, and yield from seventeen to twenty-four pounds of tallow each.

The whole neighborhood of Lambayeque and Chiclayo, is taken up with soap factories, tanneries, and sugar mills, in most cases all combined into one establishment. They are only remarkable for the rudeness of their structure.

Leaving the soap works, we visited several families, but found only the gentlemen at home, all the ladies having gone to church.

The news of a late revolution had just reached Chiclayo, and was the absorbing theme of conversation. An old gentleman in company remarked, "that a general commotion throughout Peru, would be a great blessing to the country; because it would serve to unite the liberals, and put down the tyrant Ga-

marra and his army, whose only use, since the state was at peace, was to support the executive—that these local disturbances were scarcely felt beyond the capital, and in fact they were not aware of the existence of the government, except when it levied contributions to support the soldiery kept about the president's palace—that trifling revolutions only irritated and increased the complaints of the people, ‘*quienes, son todos mui patriotas para hablar hasta que se toca la bolsilla—entonces se callan*’—who are all great patriots in talk, till the purse is touched—then they are silent.”

We next visited the church, which was crowded with women, sitting upon their heels in the nave, waiting for the commencement of mass. The bells were chiming right merrily; and presently we heard approaching music. In a few minutes, a priest, followed by a half dozen Chiclayo patricians, under cocked hats, and adorned with bows of red ribbons tied in the button holes, entered. Immediately after them walked a dozen Indians, bearing long palm leaves in their hands, to be blessed by the priest, previously to being affixed to the windows of their huts, to keep off witches and disease. When the padre reached the great altar, which was hidden by a large green curtain with a yellow cross upon it, the women raised up on their knees, and having scrupulously adjusted the dress so as to conceal their feet, assumed a devout look, and crossed themselves a half dozen times. The voice of the organ rolled among the arches, smoke rose from the censers, and circulated around the priest and the palms; and two or three Indians, who had fallen asleep behind the bench upon which we were seated, started up, and were quickly kneeling and crossing. Our patience was exhausted; so we returned to Don Antonio's, and saw from his door a procession issue from a chapel called La Recoleta, and enter the church. We were too far off for a satisfactory view, and the heat was too great to attempt to get nearer. All we could distinguish was that they carried palms (being Palm Sunday) and lighted candles, though the sun was glowing in meridian effulgence.

We chatted and smoked cigars in the house for an hour or two. During the conversation, curiosity prompted me to ask a

lady's age, principally because she said she had married young. "No sè de veras—hay madres curiosas que apuntan cuando nacen sus hijos, pero la mia no era una de esas!"—Indeed I do not know—there are mothers curious enough to note down when their children are born, but mine was not one of those! This was said with so much ingenuousness, that I could not suppose it was for evasion; in fact, the ladies in Peru, when married, do not keep their ages a secret.

About three o'clock, the table was set out with fruits of different kinds, and we were invited "to refresh ourselves." After partaking of the fruits, several dishes of meat, dressed in various ways, succeeded each other to the number of ten or twelve, and then followed a desert of puddings, custards, and cakes. Italia was frequently recommended during the feast, to promote digestion and prevent cholera.

About five o'clock, much gratified with their hospitality, we took leave of Don Antonio and his lady, and rode briskly back to Lambayeque.

Being what is termed passion week, there was a procession every night in the streets, illustrative of some part of the passion of Christ:—on Sunday night, a huge table, dressed with vines, flowers, and fruits, resembling a garden, and illuminated with lanterns and candles, in which were several figures, and among them our Saviour in a velvet robe, richly embroidered in gold. The table, called the "paso," or "anda," is borne along by as many men as can crowd their shoulders under it; yet it is so heavy that they reel along, and are obliged to halt frequently to take breath. The anda was preceded by a number of men and women bearing candles, two or three Indians with silver rods, and one carrying the banner of the church. Immediately in front of the anda, were two Indian girls bedecked with jewels, which are generally loaned them by their mistresses for the occasion, carrying silver brazeros of coals, upon which others, ever and anon, sprinkled frankincense. A priest, in full canonicals, followed, and the accompanying band was playing lugubrious airs. One evening, the scourging of the Saviour in the presence of Pontius Pilate, was the scene represented; the guards were dressed for all the world like

old continental soldiers, with black beards and bristly mustaches, which strongly reminded us of our boyish days, when we were delighted with the figures in "Jesse Sharpless's wax-works," at Philadelphia. These processions, which are paid for by voluntary contributions from the Indians, serve to enliven the place, but at the same time bring religion into disrespect with the better informed.

"How would you tolerate such puppets in your country, before which every body must stand uncovered?" asked a friend. "These are all inventions of the priests to filch money from the ignorant, who give their pittance to secure for themselves a short detention in purgatory, and a free passage through the gate guarded by St. Peter!"

"Before you condemn the clergy of these countries, look to the United States, and tell me whether there are no abuses to be corrected in them? How many hypocritical enthusiasts, who have thrown aside the thimble and goose, or the lap-stone and awl, 'to obey a call,' are now robbing women of their pin money, and children of their cakes, under the pious pretext of saving souls, in order to live in idleness themselves!" It is these apostates of St. Crispin who bring religion into disrespect, and make us laughed at by the thinking of all parts of the world!

We frequently visited the chicharíá over the bridge; the house, partly from antiquity, and partially from the frail nature of the materials of which it is constructed, has a decided inclination towards the street, which the owners have opposed with stout logs of algarrobo placed against the eaves. The interior presents a small apartment, or rather covered entrance, furnished with two or three high leather backed chairs, and as many wooden benches. At our last visit, Fray Tomas sat swinging his legs, which did not reach the ground, and sipping chicha from a maté of wholesome capacity. A little dried up custom house officer, in a yellow striped jacket, occupied one of the chairs opposite to him, smoking a paper cigar. Both these gentlemen were listening to a gay story told by a tall, fine looking man, who had been in the army, but is now administrador of the custom house. Further, there was a little group of gentlemen,

smoking, laughing and chatting; and two pre-eminently ugly Indian women were squatted by a bed of coals, broiling fish. They were shaded by a few canes laid side by side, their ends resting on a ricketty fence of reeds, that separated them from the high road. One of these Indians had a child about two years old slung upon her back; and the squalid little thing kept striking its mother to gain attention, but in vain; she continued putting fish on the coals, and coals on the fish, without noticing any thing else. An Indian girl, as ugly as either of the others, who acted as an attendant, wore, instead of the *capús*, a piece of cloth rolled about her person, extending from the armpit below the knee, secured over the breast by strings tied over the shoulders and around the waist. Close to them were several large earthen jars, for boiling and fermenting *chicha*, and at the remotest end of the yard were two pig-stys, inhabited by noisy black swine. Besides these, a half dozen pigs were tied by the middle like monkeys, and tethered to pegs driven in the ground. The whole tribe were squeaking anxiously to join the preparing feast, while a dozen ducks stood in a pond hard by, prattling and shaking their tails, and an amicable company of turkeys and hens were retiring to roost. At least five mangy curs were sneaking about with tails hanging down, and watching every opportunity to plunge their noses into the earthen pots that were stewing on the fire. The Indians pursued their operations in silence, except some one of the guests cried "*chicha*," and then the young Hebe replied "*ya voy*."

Presently the roasted fish were put into a gourd dish, and an earthen pot of "*motè*" (corn shelled from the cob and boiled) was turned into another, and placed on a table. The gentlemen immediately threw away their cigars, drew up the benches and chairs, and fell to eating with their fingers. Those who could not find room at the table, got a fish on a gourd plate with a handful of *motè*, and eat as they walked up and down, inviting us to join them. Though we had just dined, and the food was so rudely served, we found the fish and *motè* very good. Fray Tomas and his friend the custom house officer formed a separate mess, seated on a mat, with a great gourd dish of beef and rice stewed with *ají*, garnished by a *maté* of

chicha, and another of motè. The padre plied his gourd spoon so rapidly, that every thing like articulation was precluded, but, true Spaniard like, never forgetting politeness, he conveyed an invitation to us, by pointing into the dish, and nodding his head, with a look which made the whole gesture quite intelligible. The custom house officer was not far behind his companion. One of the curs was disposed to join them, in spite of the rebuffs given him by the priest, under whose arm he now and then found an opportunity to run his nose into the dish, and scamper off with a piece of hot meat. We joined in eating motè and drinking chicha, and I ventured to compliment the Indian on her cookery; her only reply was "Ay! Señor," spoken in the usual half singing kind of tone, as she continued poking the fire.

We followed the whole party, after they had ended the feast, to the billiard room, where some were playing billiards, while others, seated in the corners, were gambling with dice or cards. The young men pass their evenings in this way, and when they lose, always attribute it to some unusual run of luck. Last night a custom house officer lost all his money with the curate and some others, who left him seated on a bench, holding fast to his chin, staring vacantly on the billiard table, and looking like a man in despair. To night, however, he was in luck; the curate grew desperate, and increased his bets till he placed all he had in his pocket on the table. The devil was in the dice, for they rolled against the clergyman and in favor of the custom house officer, who, amidst the dead silence of the astonished losers, swept the table, apparently delighted in prolonging the chinking of the silver and gold, as they dropped from sight, piece by piece, into his straw hat, and in his turn walked off, leaving the curate to console himself with a paper cigar. Whether long habit had inured him to losses, whether his profession had taught him resignation, or whether he derived consolation from the little paper cigar that smoked so cheerfully around his nose, I could not determine, but the fact is, he did not appear to be much distressed. The custom house officer, flushed with success, ventured his winnings at another game, on the opposite side of the room. Directly there

was a loud laugh, and I saw him sit down by the curate, and, lighting his cigar, torture his features to look cheerful, but the whole effort only resulted in a grin.

We left Lambayeque about twelve o'clock, and embarked on a large balsa, called *El Sacramento*, which was laden with supplies for our ship. The crew consisted of ten brawny Indians, who, like all of their tribe, wore the hair braided behind, and cut short from the crown to the forehead, except a long tuft in the centre. Their dress was complete in a pair of cloth trowsers.

All being ready, the square sail was hoisted, and one end of the balsa pushed off towards the breakers, while the other was retained on the beach by a rope held by a party of Indians on shore. Presently the sail filled, a heavy wave broke roaring on the beach, sending a sheet of foamy water towards the shore, and our balsa was afloat. The balséros who had been bearing off the bow of the vessel, or rather raft, gave a shout, jumped on board, and the rope was let go. The sail was now sufficient to urge us steadily through the surf into the open sea, aided by broad paddles, called rudders, which the Indians worked cheerily. As we got into deep water, several short planks were forced down between the logs, giving steadiness, and, like the keel of a ship, keeping the balsa near the wind.

After we were fairly under way, the Indians put on their ponchos, and sat themselves down, with gourds of *motè* and little shell-fish, before mentioned, called *Donax*. At four o'clock P. M. we reached the ship, and, having been thirteen days in port, got our anchor and put to sea.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Paita—Bay—Town—Piura—Whalers—A fish story.

AT six o'clock P. M., on the 10th of January 1833, we anchored in the bay of Paita, which is situated in $5^{\circ} 2'$ south latitude. Its configuration resembles that of Valparaiso, but is of greater extent. For several leagues to the north and south, the land is a flat waste, composed of rocks and clay, filled with marine shells. It bears the appearance of having been submerged at some remote period; not a green spot or even a blade of grass meets the eye in any direction. A hard sand beach stretches round the harbor, which is completely sheltered from all prevailing winds. The atmosphere is remarkably clear at all seasons, and the moon is said to be more beautifully pale than in any other part of the world. The climate is dry and equal in temperature. A sea breeze usually sets in about ten or eleven o'clock A. M., and blows till sun down; in the summer season, before that hour, it is somewhat sultry.

A very short time enables you to survey the whole town. It is built under a precipice of clay and stone, upon a lap of land of irregular superficies. It consists of two or three parallel streets, connected by narrow alleys or lanes. The houses are constructed of split canes, brought from Guayaquil, where they grow to a large size; they are lashed to the wooden frame with cords, and are plastered with mud; they present, in the early stage of construction, the appearance of large cages. I inferred from the great peakedness of the roofs, that heavy rains were frequent, but learned on inquiry, that it is only once in two or three years that there is a shower from a stray cloud. The dews, however, compensate for the absence of rain, though they are thrown away upon the ungrateful soil in the immediate vicinity. The number of inhabitants, according to the captain of the port, amounts to three thousand, "mal contado"—badly counted, and consist chiefly of Indians and

their progeny. The main street now presents a busy appearance; houses are being built, and others are falling under the march of improvement. Whalers are swaggering before the doors of the pulperías, and talking of their exploits with "the fish." Children are sprawling about in the sand at play, and their parents seem to be sleeping in the thresholds. At the "Union Sociable," according to the advertisement on the door, may be had "Uillar y Café"—Billiards and Coffee; this is the fashionable resort, and the balls are never at rest. The female part of the community spend a large portion of time swinging in straw hammocks. At night, in the summer, the whole population seem to live in the street; after wearying themselves with dancing to the tinkling of guitars by moonlight, in spite of the dews, they stretch themselves out on the ground before the doors to sleep. In all parts of South America, the people live to enjoy themselves, and the common people indulge more generally in innocent amusements than those of similar classes in the United States; national music, perhaps, has a tendency to amuse the populace, and prevent it from resorting to sensual dissipation!

Paita, which was discovered by Pizarro, is the sea port of Piura, also founded by the conqueror in 1532, and called San Miguel.* Piura is fourteen leagues in the interior, built on a river of the same name. It is celebrated for the salubrity of its climate, and visited by numbers of valetudinarians, to drink of the waters of the river, which are said to be strongly impregnated with sarsaparilla, that grows abundantly on its banks. The town contains ten thousand inhabitants, and is a market for European and American goods, which are there sold and sent to the different villages in the neighborhood.

The exports from Paita are cinchona bark, rhatany, silver, and wool.

Paita has figured in the history of the buccaneers from the earliest periods, and has suffered as much from their invasions as any other port in the Pacific. It was sacked on the 24th of November 1741, by Lord Anson, who is now familiarly

* Herrera.

spoken of by the old inhabitants as "Jorge Anson." He landed so few of his people, that the Paitanians carried off quantities of their treasure, and buried it in the sand, yet the admiral found wealth enough left to surprise him. Don Nicolas de Salazar, who was at that time Contador of Piura, aided by a negro, fired two small guns from a fort that had been abandoned, but ammunition was so scarce that he loaded them with hard dollars !*

This port is a rendezvous throughout the year for American whalers, who resort to it to refresh their crews, to cooper their oil, and to fill up their supplies of vegetables and provisions. For this purpose, they are allowed to sell goods to an amount not exceeding two hundred dollars, duty free, but they generally exceed the law, and dispose of certain "ventures" at the risk of seizure and confiscation. I asked a captain of a whaler in port, whether he was not afraid of being detected in these transactions. He replied, "Why you see I never know how things gets ashore—they will have 'em, and I am mostly asleep when they takes 'em away! But there is no trade now. When I first came to the south sea, in 1805, we used to get just as much as we chose to ask for any thing. Our captain had a barrel of gin fixed in the bulk head, so one half of it was in the cabin, and the other in the mate's room. When the people knew we had this liquor, they flocked aboard with bottles and gourds; and while the captain drew off gin in the cabin, the mate was in his room pouring in water, so that I guess the barrel was sold three times full for about six dollars a gallon!"

Whalers form a distinct class. When several vessels are assembled at any of the places of rendezvous, the oldest captain in company is styled the admiral. They have suppers on board one of the ships every night, to which all present are invited by hoisting a flag before sunset. I attended on one of these occasions, and was much amused with the peculiar slang of these people. "Come," said the captain, "take a cigar, you'll find 'em pretty much half Spanish, I guess."

* Noticias Secretas. p. 180.

I inquired of one who had been relating some exploits with whales, whether he never felt that he was in danger. "Why, I always think, if I have a good lance, the fish is in most danger!"

I asked another whether he had ever met with an accident.

"I can't say exactly as how I have, though I came plaguy near it once. You see we was off the coast of Japan, right among a shoal of whales, and all hands was out in the boats except me and the cook. I was lookin at the creaturs with the glass, and saw one on 'em flirt her tail agin a boat, and it was a caution to see the scatterment she made of her. All the boys were set a swimmin, so the cook and me jumped into a boat and picked 'em all up. Directly the fish blowed close to us, and I took an iron and sunk it into her, and I know how to strike a whale as well as any man, but the creatur canted the wrong way, and I know how a sparm ought to cant, and comin at us full tilt, with her jaws as wide open as a barn door, bit the boat smack in two in the middle. Then she chawed up one end on her, and by the time we got hold on the other, she come at us agin, and making another bite, took me by the back betwixt her teeth, and shook me as a puppy would a ball of yarn, and I guess she would'nt have dropped me, if the mate had'nt come up in another boat, and shoved in his lance till she was sickened! As good luck would have it, we was all picked up without any accident, but I got five of her tooth prints in my back to this day!"

CHAPTER XXV.

Geography of Peru—Repartimientos—Mita System—General La Mar—General Gamarra.

THE once extensive Empire of Peru, whose foundation by the Incas is shrouded in the darkness of fable, and an uncertain tradition, was bounded, at the period of the conquest, on

the north by the Blue river, or in the language of the country, the Ancalmayu, which is near the equator, and between Pasto and Quito ; on the south by the river Maulè, which crosses the kingdom of Chile to the north of the country of the Araucanians ; on the east by the snow-capped Ritisuyu, or band of snow, that stretches from Santa Martha to the Straits of Magellan, and on the west by the Pacific Ocean. In the course of time its extent was diminished. In 1718, the provinces forming the kingdom of Quito were separated from it, and in 1778, the viceroyship of Buenos Ayres was taken away.

In 1791, Peru extended from two degrees to twenty-three of south latitude ; it was bounded on the north by the kingdom of New Granada, and on the south by the desert of Atacama. On the east, a gloomy desert of five hundred leagues in extent separated it from Brazil, Paraguay, and Buenos Ayres. On the west the Pacific still lashed its shores.

At present, the Republic of Peru is separated from the territory of Equador, on the north, by the river Tumbez ; on the south it is bounded by Bolivia, the limits of which are not yet settled ; on the east by Brazil, and on the west by the Pacific.

The territory is divided into seven departments, and each department into provinces.

Departments.	Provinces.
Arequipa 7.	{ Arica, Callyoma, Camaná, Cercado, Condesuyos, Moquegua, Tarapacà.
Ayacucho 9.	{ Andahuaylas, Cangallo, Castrovireyna, Huamanga, Huancavelica, Huanta, Lucanas, Parinacochas, Tayacaja.
Cuzco 11.	{ Abancay, Aymaraes, Calca, Cercado, Cotabambas, Chumbivilcas, Paruro, Paucartambo, Quispicanchi, Tinta, Urubamba.
Junin 8.	{ Cajatambo, Conchucos, Huaylas, Huamalies, Huanuco, Hauri, Jauja, Pasco.
Libertad 10.	{ Cajamarca, Chachapoyas, Chota, Huamachuco, Jaen, Lambayeque, Maynas, Pataz, Piura, Trujillo.

Departments.	Provinces.
Lima 5.	{ Canta, Cañete, Cereado, Chancay, Huarochirí, Ica, Santa, Yauyos.
Puno 5.	{ Azangaro, Carabaya, Chucuito, Huancane, Lampa.

Population in 1795.

Departments.				
Arequipa,	-	-	-	136,812
Ayacucho,	-	-	-	159,608
Cuzco,	-	-	-	216,382
Junin,	-	-	-	200,839
Libertad,	-	-	-	230,970
Lima,	-	-	-	149,112
Puno,	-	-	-	156,000
Total,				1,249,723

This population is composed of three original castes—Spaniards, Indians, and Negroes. The secondary species, arising from these three, are the Mulatto, from the Spaniard and Negro; Quarteroon, from Mulatto and Spaniard, and the Mestizo, from Spaniard and Indian. The other subdivisions are as numerous as the possible combination of the primitive castes.

The coast is occupied by a chain of arid, craggy hills, and sandy deserts. Several lakes, many of them very extensive, expand their bosoms to the sky, some of which are on the very summits of the Cordillera. Such is generally the face of the country, yet its watered valleys and quebrádas contain populous towns and villages, and enjoy a benign climate, while the elevated situations in the Sierra are extremely cold, the thermometer ranging, on the Pampas de Boubon,* which are forty leagues to the eastward of Lima, constantly, from 34° to 40° of Fahrenheit.

Almost coeval with the conquest of Peru by the Spaniards, the country was divided into districts or corrugimientos, over

* Celebrated for the mines of Pasco.

which a *corregidór* or *prætor* was appointed to rule, with power to judge and punish civil and criminal offences in the name of the king. A tribute of one-third was exacted by law from every Indian over eighteen years of age, which was collected till he completed fifty-five, when he became exempt. The *corregidór* or *prætor* was charged with its collection, and for this purpose visited all the villages and estates twice annually. The *prætors* made arbitrary distributions of goods amongst the Indians, at most exorbitant prices, and which the individual dared not refuse, however useless the articles allotted to him might be. These *repartimientos*, or distributions, were made throughout Peru, excepting in the *Audiencia* of Quito, Paraguay, and the modern missions in the Sierra. The tribute was intended by the Spanish court for the benefit of the Indians, in paying the curates, teachers, and *alcaldes*, but, from the cupidity of the *corregidóres*, became a system of most cruel and unheard-of oppression. No crime was alleged against the unhappy aborigines; there was no fault save their docility and ignorance.

Two modes of collecting the tribute were adopted. In the first, a register of the number of Indians in the *prætorship*, liable to pay tribute, was made out from the baptismal and burial records, and an account rendered to the Royal *Audiencia* at Lima. This plan gave room to great fraud on the public treasury, for the *corregidóres* sometimes detained the tribute collected, in their own hands, for years, under various pretexts, and employed it in trade. A second plan, resorted to in the province of Quito, and approved by the Viceroy of Peru, *Marqués de Villa de Garcia*, was to sell the tribute to the highest bidder at auction, and in this case the *corregidór* always had the preference. Notwithstanding the law, tribute was exacted from Indians two or three years before they completed the eighteenth year, and long after they had attained fifty-five—even decrepid old men, of more than seventy years of age, and who begged for their subsistence, were forced to pay the tribute. The law exempted all the *Caciques* and their heirs; *alcaldes*; all who served in the church, and all those who were corporeally or mentally deficient; yet they did not escape the grasp-

ing avarice of the corregidores, who were poor men that came to India to make their fortunes, *coute qui coute*; they generally retired at the end of five years, the term for which they were appointed, with fortunes of from one hundred thousand to a half a million of dollars, according to the district allotted to them.

Compassion prompted brothers, wives, and children, to task themselves doubly, to assist those in paying the tribute who were exempt by law, that they might not see their near relatives cruelly scourged for its default, by the fiendish collectors appointed by the corregidor! Thus were they doubly oppressed. It often happened, too, that the tribute was twice exacted. When paid, the collector gave the Indian a receipt, which, from ignorance and want of a place of safety for keeping, was soon lost, and when called on by another collector, he was again forced to pay, in spite of every protestation. The Indians, when absent, were forced to pay the tribute in the district in which they happened to be at the time of collection, and if they did not show receipts on their return, they were forced to pay a second time. If destitute of means, the collector seized any valuable he could lay hands upon in his miserable hut, and if not enough to satisfy his demand, the Indian was set at some day labor, at low wages, until the debt was discharged. Misery and oppression soon ended his unhappy days, if his wife and daughters were not able to free him by their extra tasks!

The corregidores masked their cruel iniquity and oppression under a pretended zeal for the service of the king and royal treasury, in order to self-aggrandizement.

In the province of Quito, besides the exaction of tribute, the corregidores employed the Indians like slaves, at very low wages, either in weaving cotton, or in the fields of their own estates. The slightest pretext was sufficient to seize the mule or cow of an Indian, as a fine for his offence; in fact, no means of oppression were left unpractised.

With a view of encouraging industry amongst a people naturally idle, as is the case with all savage and semi-civilized nations, all the corregidores south of Loxa, were directed to

carry with them a supply of such articles as were adapted to the wants of the Indians, and distribute them amongst them. Being obliged to pay for these at moderate prices, it was thought would be an incentive to industry, and the means of improvement. Such was the principle of the repartimiento, or distribution, which, in practice, became the most horrible system of tyranny and oppression that history has recorded, and contributed in no small degree to the great bloodshed and depopulation of South America.

On receiving his appointment, the corregidór went to any merchant in Lima, whom he might find willing to give him credit, and purchased an assortment of articles to be distributed in his corregimento. He generally took a large portion of unsaleable articles off the merchant's hands, and paid an exorbitant price for every thing; for, being poor, he was unable to make cash purchases.

He commenced the distribution by assigning to each Indian a certain quantity of goods, at an arbitrary price, and then gave a list of them to the cacique of the village or town. It was in vain that the Indian protested against the price, and his total inability to pay for articles which he did not require, and of which in many instances he did not even know the use. Of what use was a yard of velvet or satin to these poor savages, for which they were charged forty or fifty dollars!—or silk stockings;—to what end were locks to men living in straw cabins, without a single article of furniture, save perhaps an earthen cooking vessel and a few gourd dishes.—What a cruel jest it was to practice on men, who, entirely destitute even of down on any part of their bodies, to force upon them razors, looking-glasses, and scissors, though they never cut their hair; yet all those things, and more, the Indian was compelled to receive at almost incredible prices. Two years and a half were given to pay for the first distribution, at the end of which period another was made; the second was not so great, and consisted of articles which might serve them for some useful purpose. Besides these two general repartimientos, or distributions, the corregidór made frequent visits to the towns, and gave to those who were prompt in payment, such articles as they absolutely re-

quired, at very exorbitant prices. In each village of his jurisdiction, he established a shop, where all were forced to purchase, because no other was allowed. These were termed voluntary sales; but it must be borne in mind, that in the first distribution, the most useless articles were given out, and those of absolute necessity reserved for the second, and irregular distributions.

The distribution of mules will serve to give an idea of the repartimiento. A corregidór generally purchased from five to six hundred mules, at from fourteen to eighteen dollars each, and allotted to each Indian from four to six, according as he estimated his capacity to pay for them. He charged them generally from forty to forty-four dollars each. The Indian was prohibited from hiring his mules without permission from the corregidór, under the pretext of preventing illicit trade.

When travellers or merchants required mules for transporting their baggage or merchandise, they applied to the corregidór, who looked over his list of those who had received mules, and ordered those who were most indebted to him to undertake the journey. He received the amount of the freight, and reserved one-half on account of the debt; one-fourth was given to the traveller or merchant, to defray the expense of food for the mules, and the remaining fourth was paid to the *peones* or Indians, who accompanied the caravan to load and feed the animals, so that nothing was left to the Indian to whom the mules belonged. One-half of that fourth given to the peones was reserved, on account of the repartimiento or distribution of goods.

The Indian set out on his route, which in Peru was generally a long and toilsome one, and it frequently happened, that from fatigue one of the mules died. In this case, being obliged to continue his journey, he was forced to sell one of his mules at a very low price, and with the proceeds hire two others, so that when he arrived at the place of destination, he had two mules less, and nothing as an equivalent in their place. He was left without means of subsistence, and a long and rugged road between him and his home. A bare chance alone relieved his distress; sometimes he met with a return freight,

which, however, from the fatigue of his mules, and their reduced number, was necessarily small, and if it was enough to replace his loss, he thought he had made a successful trip, though after two or three months' absence he had gained nothing.

After the mules were paid for, the corregidór no longer employed the Indian, to afford him an opportunity of paying other debts, all of which were kept strictly under separate heads; but he required payment in cloth and the products of his little farm or garden. Sometimes he distributed more mules, though the Indian did not require them, in order to increase the recua or drove, that he might have the advantage of employing a greater number.

It not unfrequently happened, that the mules, from being driven hundreds of leagues, from change of climate and pasture, grew sick and died, even in a day or two after they had been delivered to the Indian. An instance of this kind fell under the notice of Ulloa in 1742.

Sometimes they distributed or reparted wines, brandies, olives, or oil, which the Indians never used. For a botija of brandy, (aguardiente), they were charged from seventy to eighty dollars, and if they could dispose of it for ten or twelve, they esteemed themselves fortunate.

Such was the practice of the repartimiento, and truly does Ulloa exclaim, "the corregidóres must have been abandoned by the hand of God, to practice such iniquities!"

In 1780, the corregidór of Chayenta, Don Joaquin de Alos, and the corregidór of Tinta, Don Antonio Arriaga, made three repartimientos in one year. The Indians, unable to bear such oppression, rose, put to death the corregidóres, and every Spaniard that fell into their hands. The veteran troops marched from Lima and Buenos Ayres to the interior of Peru, and from Jujui to Cuzeo became a bloody theatre of cruelty and vengeance. After a desolating war of three years, the Indians again fell under the Spanish yoke, and their chief caeique, Tupac Amaru, after seeing his wife and children coldly butchered before his eyes, was sentenced to death by the Spanish authorities. The executioner tore out his tongue, and

then he was quartered alive, being jerked asunder by the violent efforts of four horses pulling in opposite directions! This rebellion put an end to the repartimientos, but in every other respect their cruel state was not ameliorated.*

Connected with the corregidores and repartimientos, was a system of cruelty practised on the Indians, known by the name of Mita.

The Mita was a law, which obliged every estate and district to give a certain number of Indians, to labor in the mines and on the haciendas. By this law the Indian was free at the end of a year; but it was a matter of no importance; for whether a "mitayo" or not, his toils were the same, whether employed for the benefit of the corregidor, the miner, or haciendado (farmer.) All the provinces of Quito and the Serrania, except Pisco and Nasca, were under the mita. The customs observed in Quito will illustrate those of the others. The haciendas were divided into four classes: first, the agricultural; second, those for grazing large cattle; third, those for rearing small cattle; and fourth, those on which cotton and wool were manufactured.

On an hacienda of the first class, an Indian received from fourteen to eighteen dollars a year, together with a piece of ground from twenty to thirty yards square for his own cultivation. For this sum he was obliged to work three hundred days in the year, sixty-five being allowed for Sundays and other prescribed feasts of the church. The mayordomo, or overseer, carefully noted the number of days the Indian had worked, in order to settle the account at the end of the year.

Each Indian paid from his salary, eight dollars tribute, and supposing that he received eighteen, ten were left, from which two dollars and two reales were deducted for a "capisayo" to cover his nakedness, leaving him seven dollars and six reales to maintain his family, and to pay the fees exacted by the curate. This was not all. The land allotted to him was so small, that it would not yield sufficient maize to nourish his family; he was therefore usually forced to purchase from his master,

* Noticias Secretas.

six fanégas of corn, at twelve reales the fanéga, making nine dollars ; so that, after having toiled three hundred days, and cultivated his little garden, without receiving anything but a coarse capisayo and six fanégas of corn, he was brought in debt at the end of the year, one dollar and six reales, which were carried forward in the account of the next. If an animal died upon the estate, it was brought in, and distributed to the Indians at a high price, though the meat was in such a condition that they were obliged to cast it to the dogs!*

If his wife or a child died, the Indian's misery was at its height. The mitayo was anxious to find means to pay the curate the rights of burial, and was forced to apply to his master, for money to satisfy the demands of the church ! If the mitayo were fortunate, and did not lose one of his family, then the curate obliged him to bear the expense of some ecclesiastic "function" or entertainment in honor of the Virgin, or some saint, thus forcing him to contract another debt, and leaving him, at the end of the year, owing more than the amount of his hire, without his having even touched money, or received an equivalent. In this manner the master acquired a right over his person, and obliged him to continue in his service till the debt should be paid, which being impossible, the Indian became a slave for life, and, contrary to all equity, the children were made to pay the inevitable debt of their father !

Another cruelty was practised. In years of common scarcity, from failure of the crops, the price of corn, which was the chief article of food used by the Indians, rose to three or four dollars the fanéga ; the masters would not give it to them, nor increase their salaries, but sold it, and depriving them of nourishment, left them to perish with hunger ! This happened in the province of Quito, in 1743 and 1744.† An immense mortality was the consequence, and many towns and estates were depopulated.

The only opportunity the Indians had of tasting meat, was when a carcass was snatched from the talons of condors and

* *Noticias Secretas.*

† *Ibid.*

vultures, for which they were charged an exorbitant price, and punished if they refused to swallow this often disgusting offal !

The Indians who became mitayos on the haciendas of the second class, where black cattle were chiefly reared, sometimes gained more than the day laborers, but their toil was greater. Each one was charged with a certain number of cows, and with the milk of which they were required to make a stipulated quantity of cheese, that was given to the overseer on the last day of every week, and scrupulously weighed. If it fell short of the prescribed weight, the deficiency was charged to the Indian's account, without taking into consideration the season, the pasture, or the quantity of milk yielded ; so that at the end of the year, when his mita ought to have expired, he was more enslaved than ever !

On those haciendas where flocks were pastured, the Indian shepherd received eighteen dollars, if he had charge of a complete "manada," (which in Europe is 500 sheep,) and if two, something more, though not double, as it should have been. They did not escape the cruel tyranny exercised on all of their race. The flocks were counted every month, and if one were missing, unless brought forth dead, it was charged to the Indian ;—though the pasture grounds were in the wilds of the Andes, and subject to the inroads of condors, that often carried away the lambs, in spite of the shepherd and his dogs, and that too before their eyes.

The hut of an Indian was so small that he could scarcely extend himself in it. It contained no moveables ; his bed was an undressed sheep skin ; his clothes a capisayo, which was never taken off, not even to sleep ; his sustenance, two or three spoonfuls of meal, taken dry into the mouth, and washed down with water, or chicha when he could get it ; to this was sometimes added a handful of corn, boiled till the grain burst !

The fourth class of haciendas, were the manufacturing, where wool and cotton were converted into cloths, baizes, serges, &c.

With the dawn, the Indian repaired to his task. The doors

of the workshops were then closed till mid-day, when the wives were admitted to give their husbands the scanty noon-day meal, for which a very short time was allowed. When darkness prevented them from working any longer, the overseer entered, and collected the tasks; those Indians who had been unable to conclude them, without listening to reasons or excuses, were most inhumanly scourged, and, to complete the punishment, imprisoned, though the workshop was nothing but a jail! During the day, the master and overseer made frequent visits to the manufactory, and if any negligence were discovered, on the part of any one of the workmen, he was immediately chastised. All of the task left unfinished was charged at the end of the year, so that the debt went on increasing, till the master acquired a right to enslave, not only the Indian, but his whole family.

Those who failed to pay the tribute to the corregidór, and who were consequently condemned to the manufactories, shared a still more cruel fate. They received a real a day, one half of which was retained on account of the tribute, and the other for the Indian's maintenance, and as he was not allowed to go out of his prison, he was compelled to receive for it, whatever his master pleased to give him. Always looking to the accumulation of wealth, without regarding the means, the master usually gave such corn as had become damaged in his granary, and the carcasses of those animals that died on the estate. For want of nourishment, nature was exhausted; the unhappy Indian fell sick, and often died, without paying off his tribute. The Indian lost his life, and the country that inhabitant; here is one source of the great depopulation of Peru. The greater number of the Indians died with their tasks in their hands. Complaint of sickness was unheeded, and he was deemed happy who reached a wretched hospital, where to expire! An order to labor in the manufactories, was regarded with the greatest horror. Wives considered their husbands already dead, and children wept for their parents, when the order was received!

It was no uncommon thing, to meet Indians on the road, tied by the hair to a horse's tail, dragged to the manufactories!

A mestizo or negro was generally the conductor, who rode the animal !*

On the slightest provocation, the Indian was forced to lie flat upon the ground, and count the stripes on his bare back, given as a punishment. When he arose, he was taught to kneel before whoever had beaten him, and, kissing his hand, say, "Dios se lo pague"—May God reward you ! It was not only in the workshops that they were thus punished, but private individuals, and the curates, often scourged them in the same manner !

This was the ordinary castigation. When the ire of the enraged master was not satisfied, a more horrible mode of torment was resorted to. Two pieces of light wood were set on fire, and rubbed together so as to cause the sparks to fall in a shower on the bare back of the Indian, while he was receiving the stripes ! Starvation, imprisonment, and blows, were the corporeal pains inflicted ; but greater than all, was cutting off the hair, which was to degrade the Indian to the basest infamy ! In short, no species of torment, that unbridled vengeance could suggest, was left unpractised by the Spaniards.

"It was a common saying, among the judicious and compassionate of that time, that their continued fasts, perpetual nakedness, constant misery, and immense punishment, suffered from the day of their birth till that of their death, was a sufficient atonement for all the sins that could be attributed to them, and rendered them worthy of canonization, as saints in the church."†

So horrible was the name of Spaniard, or Viracocha, (which term comprehends all who are not Indians,) that parents silenced their children by threatening that the Viracocha would catch them !

Ulloa states, that while travelling in Peru, when he wished to inquire his road, that it was almost impossible to come up with an Indian, for if his approach was perceived, the Indian

* Indians were dragged two hundred leagues, as mitayos, to toil in the mines of Potosi ! *MS. Report of the Governor of Azangaro.*

† Noticias Secretas.

fled in terror. When closely pursued, they were known, rather than be overtaken, to throw themselves from precipices, at the risk of their lives !

The Indians bore this unparalleled oppression, and the religion of their oppressors, which, in the New World, was the harbinger of every vice, and the destroyer of hope ; but when once roused from their apathy, it was impossible again to reduce them to the yoke. Though the spirit of liberty occasionally scintillated since 1741, and did not burst forth in an inextinguishable blaze till 1809, the Indians in the province of Azangaro are not entirely satisfied to this day, that the revolution of 1821 has made them citizens of an independent republic, with equal rights. They think that the whites tell them they are free, with a view of involving them in some snare.*

For three hundred years, Peru was ruled by a succession of tyrants ; and since the revolution, the country has been domineered over by a set of factious military chieftains, of unbridled passions, who have thought of little else than self aggrandizement. A sketch of the last four or five years, will convey an idea of the manner in which the people have been misruled.

In 1827, General La Mar, a man of mild virtue, and eminent worth, was elected to the presidency. He was a native of Guayaquil, and served in the Spanish army during the peninsular war, with much credit to himself. On his return to America, he was appointed Inspector General of Peru, and soon after attached himself to General San Martin. Having distinguished himself in the glorious field of Ayacucho, he was elected President by the first Congress ; but he had too little of the tyrant in his character, to preside over a people among whom a strong revolutionary spirit seems to predominate. They manifested for him all that admiration and enthusiasm a mob is wont to display on the accession of a military chieftain to civil authority. His name was painted over the gates of

* Manuscript report, drawn up by order of the Peruvian government. The observations were made from 1825 to 1829 inclusive. For a perusal of this document, the author is indebted to his friend, Samuel Larned, Esq. Charge d'Affaires from the United States, at Lima.

Lima, in the place of that of Bolívar ; salutes were fired, and bells pealed joyously on convent and church ; the city was illuminated ; balls were given, and entertainments were got up at the theatre, and in the bull-ring.

About the beginning of 1828, affairs pending between Colombia and Peru, assumed such an aspect as to lead to the declaration of war between the neighboring republics. Peru drained her exhausted treasury in equipping her army and navy ; loans were consequently exacted from the people, and gave rise to disaffection towards La Mar's administration.

The armies had marched to the respective frontiers of the contending nations, and in September, the President of Peru took command of the forces, and established his head quarters at Loxa, where the division of the army in the south, and the southern recruits, were ordered to join him. Early in 1829, Bolívar was at Quito ; the Colombian army's head quarters were at Cuenca, and the Peruvians had possession of Guayaquil.

On the 24th of May, General La Fuente arrived at Callao from Arica, with 1500 men, well equipped, bringing with him equipments for a thousand more, and a large sum of money, coined and in bullion. When the vice-president ordered him to deliver up these funds, he refused, saying that they were intended for the pay and subsistence of his officers and men ! which excited suspicions as to his honesty.

On the night of the day of his arrival, he quartered his troops in Castle Independence. So soon as within the walls, he ordered the troops to load their arms ; and the governor, fearing that the general had designs upon the fortress, trained several field pieces on the doors of the barracks in which the men were quartered, and doubled the sentinels at all the posts ! The next day, La Fuente seized every horse he could lay hands upon, mounted four hundred men, and established himself at Magdalena, a short league to the southward and westward of Lima. On the 6th of June 1829, having matured his plans, he ejected the vice-president and all his official adherents, and assumed the administration of affairs in the name of General Gamarra ! No blood was shed on this occasion. The usual number of proclamations were issued, setting forth the reasons

for such violent measures, and the people, always ready for a holyday, threw up their caps and shouted

“ Long live King Richard !”

On the field of Cuenca, or Portete, La Mar commanded in person, and Gamarra had charge of the body of reserve. Fortune frowned that day on the standard of Peru. While La Mar was sustaining a murderous fire from a thicket which surrounded him on all sides, he ordered Gamarra to charge with his whole force, instead of which he ignominiously beat a quick retreat, and galloped off the field !* The battle was lost, and in a few hours afterwards, La Mar was made prisoner by order of Gamarra, hurried on board of a little vessel, and sent to the mortiferous climate of Costa Rica, where, borne down with chagrin, and the ingratitude of him whom he thought his friend, he shortly died.†

Such was the plan of Gamarra, to elevate himself to the presidential chair. He knew that La Mar's popularity, which was already diminished, would vanish if the battle of Cuenca were lost ; and he therefore was careful to bring about the catastrophe by his own base desertion.

Peace was afterwards negotiated. Gamarra became the subject of popular acclamation, and, consequently, president. To reward La Fuente for his assistance, he made him vice-president. The self-election of these men was confirmed by Congress, and their parasites were installed in office with the usual oath.

In the spring of 1831, while Gamarra was on the frontier, threatening Bolivia, La Fuente fell under his patron's suspicions. Soldiers were sent at night to seize him in his own dwelling. He fled over the house top, and the officer pursuing him was shot in mistake, by one of his own party. La Fuente sought an asylum on board of the U. S. Ship St. Louis, then at Callao, and soon after retired an exile to Chile.

* El Telegrafo de Lima.

† Soon after his election (1833,) General Orbegoso submitted a resolution to the National Convention, to remove the remains of La Mar to Peru, agreeably to his dying request.

On the 18th of January 1832, a conspiracy was revealed to Gamarra by anonymous notes, stating that a regiment, in which Major Rosél, a young man of great promise, had a command, would revolt that night, and seize upon the person of the president. In the afternoon Rosél drilled three companies, and directed them to stack their arms in the barrack yard. At eight o'clock, while pacing in his quarters, the colonel of the regiment entered, accompanied by a serjeant and two soldiers, and ordered them to seize the major. No sooner was the order given, than, drawing his sword, he rushed out and called the soldiers to arms, and ordered them to charge a company that had been summoned, at the same instant, by the colonel, but they hung back. Rosél was seized, disarmed, tried on the spot, and shot the following morning at seven o'clock!

This instance is related to illustrate the summary process which has been resorted to on several occasions by Gamarra. Several revolutions, as all such incidents are termed, have been checked during his administration, and many of them are said to have been fictions. The people of Lima never take part in these disturbances, but, like peaceful citizens, retire into their houses, and there quietly wait till the military decide the matter among themselves, and again resume their vocations, only indulging in remarks upon the "suffocated revolution."

Another revolution, according to Gamarra, was to be attempted in March 1833. On the night of the sixteenth, Manuel Telleria, President of the Senate, and *ex officio* Vice President of the Republic, (La Fuente being in exile), was seized at Chorillos, where he had gone to recruit his health, and carried a prisoner to Callao, charged with being privy to a conspiracy against the government. On the twenty-first, at midnight, he was put on board a man-of-war schooner, the Peruana, and carried to Panama. Some delay was occasioned by the desertion of her commander, Otero, a young man of spirit, who refused this duty, because the law prohibits any master of a vessel, whether Peruvian or foreign, from taking any individual out of the republic, without his own consent, under heavy penalties.

In July, the national convention assembled, according to an

act of the constitution of 1828, for the purpose of reviewing and correcting the fundamental law of the government. Its sessions were for some time irregular. The presidential election was about taking place, and it is alleged, that Gamarra, though constantly expressing his wish and determination to resign, did every thing in his power to thwart the assembling of congress, that the election might not take place. He found that his popularity was fast dwindling away, and every newspaper in the country teemed with articles against his tyranny and injustice. Revolts occurred in several places north and south, and having appointed Camporedondo to administer affairs during his absence, Gamarra went south to quell a revolution, which had broken out in the neighborhood of Ayacucho.

The term of his administration expired on the 20th of December; on the 19th, he sent in his resignation to the national convention, and in an address to the people, declared, that the long wished for day had arrived when he could retire into private life, where he should remain, unless his sword should be required in the service of his country.

On the 22d, General Don Luis José Orbegoso was elected provisional president, until an election should take place. The convention continued its sessions from day to day, till, on the 18th of January 1834, they were dispersed at the point of the bayonet by Gamarra and his satellite Bermudez! It was a bloody day, and many lost their lives. Gamarra, however, reckoned without his host, for he was driven from Lima, and at the latest dates was almost alone in Arequipa, and his wife had sailed for Chile.

Gamarra, who is a native of Cuzco, served in the Spanish army in Upper Peru, and rose from the grade of serjeant to that of colonel. He was placed at the head of a regiment at Cuzco, destined as a reinforcement of the Spanish forces at Lima; before reaching there, however, he, with many distinguished officers, joined the Liberating army, on the 24th of January 1821. He was attached to the "Division Libertadora," under the command of General Arenales, by San Martin, but during the whole campaign behaved in the most indecorous manner,

avoiding, in several instances, skirmishing with the guerilla parties, which it was his duty to engage; and on the eve of a great action, he obtained permission from General Arenales to leave the army to hasten to Lima to inform San Martin of the state of affairs in the Sierra!*

CHAPTER XXVI.

Valedictory to the south-west coast of America, and return home.

THE last two weeks of August 1833 were spent in preparing for our homeward bound passage, and in taking leave of our numerous friends in Lima, who seemed to think, that they could not sufficiently manifest, in any way, the warmth of their feelings towards us, and their regret at separation. Nor were these manifestations confined to our countrymen sojourning there; both Englishmen and Peruvians vied in their demonstrations of kindness towards the officers of our happy ship.

Captain Gregory wrote a farewell letter to General Vivéro, expressing thanks for the many acts of kindness extended to the vessels of the United States, while the squadron was under his command, as well as for the many personal civilities received by him and his officers, from General Vivéro, when at Callao. To that letter, the following was received in reply, which is satisfactory, because it shows on what footing the officers of the United States Navy stand in the estimation of Peruvians.

* See, Memoria Historica sobre las Operaciones e Incidencias de la Division Libertadora à las ordenes del General D. Juan Antonio Alvarez de Arenales en su segunda campaña á la Sierra del Peru, en 1821. Por José Arenales; Teniente Coronel graduado de Artilleria, &c. *Buenos Ayres*. 1832.

“Lima, August 24, 1833.

“SŌR. DON. F. H. GREGORY.

“Dear Sir, and friend of my distinguished affection; your farewell letter leaves me, as well as my family, to regret that we can no longer enjoy the esteemed virtues of yourself and your officers, who all do honor to the navy of your country, which has always been happy in bringing up officers of distinguished education, politeness, and noble deportment. To these superior qualifications, while I had command in Callao, I was unable to reciprocate, by my attentions and deportment, according to my wishes. I, and my family, desire that you may meet, both in your family and in your career, every felicity and prosperity that you can wish. I beg you to present my compliments and remembrances to Commodore Hull, late of the Frigate United States, and to Commander Finch* of the Vincennes, who both honored us with their friendship. You, my friend, under any circumstances, can count that you leave here one filled with gratitude for your friendship and attentions, and who will always be

Your very affectionate,

grateful, and attached servant,

“JOSE PASQL. DE VIVERO.”

The first day of September, in spite of our being homeward bound, was the saddest of our cruise. The ship was thronged with our friends, among whom, besides our countrymen, were a crowd of English, French, and Peruvian naval officers, and a host of citizens. There never could have been a greater show of warm and regretful feelings among men, than were manifested that day! Weather-beaten cheeks were moist with tears, as they grasped our hands for the last time, and descended the gangway to their boats!

About four o'clock P. M., our ship got underway, and sailing in a beautiful curve towards the shore, fired a salute of twenty-one guns, which was immediately returned from Castle

* Now, Captain William Compton Bolton.

Independence. The French brig of war Griffon, Captain Du Pettit Thouar, hoisted the American ensign, and fired a salute, which we returned; then followed the same compliment from the U. S. Schooner Dolphin (Lt. Commandant J. C. Long), another from a French sloop of war, and again several guns were fired from on board of a whale ship, all of which we replied to in turn, as we glided steadily over the smooth surface of the bay, followed in our motions by the Dolphin, now full of ladies, who had come from Lima to see us off, waving their white handkerchiefs, as the vessel passed gracefully under our stern, and stood in to her anchorage. Our band was on the poop, playing Peruvian airs, till nearly off the point of San Lorenzo, when the Dolphin's crew mounted the rigging, and gave three hearty cheers, which were heartily returned by the Falmouths.—Then our music told us of “HOME! SWEET HOME,” and we filled away with a gentle breeze, and placed the island between us and the harbor, as the sun dipt below the western horizon.

We lingered in a calm during the early part of the next day, close to San Lorenzo; the sea was glassy; the sails flapped mournfully; and our gorgeous stripes hung motionless; the very ship seemed to regret leaving the placid waters and ever benign skies of the Pacific.

About meridian, the breeze sprang up, and gradually freshened, carrying us in thirteen days and some hours to our anchorage in Valparaiso. There we found H. M. Frigate Dublin, with whose commander and officers we had been for two years on the most cordial and intimate terms, frequently entertaining each other with dinners and balls on board, whenever we met.

In Chile, though perhaps equally sincere, the parting scene was not so vivid in demonstrations of regret as in Peru. We were dined, danced, and saluted, ashore and afloat, as long as we remained. As an evidence of the feeling which existed between the English and American naval officers in the Pacific, I beg to introduce the following letters. Such letters cannot be but gratifying both to Americans and Englishmen, and, being equally honorable to the heads and hearts of their writers, I take the liberty (for which I ask their forgiveness,) of

publishing them, believing that neither commander expected to see them in print.

“ *H. M. Ship Dublin.*

“ *Valparaiso Bay, 24th September, 1833.*

“ MY DEAR GREGORY—

I cannot allow the *Falmouth* to leave this coast, without expressing how much, individually, I shall feel the loss of yourself, your officers, and ship. But it is not me alone, but all my countrymen who feel it. Your attention and kindness can never be exceeded. To you our trade and commerce are much indebted, and I regret I cannot find words strong enough to express the feelings of gratitude for the many obligations we are all under to you. No! my good friend, no Englishman ever knew what distress was in the presence of the *Falmouth*, or where she could reach to assist them. As senior officer of the English squadron, I thank you for all your friendly communications and assistance at all times, which I have reported to my government. Individually, I am under the greatest obligations, and believe me, a most grateful heart thanks you most sincerely for it. It may not be our lot to meet again upon the service of our respective nations, but I trust, my good and dear friend, we shall do so in private life, when the greatest pleasure to me will be, to cultivate that sincere friendship which has so happily subsisted between us.

“ May you have a safe and quick passage home, and enjoy all the comforts and happiness I wish you. I enclose you my address, and I need not say how delighted I shall be to see you and your family there, as well as any of the *Falmouths*.

“ Believe me, my dear Gregory,

“ Your very sincere friend,

“ J. TOWNSHEND.”

“ *U. S. Ship Falmouth.*

“ *Valparaiso, September 25th, 1833.*

“ MY DEAR SIR—

“ From your Lordship’s generous and friendly conduct towards me, on all occasions, since I have had the honor and

happiness of your acquaintance and friendship, I had imagined that the measure of my obligations was completely filled; but your kind farewell letter, written with a feeling and delicacy which have always characterized your deportment towards me, has increased those obligations, and leaves me where I feel I must always remain—your Lordship's most grateful debtor. I thank your Lordship, not only for myself, but in the name of the officers of this ship, for your kindness and attention to us all—and assure you, that we unite in expressing our deep and sincere regret, on the occasion of parting with so valued a friend: and we all respond most cordially to the wishes, so kindly expressed by your Lordship, that our destinies may at some future time unite us in the bonds of friendship. As an individual of a nation, linked to yours by feelings and associations which can never fail to have their proper influence upon me, I feel that your Lordship has, in the warmth of your friendship, ascribed to me more merit than the little services, occasionally rendered your countrymen, deserve. The generous examples which your Lordship kept continually in my view, as well as those of my gallant friend, Captain Hope, and others, left me no choice of action, and leaves me no other merit, than that of having reciprocated them as nearly as my abilities and circumstances would allow. A pleasing part of my duty has been performed, in representing to the government your friendly conduct towards the flag of our country, and the important services rendered its commercial interest.

“That your Lordship may ere long be happily restored to your family and country, and long enjoy every blessing of this life, is the sincere wish of,

“Your Lordship's

“Very grateful and obedient friend,

F. H. GREGORY.”

“To the LORD JAMES TOWNSEND,

“Commanding *H. B. M. Squadron,*

“*Pacific Ocean.*”

Both in Peru and Chile, we left many choice American spirits,—men whom any nation would be proud to rank among

her sons, and whom we glory to call our friends and countrymen. We remember them with pride and affection, when we recur to the many happy hours spent together, either beneath their hospitable roofs, or on board our own little ship. To many of us, the past cruise rests upon the heart like the memory of a bright dream of fairy land, which Hope whispers we shall visit, and find the reality superior to the anticipations of imagination.

We may never again meet,—

“ May they sometimes recall, what I cannot forget,
That communion of heart and that parley of soul
Which has lengthen'd our nights, and illumin'd our bowl !”

On the fifth of October 1833, we got underway, and after saluting the town, and exchanging cheers and salutes with H. M. Frigate Dublin, we filled away, and bade a long farewell to the shores of Chile. We passed the Cape, and gazed upon the snowy peaks of the “ Land of Fire,”* with the thermometer at 33° F.

On the ninth of November, we anchored in the mouth of the broad expanding Rio de la Plata, and the next evening at Montevideo. Having visited Buenos Ayres, and the town of Maldonado, we stood to sea on the evening of the twentieth, but did not reach Rio de Janeiro until the eighth of December.

On the fifteenth, the ship having been watered, and our supplies filled up, we got underway, and felt that we were really “homeward bound.” On the sixth of January 1834, we crossed the equator into our own hemisphere, and soon gained a sight of the North Star, which had been so long a stranger to our eyes. On the thirty-first of January, we made the shores of New Jersey, and the next day, our ship was secured at the navy yard New York, having been absent two years and eight months, in which time we sailed 50,132 miles, in 401 days.

Those only who have been absent on a distant station, can appreciate the feelings that fill the heart after so long an ab-

* Terra del Fuego.

sence. The joy of arriving is always marred by hopes and fears for the health and lives of our dearest friends; we had been eight months without information from our homes, and it was not till the return of mail, that we felt sure of their existence. Can any one figure to himself the state of feeling with which the first letter is opened and read? It is worth a three years' cruise to feel the joyousness of the moment, when we can pronounce to ourselves "All's well."

THE END.







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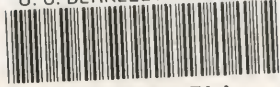
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